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NEW PARLIAMENT.

ONCE more a renewal, but—not a change. The new parliament will essentially be of the same character with its predecessor—not the representative of the Commons of England, but of the real and the would-be aristocracy of the country—a mere adjunct of the hereditary house—the accommodating instrument of the cabinet—the thirsty expectant of favour or power, and consequent supporter of established abuses. The elections are in the same hands, and the interests of the reigning parties still the same. The evils under which the country groans are no evils to them; and they will not volunteer the knight-errantry of relieving the groundlings to place the burden on their own shoulders. There will not be a hundred new faces, and, with few exceptions, *they* will be but the fillings-up of vacancies occasioned by inevitable age, or overpowering indolence, or the conflicts of rival families—inheriting the same principles, prejudices, and purposes. Of what use, then, are these elections to the general interests of the community? None whatever. Obviously they are a matter of complete insignificance, and their recurrence, as we see, is regarded by every intelligent man in the kingdom with perfect apathy. Away then with the unmeaning ceremony, and let the first act of the new parliament be to vote itself perpetual. Deprived of the reality, why accept the seemings?

But this is the language of despair, and we do not, after all, despair—no, though we see one individual returning sixteen members, and though we know that reform must at last come from parliament itself. It is the very extremity of the grievance that is our best security for a speedy remedy. We have great reliance on the adage, “when things are at the worst, they will mend.” It is the reformer’s own season; it is when evil is most desperate, when it comes most home to us, that the ear is most open and the heart most susceptible of conviction. Make the exigency manifest, and relief is near. The cause of reform is spreading with the steadiness of a law of nature; it is every day winning fresh advocates, and must finally work its own accomplishment.

But what measure so obvious as that of introducing into Parliament the avowed friends of reform? and what moment so auspicious for ex-

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hortations as now when elections are proceeding? We are suffering the fleeting and felicitous hours to escape—the elections are nearly over. Not so folly-struck are we as to suppose any exhortations of ours could influence present returns, or we would have taken good care to be beforehand with them. No, such exhortations must be utterly useless, whilst almost every seat is shackled or fixed. We care not, for our own parts, if not another friend to the principle ever steps within the walls of Parliament, convinced as we are, that eventually the overruling and commanding voice of the UNREPRESENTED will make converts of them all; and seeing, as we have often seen, how suddenly such assemblies can change their tone. We are for urging this paramount question ‘in season and out of season,’ but we discuss it at this particular period, because the subject is in some measure forced upon us by the scene before us, and because men’s minds are more indelibly impressible when facts are at the very moment corroborating our representations.

Except the higher and wealthier classes of society, and you find the nation in a state of deep dissatisfaction. Why, what is the matter—what does it want? All the freedom compatible with social existence; all the equality consistent with the unchangeable variety of circumstance; all the rights, the exercise of which tends to produce the greatest sum of happiness. For these purposes it is that society exists, and the government that does not secure these purposes, ceases to accomplish the very thing for which it is instituted, and must be corrected. But the glorious constitution of England does secure these noble objects. Idle vapouring. Of what importance is the letter of the constitution, if the practice have nothing to do with it? Is it to be endured, that the constitution shall be built upon one principle, and the exercise of it proceed upon another? That the House of Commons be the representatives of the people—meaning by the people, we suppose, all but the king and his peers—and freely chosen, is, we believe, one written article of the constitution. But is that House the representative of the universal people, and is it thus freely chosen? We know it is not. Then is this boasted right, after all, no article of the English constitution; and of course, with such a deficiency, it does not fulfil the purpose for which alone a constitution, one at least suited to an enlightened and intelligent people, is established. But still, it will be said, though our representatives have by degrees come indeed to be elected very unequally, yet no essential injustice is done—some of all classes and all professions are in the House, and every member is a representative of the nation, and not of any particular spot. Is it meant by this, then, that the House of Commons really represents the sentiments of the nation fairly? How know we this? One half of the nation has not even the legal right of suffrage; how know we what are the sentiments of that excluded half? Of those again, who have the legal qualification, not one half can freely exercise it; how then know we what are their views and wishes? Not one fourth—the particular fraction is not at all material—not one fourth of the people, then, elect those who take upon them to legislate for the whole nation, and still you pretend the sense of the whole nation is correctly conveyed, and their interests carefully protected. It is a random guess, an idle assumption, an impudent assertion made by those who have power, to blind those who have none.

Where all have a common interest, as every member of a particular

community must be allowed to have, and the numbers too great to assemble, representation is the natural dictate of common sense ; but equally is it the dictate of that same common sense, that every member have the right of naming representatives. With a population of eighteen millions, and six hundred representatives, one will represent thirty thousand. He may represent more or less—more in country districts than in towns ; the particular ratio is a matter of indifference. Fix what ratio you please, there will be no keeping to it with any continued accuracy. If, by the process of gradual changes, one man comes to represent forty thousand, and another only twenty thousand, no great harm is done ; but when one man represents but a dozen or two, or only himself, or his patron, and another a hundred thousand, the gross inequality is in itself an evil, and involves more evils than can readily be calculated.

Still the old answer recurs, and really if it had any foundation in principle, we would treat it respectfully ; the member is a representative of the nation, and not simply of those who return him. Then where is the responsibility ? To whom is he to account ? The whole nation cannot take cognizance. Those only who actually elect have the power, and consequently the right of doing so ; and when these electors become few—why, of course, they may be bought, or be silenced. Responsibility is thus at an end, and with it representation also. But every place of any considerable extent has local interests, which the representative must and does undertake to attend to—nay to attend to these it is that he is, in numerous instances, especially appointed ; and for neglecting which, he would deserve to be rejected on his return. But how, again, is he to judge of these local interests ? By the sense of the majority—those who actually send him to parliament. No such thing. The majority of those whom these local interests affect have had no voice whatever in electing him—then how is he to estimate these interests, or how can he tell when he is really protecting them ? He is strictly the representative of a privileged set of jobbers.

In point of fact, the existing state of the representation is not a system, but an accident—not the effect of any legal enactment, but the precarious result of by-gone circumstances. Originally the crown summoned delegates from what quarters it pleased—from places that were supposed best capable of contributing. The office was burdensome and irksome, and delegates were obliged to be salaried. The privilege was never solicited—nay, it was frequently deprecated, because the parties were summoned only to grant subsidies. By degrees the Commons gained strength, and with it the right to advise ; then representation became a matter of importance—then those who had been usually summoned to perform a duty, claimed a right to attend, to exercise a privilege. But, in a long course of years, these places underwent great changes : some increased and some diminished ; some spread into large commercial cities, and others dwindled into villages, the property of single individuals. Places, again, which had been before too insignificant to be thought of, grew up into extensive manufacturing towns ; but as they, in their state of insignificance, had never been summoned by the crown, there was no pretence of custom for a claim of right—and thus were they left unrepresented. Those who were in possession of the right, now regarded as a privilege, resisted the pretensions of others ; the unrepresented had no means of enforcing their wishes, and no man cared for their rights.

Those who have had power, have, of course, always exercised it. The Lords had it, and enforced it under John. In their charter, wrested from him, they talk of *all*, as entitled to certain rights—that of not being taxed without their own consent being one of them. But whom did they mean by *all*? Themselves. And again, when the Commons remonstrated in the reign of Charles—and again, the Lords and Commons, on the appointment of William, of whom were they thinking, when they talked of equality of rights—of *all*? No, no. The language of universality has, however, always beguiled the credulous; and it is only by the slow process of growing intelligence the discovery is made, that a legislative *all* means only a *part*, and that exclusion from the elective franchise is, in fact, exclusion from all share in the government, and all possibility of protecting unrepresented interests. With the intelligence grows the power of the people, and now, at last, the times are fast approaching, when nothing short of equality of rights, strictly, literally, universally, will satisfy the demands of that intelligence.

This equality of rights consists mainly and pre-eminently in universal suffrage. All are members of the community; all have interests; the little is as valuable to the poor, as the much to the rich. In innumerable instances, all are comprehended within the enactments of the laws, and therefore all have a right to assist in constructing those laws. We put this right, not upon the payment of taxes, direct or indirect, because taxation may and ought to be so reduced, and might be so levied, as altogether to exempt the labouring classes; but though a state of perfect exemption from taxes be just and conceivable enough, exemption from the operation of the laws, in a multitude of cases, is not conceivable. No individual can completely escape; and every one desires at least their protection. Every man may be called upon to aid in the defence of his country, and therefore has a right to inquire into the necessity of that call. Every man may be tempted into some violation of the law, and therefore has an interest in establishing the equitability of that law. Every man is exposed to the chances of ruin and wretchedness—to a state of pauperism, and therefore is interested in securing a provision for such exigencies. We refer to no ancient law or obsolete custom—what does the reason of the thing require? Equality, beyond all equivocation; and therefore nothing short of universal suffrage will meet the demands of justice and common sense, will secure the possession of rights, and freedom from oppression—the object and purpose for which a people submit to social restrictions at all.

With this claim of universal suffrage, annual parliaments are so associated, that, of course, we insist upon their indispensableness. Not at all. We see no necessity for such frequent changes. Circumstances are no doubt continually fluctuating; but not so rapidly as to require annual revisions. The duration is a matter of convention—quite a subordinate consideration, and open to discussion. Parliaments of two or three years may be superior to annual ones, as we think they would be; and as they certainly would be to septennial ones. We care not about rights depending upon precedent or prescription—what is most conducive to the purposes for which parliament assemble, that is best. To insist upon annual parliaments, on the ground that our ancestors once possessed them, is really nonsense. Whether they had them or not—what is it to us? The important question is, do we want

them? If so, we claim them, not as the recovery of a privilege, but as a right, calculated for the general advantage of society, and the maintenance of its security. Time and temper have been lost in these idle squabbles, and the cause encumbered and degraded by them.

But this extension of the elective right will involve a prodigious change, and infringe upon long-enjoyed privileges. What then? Have you only to usurp, to establish a right? Because you have long held to yourselves what belonged equally to others, have you obtained a right to keep that hold? The government—'is it not of the Gentile as well as of the Jew? Yes, of the Gentile also'—for rights as well as for duties. Surrender then promptly and cheerfully, and think yourselves fortunate you are not called upon to indemnify. But how many boroughs are there for which large sums have been given? Would you snatch from them what you have allowed to become property? Is it not a maxim of legal and moral equity, that if private rights be sacrificed to public good, indemnity should be made? Would you, for instance, manumit the slave, and not compensate the owner? Certainly not; but to the case before us the maxim will not apply. The laws have sanctioned the rights of the slave-owner; but what law has sanctioned the possessions of the borough-owner? No law contemplates borough-property—no, not even *common law*, we believe. It is a non-entity in the courts, and could not specifically be sued. Away with the pretended right, then; it has no legal sanction, and its monstrous iniquity forbids us to consider it as an equitable one. But corporations—what of them? They are established by law. Well, law may un-establish them. The privileges of these corporations were never destined for private advantages, but for public good. Prove them destructive of that public good, and you produce reason enough for their abolition. No indemnity, again, can be called for here. Their privileges were made with one breath, and they may be annihilated with another. Be their usefulness what it might originally, what is the good of them now? To protect their own monopoly. No stranger can open a shop without their permission, and the payment of fees. What claim, in reason or common sense, have they to such privileges? What equivalent have they given, or could they give? Why should not every member of the community be permitted to go where he pleases—where he can best earn his livelihood? Why is a town, when invested with the right of sending representatives, to have that right intercepted, as in many cases it is, by a score or two of corporators?—Oh, but how is the police of a town to be managed without a corporation? Nay, how is it actually managed in towns of equal or superior magnitude, without corporate rights? But then the property bequeathed to corporations, what is to become of that? That property has been assigned by the donors to specific purposes; and to those specific purposes it may still be applied, without maintaining the usurping privileges of corporations. But we have really just now no further concern with corporations, than as they interfere with the rights of suffrage, which we insist must be universal, to satisfy the exigencies of social rights.

The variety of qualification is thoroughly ridiculous. If I take a house in Westminster or Southwark, I have a vote, and sometimes the opportunity of employing it. If I reside at Bath, I have none, unless I can squeeze into the corporation—which, of course, is not what every one would like to do; if at Malmesbury, squeezing into the corporation

will not do, till seniority brings me up among the seven select; if at Canterbury, I must purchase of the corporation, and they may refuse; if in Manchester, I can get a vote on no terms, for there are no representatives; and I lose my University right, if I do not continue my name on the boards, that is, continue to pay a refreshing fee of three or four pounds every year. If I have a freehold of forty shillings in any county—a copyhold of forty thousand pounds is useless—I have a vote for that county; but I might as well be without it; because, unless there are men to spend forty, fifty,—one hundred thousand pounds, there will be no choice, and where there is a choice, it lies between the sons or *protégés* of overgrown peers. But if I am the lucky owner of Old Sarum, or Corfe-Castle, or any one of fifty other places, I can even *seat* any body I like, without further trouble; or if I choose to make money of my privilege, I can put it into my attorney's hands, and sell it for five thousand pounds.

How such discrepancies arise every body knows, but on what principle is the continuance of them so pertinaciously defended? The terrors of innovation? no; we can innovate fast enough now-a-days, when the Government leads the way. It is simply, because those who have the power, choose to keep it. But that is just so much the more compelling reason for the excluded to club and exert their power, and force the privileged to surrender an equitable participation.

But not only are one-half of the nation excluded from a single vote, but numbers have a plurality. This is as intolerable as the exclusion: it is an insulting mockery of those who have none. The same person may have votes by birth, residence, purchase, and corporate privilege; and one hundred pounds a year will secure forty shilling freeholds in every county in England and Wales, while half a million in the funds or thousands in copy-hold, will not give one. If property is to qualify, multiply votes in proportion to property; but if property does not in numerous instances at all, why should it in any? Universal suffrage, and no 'qualification,' is the only rational course.

The petty plans of our whig reformers fill us with contempt. Let all who pay direct taxes, says Lord John Russel, the oracle of reform, have a vote. Now observe, only five or six millions out of fifty-seven are so raised—that is, one out of eleven. We do not say the number of suffrages would be reduced in the same proportion; but we question whether this precious scheme would not disfranchise as many as it would enfranchise. Besides, why such distinction? The indirect is as much a tax as the direct. Some men can make a distinction and forget to ascertain the difference.

So much for the rights of electors. Let us turn for a moment to the elections. What scenes of riot and confusion;—would you extend these horrors of turbulence into districts that are at present happily exempt from their periodical visitations? No. We say why congregate a mob at all? Why assemble freemen from every side of the kingdom to the borough, and freeholders to the county-town? Qualify every man in the district in which he resides, and let proper officers take their votes on the spot, parochially and simultaneously, after the manner in which the last population-act was carried into execution. Why cast a needless expense upon the candidate, for carriage, for subsistence, and then talk about bribery? The sums that are spent in direct bribery, except in close boroughs, where five, or twenty, or fifty guineas a head is the current price—or three, four, or five thousand to the patron—these sums so spent, we say, are insignificant com-

pared with what is expended in carriages and tavern-entertainment. The whole of this prodigal expenditure, the whole of these dreaded and indeed disgusting tumults, may be avoided; the unpopular employment of the military be spared; and the lives of the thoughtless 'multitude' saved.

But my Lord, the reformer, would check bribery. How? By extending the time of petitioning against an act of bribery from fourteen days—by the way, was any thing ever so outrageously contemptuous as those fourteen days?—to eighteen months. And why eighteen months? Oh, the corrupt elector would never be influenced by so remote a chance of emolument. But he might; and therefore why not extend the period through the whole existence of the parliament? or rather, why these laws against bribery at all? If Lord John know any thing of these matters, he should know that such laws will and must be evaded—things only get into more and more worthless hands, and the cunning of the parties more sharpened.

We have still a few words on candidates. The dearth of candidates has been unusually great. 'No Popery' has yelled in vain. 'If you do not listen to your clergy, you will have the Pope among you,' was the appalling denunciation of a well-known minister on the Leicester hustings, and denounced we trust in vain. No *new* candidate, we believe, has found the cry to answer. What, on the other hand, will be the result of Catholic exertions in Ireland, we have yet to learn. Perhaps considerable. But as to a dearth of candidates, only extend the right of suffrage, and reduce the expense of elections, by collecting votes parochially, and you will have them in abundance. Throw open the gates to men of all classes, not of all ages—not to boys of 21, but men of 30, or we should rather say 40, as in France—and abolish 'qualifications;' but do not tempt them with freedom from arrest. Talents, knowledge, industry are the things that are wanted, not weight of purse. Why is any man to be excluded from the possibility of serving his country, on the widest stage of utility, because he has not £300 or £600 a year of *landed* property? Nay, the absurdity of the restriction is shown by the impunity with which it is occasionally neglected. Many conspicuous members are well known to have had no such legal qualification. Why, again, is another—able and well-educated—excluded, because he is in orders? Oh, but the clergy are better employed in professional duties. Very well, exclude those who are *beneficially* employed; but why exclude all—those who have no cure, nor any chance of a cure: now, too, when streams of naval and military officers have flooded the church, and the numbers of the clergy exceed the benefices three or perhaps fourfold?

But we have not quite done with the composition of parliament: internally it requires some little reformation. Exclude, first of all, all placemen, except the members of the cabinet, who should have seats *ex-officio*, which will do away with the necessity of Treasury-boroughs. Resolutely disqualify every man whose name is to be found in the sinecure or pension lists. Keep your committees to their duties by suffering none to vote who do not attend the sittings; prevent solicitations upon private bills, and particularly subject these private bills to the scrutiny of a distinct and unconcerned committee. Assemble early in the day, though it may occasionally inconvenience the lawyers; and do not by your preposterously

late hours hazard the health, and perhaps altogether exclude the attendance of some of your ablest members.

Of the Peers we say nothing. They have long been termed an hospital of incurables; and every year or two brings a fresh accession of invalids. Strenuously as they resist 'encroachments,' no men better understand how to take a signal from the ministry. We only venture to suggest a resignation of the right of proxy, which surely is one of the grossest insults to common sense that ever was offered to an intelligent community.

This, then, is what the nation wants. This is the reform to which its efforts, open and covert, are tending to accomplish. This is what the common and cultivated sense of the country requires,—what the universal interests of the community demand, from a constitution existing, if not instituted, for the very purpose of securing those interests. Well, this, it may be said, is perhaps sound and unexceptionable theory enough. Looking to the country as a community associating together for mutual advantage, such a scheme is congruous and consistent enough. But as things are now and have long been established, so extensive—not to say extravagant—a change, will occasion great and alarming derangements. An adjustment on these speculative principles must be attended with serious inconveniences, and therefore you must make out a strong, an imperative, an unanswerable case. Agreed; and no difficulty have we. We appeal to the actual condition of the state. To say no more of the inequalities of representation, which we, however, deem a serious evil even independent of its direct consequences—Look at the state of our finances—a debt of eight hundred millions, an establishment of twenty, with a taxation of fifty-seven. Look at the unequal pressure of that taxation, thrown, not upon property, but upon consumption—sparing the wealthy, and crushing the indigent. Look at the corn-laws favouring the landlord—at the protecting-acts favouring the manufacturer—at the Bank, East-India, and other monopolies favouring the merchant, and all at the expense of general interests. Look at the condition of Ireland—poverty-struck by its blessed union with our generous selves—the few mercilessly tyrannizing over the many—a handful of presuming bigots empowered to dragoon a nation for cherishing the best and dearest feelings of their souls. Look at the crown-lands, equal to the production of a million or a million and a half of revenue, returning not £10,000 perhaps—the advantage falling to the lot of favorites, and the loss made up at the expence of the community. Look at the general state of the laws—our criminal code, made for one condition of society and administered to another; here unwisely severe, and there as unwisely indulgent; full of obsolete but unrepealed enactments, ever and anon started to life again by some ferreting lawyer, to the surprise of the judges and the perversion of justice; insolvent laws confounding debt with crime, and misfortune or imprudence with guilt; game-laws to protect the amusements of one class to the temptation and destruction of another; and smuggling-acts to oblige the manufacturer and monopolist, under the guise of protecting the revenue:—our common-law untraceable or fluctuating, filling the purses of the profession, or by its costly forms closing the doors upon justice herself; and our equity courts proverbially and exasperatingly ruinous. Look at our prisons—after all the painful

efforts of that indefatigable society instituted for their 'improvement'—scenes of the most corrupting iniquity—mixing, for the most part, the young with the old, the novice with the veteran, the tried with the untried, the debtor with the criminal, and almost every imaginable incongruity, revolting to sound sense, sound wisdom, and sound morals. Can any man believe for a moment that these depravations would ever have grown up to their existing enormity with a free and a freely-chosen representation? Or, seeing what we have seen and still see, can any man indulge the hope, that, without the change we have been contemplating, the country will be rescued from its embarrassments and oppressions?—This is our case.

But, by thus depriving the Government of the power of commanding majorities in Parliament, the machinery of the state must stand still—no ministers can keep their places a month. Why not? Why should we suppose them obstinately and gratuitously bent on pursuing measures adverse to the common good? or a 'free and freely chosen' Parliament as wilfully bent on opposing such measures? They have only to be more careful and considerate of what they introduce. If repulsed, they need not resign; they need only revise. They will be less perplexed; they will be less frequently over-ruled; they will have fewer to coax or conciliate. 'We are seven,' or, 'I can bring sixteen,' need no longer alarm them. They will be, in short, at liberty to consult solely the general interests of the nation, and scorn the control of both the land and the loom.

Then might we hope to see if not a sudden reduction of the taxes, at least a new arrangement of them. Why, with such a load of debt, what could even a free Parliament do? Put the saddle upon the right horse, to be sure. Are we thinking, then, of what has been termed 'equitable adjustment?' No truly; equitable adjustment could be nothing now but fraud. True it is, the Government borrowed in one state of currency, and has to pay in another. But its creditors have changed—changed with its own concurrence, and are no longer traceable. The new creditors at least have given full consideration for their claim, and are intitled to full re-payment. We have no desire to see the public creditor defrauded; but simply to change the pay-master—to make those, in short, who hold the property, and were mainly concerned in incurring the debt, pay the debt; and if, at last, when all safe and practicable retrenchments are made, they indeed cannot pay, then must they do as other bankrupt-debtors do, make the best composition with their creditors they can.

It has been often said, this debt is, after all, nothing but a family concern. If money has been taken from one, it was given to another. The debt is merely nominal. The nation is indebted to itself. It lends with one hand, and pays with the other. The property still exists, and the nation is as solvent and rich as before. Taking this representation as true, as in one useless respect it nearly is, is it any consolation to me, that another has got what I have lost and cannot recover? Is the condition of a hundred persons the same, because ten have now got possession of what the hundred held before? The average is still the same, says the economist, who of course regards us as nothing but mere machines, or rather as numerical units. But what satisfaction, again we ask, is this to the luckless wight, who falls below the average? The truth is, that the great mass of the people, having little, have lost that little, and

those who had much, or equivalent opportunities of making much, have got it. The property of the country—to sink exceptions and particulars—may be nearly the same; but the few have drawn together what the many had before. The rich few, however, and the poor many, are all taxed alike; and here is the oppression. Those who have the property should pay the demand upon the property.

We have not said the country is unable to pay the debt—we must remember that many of the creditors are justly the debtors too—but we say, that those are now compelled to pay who are not able, and are not equitably called upon to pay. What, then, is our remedy? Not so much, at first, a reduction, as a change in the subject and matter of taxation. Repeal your indirect taxes—the excise, the customs, the stamps. Levy an equivalent on the real property of the country, and thus remove the burden from the shoulders of the sinking people—the labouring classes of the country. They are the great sufferers—not the only sufferers, but they are the most to be commiserated, because they have brought none of the suffering upon themselves, and are in no condition to help themselves. Others are suffering enough, no doubt; but much of their suffering is of their own seeking—the consequences of their own extravagance; they have been wanton spendthrifts, have been living on credit, and foolishly aping their betters, and must be left to themselves. The poor, however, must be forthwith relieved; and the burden be cast upon the rich, in proportion to their property, and on a scale augmenting with the amount of that property—from ten to thirty or forty per cent. on property from £300 to £300,000. The effect will give immediate relief, by a declension in the price of provision and clothing, far beyond the nominal amount of the taxes repealed.

For never was a grosser blunder committed by any legislature upon earth, than this system of indirect taxation—this levying of contributions upon articles of daily necessity. Where was the heart of the man who could coolly calculate the produce of a tax upon leather and salt, upon candles and soap, upon malt and tea, hats and cottons—upon the necessities of life—upon articles, the consumption of which must every where be pretty much the same, both by small and great? Where, too, were the eyes of the man, who could not see that one tax would thus be raised for the treasury and another for the seller? The expense of a tax of ten per cent. upon consumable articles is notoriously twenty, and sometimes thirty to the consumer. What intolerable improvidence—to say the least—is this! No more should be raised than comes to the Treasury, and how is that to be avoided, otherwise than by inflicting nothing but direct taxation upon real property? But then, it will be said, this will be very hard upon the possessors of this property. The greater part of them have difficulty enough to struggle with their own family expenditure. Then they must retrench, or bestir themselves to make the Government retrench; and when the state establishment is reduced from twenty to ten millions—if necessity still presses heavily upon them, they must, as we said, compound with their creditors; and they will find the aid of a free Parliament the surest means of effecting it.

With a free and freely-chosen Parliament, too, Ireland might be saved; because ministers would feel themselves at liberty quickly to content the Catholics, and make Ireland one with herself, and one with England. The time will come, and come rapidly, when she must be emancipated, or she will rebel. Let her rebel, so that the Church be

safe,' is a tone for *English Bishops* to assume, not for us. Prevention is better than cure. We are for conciliating the sister nation, not for estranging—for uniting, not for fighting. But if the Catholics be emancipated, their next step—notwithstanding all disclaimers—will be to insist upon the transference of church-property. Aye, there's the rub. But you have that property in your own hands, and can dispose of it for your own advantage, and not theirs. How—take it from the Protestant establishment? Yes; what need of a Protestant establishment, without a Protestant church? Ireland is essentially and politically Catholic; and Catholic let her continue, if she will; but you need not surrender the tithes. Provide for her clergy, as well as for the Protestant-few, liberally; but apply the rest for the service of your own crippled and sinking state.

With a free and freely-chosen Parliament, also, might every other grievance under which the country labours, be speedily removed, because particular interests would no longer prevail over general ones. We have an absolute confidence in the upright sense and resolute justice of our unbiassed and unbought countrymen. Then might we hope to get an unfettered and thorough revision of the laws—see something like consistency and efficiency, and applicability in penalties, celerity and equality in the administration, and speed and certainty in the execution. Then, too, might we at last discover what *is* the common-law—no longer be compelled to trust to the wavering, feeble, or overburdened memories of successive judges; and in reality, as well as in phrases, separate the legislative from the judicial function. Then at last might we see the uncleanly cobwebs and incumbrances of obsolete forms swept away, and justice conducted in a direct and business-like manner, freed from costly expenses—suited to the actual demands of the times, and intelligible and satisfactory to all who are concerned. Then might the labyrinths of our Courts of Equity be—no. Then, too, would the Poor-Laws be no longer suffered to be perverted into an instrument of oppression, instead of kindness and sympathy. Then should we see landlords, and manufacturers, and merchants left to make their own bargains, and the consumer buy at the best market. Then, to crown all, should we see the energies of a free people, uncramped, burst into full life and vigour—the high-born poor looking to their own exertions, instead of hanging on the public purse; and the low-born poor, we trust, living on the fruits of their labour, and substituting beef and beer for potatoes and water.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood;
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth!

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
A low mysterious tone;
A music sought, but never found,
By kings and warriors gone;
He listened—and his heart beat high—
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
 Rush'd burning through his frame,—
 The depths of that green solitude
 Its torrents could not tame;
 Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile—
 Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars:—across his soul
 There swept a sudden change,
 E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal
 A shadow dark and strange
 Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
 O'er triumph's hour—and *is this all?**

No more than this!—what seem'd it *now*
 First by that spring to stand?
 A thousand streams of lovelier flow
 Bathed his own mountain land!
 Whence far o'er waste and ocean track,
 Their wild sweet voices called him back.

They called him back to many a glade,
 His childhood's haunt of play,
 Where brightly through the beechen shade
 Their waters glanced away;
 They called him, with their sounding waves,
 Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought
 Of each familiar scene,
 Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
 With all that lay between;
 The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
 The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?
 The spirit born to roam?
 His altered heart within him died
 With yearnings for his home!
 All vainly struggling to repress
 That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
 Behold his bursting tears,
 E'en on that spot where fate had given
 The meed of toiling years!
 —Oh, happiness! how far we flee
 Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

F. H.

* A remarkable description of feelings thus fluctuating from triumph to despondency, is given in Bruce's *Abyssinian Travels*. The buoyant exultation of his spirits on arriving at the source of the Nile, was almost immediately succeeded by a gloom, which he thus portrays: "I was, at that very moment, in possession of what had for many years been the principal object of my ambition and wishes; indifference, which, from the usual infirmity of human nature, follows, at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken place of it. The marsh and the fountains of the Nile, upon sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan, rise in one hill. I began in my sorrow, to treat the inquiry about the source of the Nile as a violent effort of a distempered fancy."

A MISSION TO THE KITCHEN.

Que je puisse toujours après avoir dîné,
Bénir le cuisinier que le ciel m'a donné.

La Gastronomie.

ANIMALS have been observed to submit themselves to the dominion of man, and to yield to domestication, with a facility commensurate to the subjection in which their will is held by their appetite. From this fact, it has justly been inferred by naturalists that the stomach of man also is the peculiar organ of his civilization, and the great bond of union which holds the species enslaved in the chains of social order. In confirmation of this verity, a thousand circumstances must start upon the imagination of the reader. Stubborn and rebellious characters have ever been remarkable for their indifference to the pleasures of the table; and from Esau's mess of pottage, to Andrew Marvel's cold shoulder of mutton, the whole experience of mankind shews an intimate connexion between spare diet and insubordination—between sensuality and submission. "Let me have men about me," says Cæsar, "who are fat—yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look—he thinks too much; such men are dangerous." The intimate alliance, on the other hand, of "sound learning and religious education," with abundance of good beef and honest port wine, is a truth known "*lippis et tonsoribus*," to blear-eyed gips and college barbers; and the man must be blind indeed to the play of cause and effect, who does not see the origin of the Oxonian tendency to passive obedience and divine right in the gaudy days of computations of that learned university. In France, this truth is not only understood but felt—the Ministry openly acts upon the appetites of the *côté gauche*. Mayence hams and Strasbourg patties succeed, where threats and incarceration effect nothing; a *dindon aux truffes* will work a revolution in opinions invincible to arguments; and "*quels dîners, quels dîners les ministres m'ont donnés*" is the common *refrain* of ultras, doctrinaires, and of every other class or party in the country, except half a dozen antiquated precisionists, yclept *messieurs les libéraux enragés*. In the history of our own country, we find that kings and custards went out of fashion and came in again together; that a national mortification of the flesh was a general preliminary to heresy and rebellion; that episcopacy fell with a neglect of "creature comforts;" and that even to the present day it is a just reproach to the British population, that they are at once the most difficult subjects to govern and the most addicted to bad cookery, among the nations of Europe. A learned and pious divine has drawn down much ill-will upon his head, by asserting that the people of Ireland may be over-educated—an obloquy which he would have escaped had he been aware of the true state of the case. If the Irish are rebellious, it is not so much because they are over-taught (*beaucoup s'en faut*), as because they are under-fed—not so much through the prevalence of hedge-schools, as through the absence of cook-shops; and even though it should so turn out that the Right Reverend gentleman is correct in his opinion, that education is "*malum in se*," and a provocative to ante-ascendancy practices, yet he should have known that, like the foul breath of his Sir Roger de Coverley's barber, the evil may effectually be "mollified by a breakfast." "When the belly's full," says Sancho, "the bones will be resting;" and, on the other hand, flatulencies in the hypochondria will unsettle *les têtes les mieux timbrées*. If, therefore, Captain Rock's men really turn out o' nights to do their *exercises* rather than their *exercise*—to handle pens and not pikes—to seize books, and not fire-

arms (and a nightly rising is upon record, whose object really was the abduction of a school-master)—yet would the four provinces remain secure from rebellion, provided the peasantry sat down every day to a good round-of-beef and a pot of “London particular.” “*Sa Majesté de la France est dans la cuisine*,” said a profound statesman; and when Henri Quatre wished all his subjects their Sunday *poulet au pot*, the wish had clearly a reference to the difficulties he had encountered in governing men, more addicted to texts than to stew-pans, more given to controversy than to conviviality, and more disposed to pike a seceder and burn a heretic, than to *piquer* a capon or roast a duck. It is a fact but little known, that the first professed cooks in modern Europe were members of the church; hence, however, arose the proverbial phrase of “*Latin de la cuisine*,” to express what in England is called dog Latin. For the worthy “*Frères*” who professed the gastronomic art in those days, so wholly gave themselves up to the study of its mysteries, that they were often less proficient in their humanities than their learned brethren above stairs, who knew of no other proof of the pudding but the eating. When it is considered that “God,” as every body must have heard, “sends meat while the Devil sends cooks” (and malice infernal could go no further), the source of this connexion between good eating and good principles, well digested meats and well digested opinions, becomes at once manifest to the plainest understanding; nor can we longer be surprised that the use of ill concocted viands should raise as many commotions in the state as in the bowels, and should tend equally to the production of heart-burnings in the body natural and the body politic.

Influenced by these considerations, and with a laudable view to counteract the suspicious progress of Lancasterian schools, mechanics’ institutions, and such like provocatives to sedition and insubordination, certain individuals, friends of establishment and enemies to innovation, have formed themselves into an association for the promotion of orthodox and loyal cookery; for the due education of a convenient number of able-bodied young men in the best foreign and domestic schools of good eating, and for sending them forth as missionaries through the “benighted provinces” of the land; to disseminate sounder and more salutary notions on culinary matters, than those which unfortunately are too prevalent, more especially in the manufacturing districts of this country. As soon as a competent quantity of well-ascertained axioms shall have been obtained, through the labours and researches of these seminarists, it is further proposed to arrange them, according to the newest processes of codification, into a well digested system of legitimate gastronomy: and at the same time to mince and hash them up in the form of cheap tracts, suited to the meanest intellects, of a size to be bound up with “Sinful Sally” and “New Milk for Babes,” and to be dropped at the doors of the peasantry in the insurgent districts of Ireland, or to be distributed gratuitously among the distressed weavers and the operatives most suspected of a tendency to combination. It is, moreover, in contemplation to have floating kitchens established on the Thames, and at the several outposts, to supersede Dibdin’s sea-songs, which, by long keeping, have lost their efficacy, and to correct the crudities of the officers, who cannot longer digest the favouritism and parliamentary influence which, as they fancy, regulate the distribution of promotions. When these great and paramount objects shall have been obtained, and

the main system have been brought into a well-trained activity, attention will be turned to the running of culinary stage-coaches and steam-vessels, to be conducted by gastronomic coachmen and captains, for the further dissemination of the true faith in eating, and for the security of tender consciences, that are apt to be hurt by too close a contact with such evil-disposed persons as will eat any thing, and convert the tender mercies of Providence into curses, by their indifference to the spoiling of a good dinner. Light artillery waggons will likewise be prepared, to be laden with charges of portable soups and scientific fish-sauces, to be kept constantly in readiness at the principal military dépôts, and thence to be marched, at a moment's notice, to any point of the kingdom in which discontent may manifest itself; and the newly invented stomach-pump will be applied to the double purpose of emptying the stomachs of his Majesty's lieges of inflammatory matter, and of forcibly injecting into the alimentary canal of the disloyal such bland and digestible materials as will correct their humours and purify the blood. Thus it is humbly presumed that an abundant supply of turtle soup, prepared under the loyal direction of Sir Wm. C—t—s, or by the correcting hand of Alderman B—ch, will render the population indifferent to the evils of dear bread; and that a general distribution of constitutional plumb-cake will prevent the necessity of a recurrence to the doubtful measure of releasing the bonded corn.

Measures of this national importance cannot, however, be lightly undertaken, and in starting such important schemes, it is absolutely necessary that some pledges should be given to the public for the loyalty and good faith of those who may assume the direction. To satisfy all anxiety on this point, and to prevent cavillings as to any secret intentions of promoting sectarian doctrines in cookery, analogous to those theological errors to be dreaded from the new London University, or respecting the smuggling in of Popery in a water zouchy or an oyster soup, it is proposed that in all corporate jurisdictions, nothing shall be done without the inspection and concurrence of the civic authorities; and that in small towns the parochial clergy, more especially if in the commission of the peace, shall have a veto in the proceedings; while in the metropolis a permanent board, acting under the sanction of Parliament, and consisting of dignitaries of the established church, the heads of collegiate houses, the twelve judges, his Majesty's serjeant cook and the "*artiste*" of the United Service Club, shall sit as a "*juré dégustateur*" upon every distinct dish that shall be offered to public approbation. At the same time it shall be further provided, that the Lord High Chancellor for the time being, relieved from the pressure of Equity cases by the new bill for reforming his court, shall have the sole responsibility of collating to vacant kitchens, and of granting *injunctions* against dishes subversive of the public morals, provided always, that he comes to a decision in time to prevent the spoiling of the dinner. Subservient to the same end, it is hoped that the worthy member for Galway will turn his legislative sagacity to putting a stop to the growing inhumanities of the old school cooks, by making the opening of live oysters a capital felony, (though, indeed, if forcibly entering a dwelling-house by night, and with an intent to steal, constitute burglary, it may be doubted whether this be not already the law of the land). He will also be requested to look into the barbarous inflictions upon animals, heretofore too common, under the denomination of over-roastings and under-boilings, and more especially to

that villanous mixture of all incongruities, an English hash. To give due efficacy to these new laws, informers shall be hired after the most approved method of the vice-suppressing societies, to peep into sauce-pans, to watch that the "*pot au feu*" does not boil in the time of divine service, to the disturbance of the sabbath, and the destruction of all good "*potages*," and to denounce all inflammatory *ragoûts* and *fricandeaux*, which, being French, are necessarily atheistical.

The evils which society daily suffers from the want of such an institution are dreadful to reflect upon! Why is it that "one man's meat is another man's poison," but because the subject has been left to the wanderings of his own taste, and that no establishment, no national system of education, have been formed for the promotion of uniformity in eating. In religious matters, a difference of opinion may be conciliated with the due discharge of social duties—but a disagreement in eating is fatal to domestic repose; seeing that the same dish cannot at once be cooked in two different ways. Husband and wife may part at the church-door, to follow each their own fancy in faith; but the same leg of mutton, whether roasted, boiled, or macerated "*à sept heures*," can please only one sect of eaters at a time. To preserve peace in families, therefore, an established kitchen is more necessary than an established church. Neither let it be thought that this intolerance in eating would at all intrench upon the religious liberties of the land; the "*credo in allesso ed in arrostito*," would not interfere with the right to believe in the advent of Johanna Southcote; nor hinder the "loyal people of this happy land" from maintaining the idolatry of the mass. Indeed, we are disposed to think that nothing would so effectually assist in keeping out the Pope and the Jesuits as proscribing red herrings in Lent, and seducing the Catholics from their double allegiance by German sausages and polonies. A ship load of missionary cooks would be infinitely more likely to convert the Brahmins from their superstitious reverence for a cow than a whole college of anabaptists; and one Parisian *charcutier* would have more weight with the synagogue, than the entire association for converting the Jews.

These suggestions are thrown out for the benefit of the subscribing public, and for the loyal in general; and now, that trading companies are at a discount, proselyting institutions on the old plan much overstocked, that foreign despots are tired of borrowing English money, and manufacture cannot give employment to the floating capital of the country, it is not presuming very far to suppose that a sum may be raised fully adequate to the purpose in hand. It is only necessary to add that a meeting will be called, either at the London Tavern or the Vintner's hall, before the return of the writs for the new Parliament, for carrying the proposed scheme into instant execution; where it is hoped that the leading members of the learned professions will favour the public with speeches, to be reported in the next number of the "*Almanac des Gourmands*," and that the Ministry, "his Majesty's Opposition," the East-India and Bank directors, with all other partisans of "every delicacy that the season affords," will attend and encourage this most important national undertaking.

T.

THE BOOK-TRADE.

THE storm which, in the course of the late winter, visited the commercial world generally, fell with particular severity upon the book-trade. Into the causes which produced this unenviable distinction it is our purpose now to inquire. If we succeed in tracing them correctly, it will be comparatively easy to suggest preventives against a recurrence of the evil.

Next to the bankers, the booksellers and other branches of the trade in books, suffered more, during the late difficulties, than any other description of persons. For the peculiar distress of the bankers it is beside our purpose here to search for causes; but the difference between them and traders in commodities lies so much upon the surface as scarcely to need explanation. Booksellers, however, seem primarily to be in no way distinguished from the dealers in any other manufactured article—with reference to purposes of trade. What, then, gave them their late painful pre-eminence in difficulty? Partly, we believe, this arose from speculations foreign to the business of bookseller and publisher, several of the chief houses which failed, or became embarrassed, having been involved in large speculations in hops, land, houses, &c. Partly, also, from the excess to which the system of credit had been carried among them; and partly to the peculiar burthens which press upon them as a body. To these last, indeed, the extravagant degree of credit may itself be referred.

The public in general are, we believe, but little aware of the existence, certainly not of the extent, of the burthens to which we have alluded. They know, indeed, that books are dearer in this country than in any other; but they lay this to the greediness of the authors and booksellers, and overlook the causes which swell the selling price of books, from which neither author nor bookseller derive any profit whatever; nay, for which, from peculiarities which we shall presently point out, the bookseller cannot *to the full* indemnify himself in the shape of increased price. This leads us immediately to our subject—the burthens on the book-trade. These, as it appears to us, arise from two distinct sources, and we shall consider each branch separately:—

I. The burthens arising from duties.

II. The burthens arising from the provisions of the Copyright Act.

I. Duties are levied by the Government on paper and on advertisements. The duty on paper is not only heavy in amount, but, from the manner in which it is levied, it presses with peculiar hardship upon the great wholesale houses, which are compelled to keep an immense stock on hand. This duty is paid before the paper leaves the mill where it is manufactured. On common printing paper it is 3*d.* per pound, or from 5*s.* 3*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.* per ream. This, as Mr. Rees (of the house of Longman and Co.) calculates* is equal to from 20 to 25 per cent. *ad valorem*. Unlike imported goods, which may be left *in bond* till the time arrives when they may be converted into cash, this duty is levied probably a year or two *before* the commodity is issued to the consumer. The manufacturer pays the duty—the stationer buys the paper from him, paying, of course, an increase in proportion; so again the bookseller;

* Evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Copyright Acts—1818.

the paper is then printed and made into a book, when it is placed in the publisher's warehouse till the course of consumption calls it into use. In the lighter literature of the day, which must necessarily be sold rapidly, if it is sold at all, this burthen is not severe, because the delay is not great. But in the great body of useful books—books of which the public scarcely hear, from their being seldom either advertised or reviewed—school-books, namely, of all kinds; dictionaries; books of reference, &c. &c.—in these instances, and they exceed other publications as much in number as in importance, the duty on paper is a dead weight pressing upon the bookseller and his property, in a manner and to a degree which renders, we are persuaded, *this* one of the chief roots of the evils which have, of late, fallen upon the trade. The great wholesale publishers have immense numbers of this description lying in their warehouses. It is unavoidable that they should have them. On all this stock the duty has been already paid. It is an outlay of so much capital, which, for the time, lies unproductive. And though for the direct outlay, the bookseller will of course take care to remunerate himself by the price of the book, if he can; yet for the *delay*, and the *risk*, we hold that he cannot do so *thoroughly*, inasmuch as the book would not bear a price sufficient to make up the whole difference between slow and quick return—which, as all mercantile men know, is one of the most important principles in commerce.

Perhaps no business whatever requires so large a capital, in proportion to the returns, as that of a wholesale bookseller; for, from the heavy charge of composition or setting up the types in printing, they are obliged to print at one time such an impression of a regular-selling book, as will take from four to five years in selling; particularly books of education, dictionaries, &c. in which the type is small, or the printing close. The amount of goods insured from fire by one house in the trade, is not less than £300,000.

This heavy stock, on which there is such vast outlay, was, we are convinced, the origin of that system of long-dated bills, which was ultimately carried to such an extravagant excess. And though, perhaps, the evils of this vicious system increased in a ratio more than the causes we have indicated rendered necessary, yet we think they are directly traceable to those causes originally; for a system of bills of long date is surely the natural offspring of a system of great present outlay, with distant return. The amount of the duty, and the circumstance of the duty being levied so much earlier than it could possibly be returned, in relation to the possible sale, caused the weight of the outlay—and thence, as we take it, originated the long bills—the sudden check to which, from external causes, brought such accumulated ruin upon the trade.

The duty upon advertisements is also very severe, as to amount, though the argument derived from the period of its being levied does not apply here. The amount, however, of this duty, is a most exorbitant tax upon literature, and one which, we really think, ought to be diminished in a country which assumes to itself the distinction of fostering the cultivation of letters. It is evident that publishers must advertise to a very great extent. It is the only means they have of making known the publication of works, and enters, in a very large proportion, into the aggregate mass of their expenses. It is, manifestly, exceedingly difficult to draw an average

on this subject; but Mr. Rees, in the very able evidence to which we have already alluded, states that he considers it to fluctuate from one-third to one-tenth of the whole expenses attending publication. He adds that their house paid for advertisements, in newspapers alone, in twelve months (1817-18) the sum of £4,638 7s. 8d., of which Mr. R. conceives that about £1,500, or rather less than one-third, went to Government!* These undeniable facts speak more strongly than any comments we could make.

II. The provisions of the Copyright Act, especially that which relates to the furnishing *eleven* copies of every work published to certain public libraries, have excited so much comment and just complaint, that it would be superfluous to go into a general discussion of the question here. Indeed, we think that till the public libraries make out some case against the triumphant facts and arguments adduced before the Select Committee of 1818, it is merely fighting a battle already won to bring forward additional reasoning upon the subject. It does, indeed, seem most preposterous that eleven public bodies, instituted professedly for the *encouragement* of learning, and amply, profusely, splendidly endowed for that purpose, should levy a tax upon the literature of the country, by being furnished *gratis* with a copy of every work which issues from the press. We say 'every work;' for, with the exception of the University of Dublin, and of the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, which do not claim novels and music, every work printed *is actually claimed*!—which the provisions of the last Act render a necessary preliminary to delivery. Nay, *every* work is claimed at Stationers' Hall, and actually delivered *there*: if, therefore, the two libraries abovenamed make the exceptions, which it is stated they do, we should like to know what become of the copies delivered for them? Do they rot, as at Cambridge? or are they sold at a debased price? and for whose benefit? We shall not, however, discuss the merits of the general question; we shall only adduce a few instances of the 'giant-like' manner in which this 'giant-like' power is exercised.†

The late Dr. Clarke (the traveller), one of the librarians of the public library at Cambridge, and one of the most strenuous advocates for the claims of the universities, says (in his evidence before the Select Com-

* Messrs. Whittaker, in the twelve-months 1824-25, paid for newspaper advertisements £5,910.

† Among a few of the facts given in evidence are the following:—Several booksellers stated that they had declined the publication of works of great expense and limited demand, in consequence of the delivery of the eleven copies—A History of the Coinage—and a work of Baron Humboldt's on South American Plants—were instanced among several others. The list of those which *would not* have been undertaken, had the law existed at the time of their projection, was extremely numerous. The law-booksellers stated, that new editions of law-books, with notes and additions to fit them for the present state of the law, were avoided in consequence of their being subject to this claim. The prices of the eleven copies of the following works are as under:—

Mr. Haslewood's Reprint of the Mirror of Magistrates	£138 12s.
Censura Literaria	138 12
Whittaker's History of Leeds	161 14
Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Persons	650 0
Dugdale's Monasticon and History of St. Paul's	1008 0
Regent's Classics	1500 0

Here's a pretty tax for the behoof of bodies endowed that they may *buy* such books! Surely this *extortion* is as flagrant as it is mean!

mittee) "that the Cambridge library claims in the mass *every book that is printed.*" These, as they come down, are first examined by the librarians, who cull only such works as, beyond all question, ought to be in the library. The Syndicat next inspect them, and select such others as they may wish to place upon their shelves. What does the reader think is done with the rest? Sent back, perhaps? Oh, no! Piled in boxes and baskets to rot! For they have just conscience enough left not to sell them, or give them away.—Can any thing be more paltry and pitiful than this? These leviathans swallow all the shoals of books which swarm from the press—the very minnows and tadpoles of literature, as well as the higher species. The good and the bad; the moral and the obscene; the religious and the blasphemous; all sorts of trash and trumpery; racing calenders; boxing registers; and Harriette Wilson's *Memoirs*—all, all are claimed in the name of these grave and reverend doctors, and are duly conned over and judged, before they are assigned to the shelf above, or the dust-hole beneath. The committee asked Dr. Clarke whether he thought it necessary to claim works the titles of which plainly shewed they were not suited for their collection, and instanced "The Laws of the noble Game of Cricket"? The librarian answered there was no judging from titles, and that they made it a general rule to claim every thing, and select what they liked afterwards. Like the dog in the manger, they not only gorge their own food, but retain that also which they cannot touch.

Such facts as those which we have related could not fail to make a due impression on the Committee. They seemed to be of the same opinion with ourselves, that these drones should not be fed, for nothing, with the honey made by the industry of others. Their Report concludes with the following resolutions:—

"RESOLVED, I. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that it is desirable that so much of the Copyright Act as requires the gratuitous delivery of eleven copies should be repealed, except in so far as relates to the British Museum; and that it is desirable that a fixed allowance should be granted in lieu thereof, to such of the other libraries as may be thought expedient.

"II. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that if it should not be thought expedient by the House to comply with the above recommendation, it is desirable that the number of libraries entitled to claim such delivery should be restricted to the British Museum, and the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin Universities.

"III. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that of all books of prints, wherein the letter-press shall not exceed a certain very small proportion to each plate, shall be exempted from delivery, except to the Museum, with an exception of all books of mathematics.

"IV. That it is the opinion of this Committee that all books in respect of which claim of copyright shall be expressly and effectually abandoned, be also exempted.

"V. That it is the opinion of this Committee that the obligation imposed on printers to retain one copy of each work printed by them shall cease, and the copy of the Museum be made evidence in lieu of it."

Now, subscribing most heartily, as we do, to the first and fifth of these resolutions, the adoption of which would nullify the rest, we cannot but as heartily regret that no bill passed Parliament, in conformity with their recommendations. We think it very adviseable that *one* library should

exist in which *every book* which is printed in this country should be preserved. There are many reasons which contribute to render one universal depôt of this kind of great value to the cause of letters; and the adoption of the fifth resolution would conjoin with the advantages peculiar to such an establishment; those objects of police which are now fulfilled by each printer being required to retain a copy of every work he prints, which forms the *twelfth*, which the public, in one shape or another, wrest, without payment, from the author and publisher of every book. As to the second branch of the first resolution, it is immaterial to us whether the House of Commons chooses or not to add to the endowments of some of the public libraries—we care not whence come their funds—we argue only that they should *buy* such books as they wish for, and not seize them for nothing.

These resolutions, be it remembered, are not the production of an interested or ignorant body; they form the issue to which a Committee of the House of Commons, specially selected for the purpose, arrived, after the mature consideration of a most voluminous mass of evidence on both sides the question. That Parliament was shortly afterwards dissolved: and in the next, notwithstanding a petition from the booksellers, no further steps seem to have been taken on the subject. A decision more explicit and complete could scarcely be made upon any question. But *universities* have representatives in Parliament, and *booksellers* have not. Surely some of the distinguished persons connected with literature, who are in Parliament, might despise the call of their *alma mater* in an unjust claim, and plead the cause of that more general and generous mother, LEARNING. The *esprit du corps* of an university ought to yield before the interests of the republic of letters at large. Every free citizen of that distinguished state should regard her claims upon him as the foremost and most binding of all.

We have now set forth two great sources of the evils which extensively afflict the book-trade. But, before we proceed to suggest remedies for them respectively, we shall very briefly advert to some minor circumstances, existing within the trade itself, which tend to its general disadvantage.

We allude to a most impudent and barefaced system of piracy which has recently been set on foot, and is now carried to an unparalleled and most injurious extent. There are a set of weekly periodical works, which profess (and they adhere to their profession most rigidly) to have no original matter of their own, but to cull their contents from all the best articles of the best periodicals of the day. At the sole expense of the principal and interest of the price of a pair of scissors, these most impertinent robbers appropriate first-rate articles, for which their proprietors have paid first-rate prices, and thus render their sheet a *pasticcio* of the compositions of the most eminent writers of the time, who contribute to the various reviews and magazines of various descriptions. We cannot conceive how this system of flagrant pillage has been allowed to go on so long, and we would most strenuously recommend Messrs. Longman, Murray, Colburn, Whittaker, Blackwood, &c. &c. to put a stop at once to the picking of their pockets by these knaves, by prosecuting for piracy number after number of their most nefarious and most impudent publications. We can assure them the matter is not so much below their notice as they may think: for these fellows, getting for nothing that for which they have paid in proportion to its quality, stitch together a set of

articles which ensures a sale of extraordinary extent. We hear that some of these thieves sell their thefts to the extent of upwards of 10,000 copies weekly. Another system of piracy, scarcely less injurious, and certainly as fraudulent, is the making large excerpts from books, and printing all the booty together in a separate volume. We have been surprised to see some works of this kind highly lauded,—as if a man deserved credit for the pillage of that which is good!

But this is a minor matter altogether, and the remedy is plain and easy of access. We now proceed to suggest ameliorations to the other and greater evils which we have pointed out.

We think, then, that the trade ought to unite in making early application to Parliament after its meeting, for a modification of the Copyright Act, and for a reduction of the duties on advertisements and on paper, together with a different mode of levying the latter. They have the whole recess before them, and we think their case such a strong one, their cause such a just one, that it needs, we are convinced, only to be duly brought forward to ensure its success. They have in their favour, on the first point, the Resolutions of the Committee which last considered the question, formed after the most thorough investigation and mature digestion of every part of the subject. The general sense of the community is with them also—that sense of justice which, in all matters, must sway every disinterested mind. Nay, some persons whom we have spoken with on the subject, being but slenderly acquainted with the regulations of the trade individually, have expressed surprise, almost amounting to incredulity at what they have designated, as the *robbery* of the publisher and author under form of law. It is, indeed, most difficult to assign any principle of natural justice, from which so monstrous an exaction could have sprung.

In the matter of the duties, the trade will have the advantage of dealing with a person of cultivation and polite acquirements, as well as of liberal principles of commercial policy. Mr. Robinson will view the question like a friend of letters and like a statesman, as well as like a mere financier. He must be aware that the *high price* of books in England is in great part owing to the imposts of which we complain. Copyright is to the full as highly paid in France as it is here, yet the cost of books is one-half less. The expense of paper and printing in France is about half what it is in this country; and the charge of advertising there is a mere trifle. The effect of this upon English books abroad is, in the first place, to check their circulation; and secondly, when their celebrity is such as to necessitate a foreign demand, to deprive the author of the reward of his merit, by causing a cheap reprint to be produced on the spot. If the original books could be imported at a moderate price, this would not be, and the author would be benefited in proportion to the celebrity which his works conferred upon his country.*

But to look at the question in a broader point of view. Is not the circulation of our language abroad a matter of the highest importance in a national sense, not merely as indulging national vanity, but of sterling advantage both in diplomacy and commerce? Has not France benefited incalculably by her language having become the general interna-

* Since the above was written, we have chanced to see a prospectus for a reprint, in Paris, of Dr. Lingard's History of England. The following passage so singularly coincides with what we have said on the subject, that we are tempted to transcribe it:—

“Whether it be the result of our new political institutions, or the effect of our national taste having become less exclusive and less disdainful of foreign literature,

tional medium of communication throughout Europe? And, now that so strong a disposition has been shewn towards our literature abroad, *is not now the time to endeavour to compete with her on this point of language*, the only point of superiority she has over us? There is a vast field opened in the New World by the political events which have taken place there within the last few years. Men whose minds have received such an impulse as those of the South Americans have, must seek literary food—they have none of their own, or next to none—they must turn either to us or to France. We have the advantages of a free press, and of a stronger disposition on their parts in our favour. But our books *are atrociously dear*, and they will not *ruin* themselves for the sake of English literature and the English language. And is it of no importance that that language should become the foreign tongue most usually learned in those vast districts, of which we scarcely yet know the resources, or even the extent?—who will say that it is not? And how can our language spread but by the circulation of our books?—and how *can* our books circulate, when they are borne down by such taxes as those against which we are arguing? It is true that there is a drawback of the duty on paper, on exported books—but that is quite insufficient to counterbalance the weight of the other burthens. The following is an example of the proportion which the public exactions bear to the cost and profits of a book. It is the actual statement of the expenses and proceeds of a successful work of 464 pages 8vo., of which 750 copies were printed.

Printing.....	£ 72	6	0
Paper.....	69	12	0
Boarding gratuitous copies, and advertising in newspapers, magazines, and booksellers' catalogues	70	0	0
Booksellers' commission (on the copies sold) for publishing, warehousing, and other trouble and risk	30	8	0
	£242	6	0
Profit to author	59	17	6
39 Copies, including 11 to Stationers'-Hall, copies to author, and those sent to the reviews, magazines, &c. &c.,			
711, which the publisher sells wholesale, at 8s. 6d. per copy, } to the retail dealer	302	3	0
750			
Duty on Paper, and mill-board in 750 books	£18	12	0
Duty on advertisements	20	0	0
Eleven copies to Stationers'-Hall.....	5	4	6
	£43	16	6

certain it is that the English language is every day more and more cultivated among us: but the more the study of that language is applied to by the different classes of society, the more we perceive how difficult must be the attainment of a general knowledge of the English writers, on account of the exorbitant price of books printed in England.

"There can be, therefore, no book-selling speculation more advantageous, both to commercial interests and those of literature, than those re-impressions which tend to deliver us from that species of tax which is annually levied on us by the presses of London and Edinburgh. In this respect we may, without vanity, here take notice of that beautiful edition of Lord Byron's complete Works, in 7 vols. in 8vo. as the most remarkable enterprize of the kind, since the English themselves extol it as a *chef-d'œuvre* of typography, and an extremely cheap edition. Till then, the romances which were the most in vogue, and a few elementary works, seemed alone to have obtained the privilege of being reprinted in France. The graver turn now given to modern studies ought to encourage, every day more and more, French editors to extend to more serious and useful studies, these (if I may be allowed the expression) real conquests of our presses over those of Great Britain."

Thus, where the profit to the author is, in round numbers, sixty pounds, the duties levied by the state amount to forty-four. Is not this proportion monstrous?

It is not at this moment, or in this place, that we can go into the details of the proposed reductions—that would require a considerable further investigation, both as to minuteness and extent; but the *principle* is still the same, and we think it will bear being very extensively applied. At all events, one of the provisions of the proposed alterations of the law, should be the paying the duty on paper at a later period; say, at the entering of the book at Stationers' Hall. Every book must be entered: the number of sheets would be apparent, and the number of copies might be ascertained by the affidavit of the printer. The duty on advertisements also should be materially lessened if not entirely repealed. But these, as all the other details, would need inquiry and digestion.

Let the booksellers strenuously unite to carry these, or similar measures into effect, and we cannot doubt of their success. It is a cause in which every literary man in the kingdom has a concern as well as themselves—it is a cause in which national interest and national pride are involved—it is the cause of free trade against extortion, of justice against oppression—surely, surely then it needs only activity, unanimity, and resolution to carry it through. Σ

STANZAS.

Away, away! and bear thy breast
To some more pleasant strand!
Why *did* it pitch its tent of rest
Within a desert land?—
Though clouds may dim thy distant skies,
And love look dark before thee,
Yet colder hearts and falser eyes
Have flung their shadows o'er thee!
It is, at least, a joy to know
That thou hast felt the worst,
And—if, for thee, no waters flow,—
Thou never more shalt thirst!
Go forward, like a free-born child,
Thy chains and weakness past,
Thou hast thy manna, in the wild,
Thy Pisgah, at the last!
And yet, those far and forfeit bowers,
Will rise, in after years,
The flowers—and *one* who nursed the flowers,
With smiles, that turned to tears;
And I shall see her holy eye,
In visions of the night,
As her youthful form goes stealing by,
The beautiful and bright!
But I *must* wake—to bear along
A bruised and buried heart,
And smile, amid the smiling throng,
With whom I have no part;
To watch for hopes that may not bud,
Amid my spirit's gloom,
Till He, who waked the prophet's rod,
Shall bid them burst to bloom!

T. E. H.

LINES

Written after visiting a Scene in Switzerland.

On s'exerce à voir comme à sentir, ou plutôt une vue exquise n'est qu'un sentiment délicat et fin.
 ROUSSMAU.

Thou glorious scene ! my wond'ring eye
 Hath gazed on thee at last,
 And by the proud reality
 Found Fancy's dreams surpass'd.

'Twas like the vision which of old
 To the saint seer was given,
 When the sky open'd, and behold !
 A throne was set in heaven.*

For there the everlasting Alps
 To the deep azure soar'd,
 And the sun on their snowy scalps
 A flood of glory pour'd.

A present Deity, that sun
 Above them seem'd to blaze,
 Too strong and bright to gaze upon,
 Too glorious *not* to gaze.

Below, the bright lake far and wide
 Spread like a crystal sea,
 Whose deep calm waters seem'd to glide,
 Eternity, to thee.

Long, long, thou glorious scene, shalt thou
 Within my memory dwell,
 More vivid and heart-gladd'ning now
 Than when I mark'd thee well.

More vivid and heart-gladd'ning too,
 Than the wild dreams I nurs'd
 Of thee and thine, ere on my view,
 Thy world of wonders burst.

For Fancy's picture was a gleam,
 Weak, faint, and shadowy,
 And brief and passing as a dream
 The gaze I bent on thee.

But now thou art a thing enshrin'd
 Within my inmost heart ;
 A part and portion of my mind,
 Which cannot thence depart.

Deep woes may overwhelm—long years may roll
 Their course o'er me in vain,
 But fix'd for ever in my soul
 Thy image shall remain.

H. N.

* After that I looked, and behold a door was opened in heaven, and the first voice which I heard was as it were a trumpet talking with me, which said : come up hither, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter—and immediately I was in the spirit : and behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper, and a sardine stone.—*Revelations*, iv, 1. 3. 6.

LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

No. IV.

Painters—Painting.

IN my last, my dear P, I promised (threatened I should say, perhaps) to give you a short account, either of the writers, the painters, or the orators of America, I forget which. So—here goes for the great men of the brush, the writers being much too plentiful, and the orators not plentiful enough just now, to suit my leisure, and the limits of your *Monthly*.

Painters affect to be mighty careless of what an author may say about them or their art; and a few have had the modesty to ask, if it be not a great piece of presumption for anybody but a painter, to write a criticism about painting; a great piece of presumption for a writer who never dirtied his fingers with a brush, nor ever made a mouth in his life, nor a face, in the way of trade, ever to say on paper what he thinks of people, who do nothing else but make mouths and faces, at so much a day. I might go further—for they go so far, some of these people with just wit enough to *compose* after the fashion of a bad poet or a poor apothecary (the effect is the same, though the painter may use a brush, the poet a pen, the apothecary a drug) they even go so far as to say, if they are not puffed by everybody, every day in the week, and all the year round, that criticism, take it altogether, does their particular art more harm than good. If so, the sooner the art is no more, and the sooner the professors of it are out of the way, the better.

As if a man is not to know whether a rose be worth plucking, or a pair of breeches worth having, till he has gone through a course of botany, or undergone a regular apprenticeship to a tailor; as if it were not lawful for anybody to judge a work, which he himself is not able to produce. What folly! as if painting would ever be thought of, or cared for—nay, as if painting or painters would ever have been heard of, but for the writers of their age and of succeeding ages; whatever such writers might happen to be, whether painters or not, judges or not, critics or not.

Beseech you, gentlemen of the brush, what should we know of the painters who lived (so say the writers who flourished with them and after them), what should we know of the painters who lived, in the beautiful and superb maturity of Greece, ages and ages ago, four hundred years before the Christian era—what should we know of them or of their works, for their works are no more, but for the writers who lived with them; writers who have made the few fragments, which, but for the pen, would now be nameless and worthless, of more value than their weight in gold? How should we know indeed that such people as we hear of now—Zeuxis, Parrhasius and Apelles, ever lived at all, but for the works, of other men; the literary men of that age, who probably (and it is to be hoped) never had a brush or a pallet in their hands? of men too—I speak it with all care—of men, who, if Apelles and Zeuxis were a fortieth part as vain or foolish as A. B. or C. D. of our day, would have been regarded as very presumptuous for speaking of them at all. Nay, what should we know, and what should we care about even the gods of the brush, who appeared after the revival of painting? of the Angelo, the Raphael, the Dominichino, the Carracci, &c. &c. men whose great works are yet alive where they can speak for themselves, but for the

writers, and bad critics, and presumptuous authors, who have been making poetry about them for two hundred years?—Not much, I am afraid; not more than we know of, not more than we care for the painters of Mexico and Peru now.

A pretty story, indeed, for a painter of our day to talk about being above what an author may say, or beyond the reach of a quill; a pretty story, faith! when, if a great painter wishes to be remembered, what does he do? does he trust altogether to his work; or would he, if his name had never appeared in print, and he knew that it never would—(just imagine the case), would he leave the picture to say for him whatever he might have to say; or would he not throw himself into the next horse-pond? No, no: he appeals from the pencil to the pen; he knows that his immortality is not to be trusted to the brush, and he therefore gets a friend to secure him a niche for posterity, beyond the reach of accident, by scribbling a biography for him, or a *critique*. That's the way!—If not—if no friend appears—if there be no other mode, he goes to work himself, in search of perpetuity—How? with the brush? No, indeed, no; but with the pen.

Lord! Lord!—just imagine for a breath or two, my dear P., that all the writers of our age were to enter into a conspiracy not to speak of any poor devil of a painter, who may hereafter arise, or who may not have a name already; what on earth would become of painters, what of painting, do you suppose, before another generation had passed away?

For my own part—a page or two back if you please—for my own part, I say that, instead of being qualified, a man is disqualified for proper criticism on painting and painters, by being himself a painter. But why?—Because, if he be not a good painter, who would care a fig for his opinion? It would not necessarily be better, and it might be, and probably would be much worse, than the opinion of another wholly ignorant of the practical part of the trade, or profession; especially if that other should happen to be a *connoisseur*, as well as an *amateur*. The profane dauber would be sure to have prejudices, which the writer would not be likely to have; prejudices the more absurd and the more inveterate in proportion to his badness. But if the critic be a good painter? Why, so much the worse. He never will speak the truth in such a case; and if he do, nobody will ever believe him. If he be a good painter, it can only be after years of labour and study, at the end of which time, he must be full of the *esprit du corps* (I hate French, where it can be avoided); he has not the courage to own that his life was wasted, even though it should be so; nor would he be likely to know it, even if it were so; he is imbued with all the deeper though more refined prejudices of the art, like Reynolds, when he fought up the Roman school as he did, at the expense of the Venetian; or when he advised the pupil to begin with shutting his eyes to defect, however obvious it might be to his view, in the works of the old masters; or like a multitude more that I know of, who after an age of study, have studied themselves into a notion, that every thing, which other people who have not studied, have an aversion for, is all the better for it; and that all their own first impressions, while their taste was natural, and while whatever they saw, they saw with an eye of nature and a heart of truth, were unspeakably absurd. As if that were a charm or a beauty, which it requires a great while to perceive; or that, which it requires a life to make one pleased with—a life passed in severe study, to say nothing of the prejudice that men feel for their craft, nor of the interest which they have in upholding the character of

that, whatever it may be, on which their only hope of distinction is founded, while it is moreover, the means by which they live—the fountain of their daily bread.*

Men who have wasted their lives in the study of Greek—which they cannot shape into half as good English, as that in which they found it translated forty years before, will persuade you, that for getting through this world as you may desire, there is nothing like Greek. And why?—To say any thing less, would be to say, first, that they had been wasting their lives, and secondly, that they were so many fools. Go further—look about you on every side. So is it with painters, and with lawyers, and authors, and with everybody else. They dare not own it, even to themselves, that they are a fortieth part so foolish *as they appear, each to all the rest*, for having so wasted their lives.

Again—if the critic were ever so good a painter, and ever so free from prejudice, and ever so good a writer into the bargain (a good writer by-the-by he must be, or who would care for what he might say of the shop?) † he would be either unable or afraid to speak the plain truth of people in the same trade, if they were superior—if inferior—if equal. How could he? especially if they were about him, or at work within his reach; men that he would be sure to meet every week of his life, or even if they were alive at the same time, though afar off. He would be either jealous or envious, or afraid of being thought so; and whether jealous or not, envious or not, he *would* be thought so, whenever he spoke the truth, or said that which, if it were said by another, would pass for the truth. In every case, therefore, he would be disqualified for the duty of a critic, or the criticism which he gave would be of no value. He would be in fear, at every step—it could not be otherwise—the fault is in the very nature of men, who, if they look for a motive at all, are quite sure to look for a bad one—afraid, lest if he spoke against a brother of the brush, it should be attributed to jealousy or envy; and lest, if he spoke in his favour, it should be attributed either to partiality, or to intimacy, or to the you-scratch-me-and-I-tickle-you-understanding of the craft; ‡ or—observe what I say now, it is the clencher of my whole theory—or to the fear of being charged with jealousy, or envy. There!—

Authors, when they scribble about painting and painters, do not write for painters, but for the public—for that public to whom the painters look for their reward—for that public, who while they disregard whatever a man may say of himself, or of the art by which he lives, are pretty sure to regard with a liberal eye whatever he may choose to say of another man, or another art; if he appears to have no share in the reputation of that other man or other art. A motive will be sought for, a bad motive too, in every case where a man speaks well of another; and I agree that if such motive be found, or any motive at all, worthy or unworthy, whatever he may have said will go for nothing. I agree moreover, that, in every case, whether it be found or not, everybody will suppose it, nevertheless, to exist; and I agree that every man who praises another will be thought to have a secret share in that other's re-

* Worthy of Castlereagh's—"the fundamental feature upon which that question hinges."—X. Y. Z.

† But how is a man to be a good writer and a great painter too, when to be either would appear to require the practice of a life?—X. Y. Z.

‡ By which it would appear that our friend over sea has a knack of Benthamizing.—X. Y. Z.

putation. But, still—still—it is a great thing for the puffee, if the motive be deep enough to require a search; a very great thing, if it be not worn, as a body may say, on the very forehead of the puffer—as in the every-day practice of your admirable puffers—puffers, by the way, from whose puffing, God preserve *me*. People of the same trade you know do not often praise each other, and if they do, they are never thought to be sincere. How much better, where a third party is to be cheated, for the author to puff the painter, the painter the author.

Consider of this, my dear P. By what a popular writer may say of a picture, though it be not very well said—nay, by what any writer may say, though he be no judge—the public are excited, put up to inquiry, and after a while, if not in the very same hour, truth and good taste are awake in his behalf.

So, a fig for the chattering of people, who are never satisfied by what we of the quill do for them; a fig for such as do not know when they are well off; and now for the painters of America, one after another, as their names occur to me.

1. COPLEY, the father of your present solicitor-general or attorney-general (I forget which), was born, I believe, in *Massachusetts*, New England, where he left a few very good, firm, sober, substantial portraits. He was educated in your country, however, and made his capital pictures there. You have heard of Trumbull, the president of the New York Academy (see No. 4): he is a decided imitator of Copley; so much so that in his *Battle of Lexington* he has given the portraits of a mother and a boy, the originals whereof are in some picture of Copley's, the name of which I forget now; it has been very well engraved, though, and published. So, too, in the *Sortie of Gibraltar*, in the *Death of Montgomery*, and in the *Death of Warren*, I could show you several passages taken out of Copley—two or three figures, (attitudes and all) and the peculiar show of caps, with hair flying fiercely in the smoke, are stolen by Mr. T.

2. WEST (Sir Benjamin?), late President of your Royal Academy, a *Pennsylvanian* by birth, and a quaker. He studied in Italy, whither he was sent by a subscription at Philadelphia, or by the liberality of two or three friends, I do not know which, while he was yet a young artist. He has been called a great painter, not only in the United States of America, but in every part of Europe: nevertheless Mr. W. was not a great painter. As a draughtsman, however, he was great. His drawings were enough to immortalize any body: they were full of thought, and full of power, and full of truth; but his paintings were very bad—very, though he *was* patronized by your late king, and is puffed now by your President of the Royal Academy. He was learned, courageous, and original—original, though he would sometimes borrow in a large way, to be sure, as in the case where he took the head and character of the chief personage, in Dominichino's *St. Jerome*, for the chief personage (among the afflicted) in his huge picture of *Christ healing the Sick*, a beautiful copy of which is here at Philadelphia; with parts in it, however, which you have not in your original. The old man who is carried up to the Saviour, feet foremost, my dear P., is a positive copy of *St. Jerome*. So, too, the women with doves, in the same picture, by Mr. W.—they are stolen outright from Raphael, in one of the cartoons; and I have met with somewhere, I believe, though I do not now recollect where, the original of his lunatic boy, in a picture of days that are gone by. Mr. W.

had magnificent ideas, but he never knew how to express them with colour; prodigious conceptions, which he never could clothe, for his life; so that whenever they appeared on canvas, they were little more than a crowd of gigantic skeletons, the mere outline of huge, fleshless gods and demigods—the shadows of poetry, for Mr. W. had much more poetry in him, I assure you, than he ever knew how to make use of.

I have seen every good picture that Mr. W. ever painted, I dare say, and after all, I would rather have his drawing of *Death on the Pale Horse*, the drawing, not the painting, for I would not give the painting house-room, so meagre is it and so unworthy of the drawing;—I would rather have the drawing of that, and of *Moses smiting the Rock* (never painted, I believe), than all his pictures together.

3. STEWART, G., historical and portrait painter, born in *Rhode Island*. He was with you a great while ago, and got a high character with you. He is now an old man: but, old as he is, take him altogether, he has no superior among the portrait painters of our age. Not long ago a capital artist, of whom a word or two by-and-by, informed me that some of Stewart's late pictures were considered, by a knot of artists and other good judges who happened to assemble at his rooms one morning, to be the best of his works—"every part and the whole together were well treated." I give you the very words of my authority. You have heard of Allston (see No. 5); he made a figure with you some years ago, and is now either an academician or associate of your Royal Academy. He says (I give you his language too), that "Stewart's word in the art is a law, and from his decision there is no appeal"—and so say all the good painters of America. N.B. Stewart is near the grave now, and if a painter cannot get the first rank for himself, he will be sure to give it in such a case to the oldest man alive, with any character in his art. R. Peale says the same—T. Sully, ditto—Jarvis, ditto, ditto.

4. TRUMBULL, (see No. 1.) A *Connecticut* man, I believe, president of the New York Academy, and author of two or three clever historical pictures after the manner of Copley. He was with you for a long while (studied with West), and I saw his original sketch of the *Sortie of Gibraltar*, in your Suffolk Street Academy last year (No. — in 1824). He is a—Stop—I have so much respect for this able and good man, who is now working away with all the ardour of youth, like Mr. West, who died with his hand fixed in the position to which it was habituated by the use of the pencil,* that I dare not speak irreverently of his work. His portraits are good—very good, but rather old-fashioned, rather late in the day, not showy enough to please the shop-keeping spirit of our age, nor the milliners, who, to judge by what I see, must be the chief patrons of the art, with you. Of his large historical pictures, of them that cover the walls of the capital, at Washington—what shall I say?—what!—why—what more can I say?

5. ALLSTON, W. (See No. 3.) Born I hear, in *South Carolina*, educated with you in part, and a part in Italy; a man of high and pure talent, with a show of more natural fire than he has, and a mixture of pure pedantry, which he has wit enough to conceal by hard work, in such a way that even the hard work is not visible to the eye of a

* I saw a fine cast of it in the shop of your Mr. Behnes, the sculptor; the very man, by-the-by, to make a statue of West; every way qualified he is for the duty; and the little-withered hand, so alive with expression, would be a treasure.

common observer. He is regarded with you, and, of course, here in America, as one of the best painters alive. You know what a noise they made with you, when his *Jacob's Vision* appeared; not a few of your chief men spoke as if a new era of the art was nigh. Still the noise that you made there was nothing to the noise that people made here about poor Jacob. I have seen the picture—I have studied it well—and I say that, instead of being what I have heard it called by a very clever man with you, one of the best, or the best picture of modern days—the very best, he said, I do believe—it is feeble and stiff, though very correct and beautiful. Jacob is nobody, in the fore-ground (which, by the way, is capital); and the chief angel, with his wings outspread afar off, is, even what the steps are, a failure. But the two angels that keep together do seem to be very much after the quiet, graceful, secure manner of Raphael, and the light on the leg of one, is beauty. Mr. A. is now employed on a large work, *Belshazzar's Feast*, or the *Hand-writing on the Wall*, a picture for which he is to have ten or twelve thousand dollars, I hear. Stay—I will give you the opinion of a brother artist, a capital painter and a capital judge, whose letter is now before me. “A gentleman of Boston (he says) told me yesterday that Allston's long-expected picture would be before the public this summer, and that he (A.) contemplated a permanent residence at New Haven” (a village of Connecticut, where it goes for a city). “Allston is certainly a character, but he should be studied personally to do him justice; his humanity must be a tax upon his happiness, and yet he has a multitude of little antipathies. I have heard Sully say (T. Sully, of whom you are to have a sketch before I get through) that Allston, who was looking at a fine picture with him one day, on seeing a spider, went away from the place, and would not suffer a friend to kill the spider—he chose rather to give way to it, although his antipathy would not allow him to abide where it was. I should remark here that Sully is one of his greatest admirers. Allston wants regularity and decision of character, a want which will destroy him. You are to know that Allston loves his country with enthusiasm, and that if a single effort were enough, he would immolate himself to benefit her. If he were in Europe his magnificent powers would make him the boast of America; but they require to be drawn out by opposition, to be provoked and stimulated by rivalry and by encouragement. Here, though the love that he has for the art and for his country is very strong, they make but occasional appeals to his imagination; whereas the love of quiet and solitude solicits him continually. The latter has already seduced him from an honourable rank in London, to remove to the tranquillity of Boston (or Cambridge, rather, which is near Boston), and is now about to bury him in the seclusion of a country village. I do most sincerely mourn over so great a loss; for, so far as my judgment is informed, I do consider Allston as one of the greatest living painters. I know of no other artist who combines so many great qualities. It is difficult to say where we should bestow the greatest praise after considering a picture of his—you are in doubt which is the most excellent, the drawing, the character, the effect, the tone, or the colour.

“There was a time when he betrayed some littleness in the management of his work—it was the remains of the bad manner acquired in the modern Roman school; but that has now given place to a bold, decided handling. I say this without hesitation, though it may appear

odd enough to you, considering the time that he has been about his great work. The fact is, that he has covered up five times as much as you see in that very picture. It has been as good as finished several times, and several times he has painted out a large part of it, as I happen to know, in spite of all that could be said or done by the few that were permitted to see it."—So much for the opinion of a brother painter. To say all in a word, I have seen but four pictures by Allston—but three, indeed: the *Dead Man restored to Life by the Bones of the Prophet; Diana*, with a wood landscape; and *Jacob's Vision*—all of which were good, but no one of the three was what I call a great picture; and yet I do believe that Allston is a great painter, one of the greatest that ever lived, and that his *Hand-writing on the Wall* is worthy of any age or any man. But why do I believe this? partly because I see much to prove it, and partly because I know the men well who say so: they are judges; and I believe them.

5. SULLY, Thomas—born with you, of English parents, but came over to this country while a boy. He is a very beautiful painter of women, a scholar in the art, and may be regarded with propriety as the Sir Thomas Lawrence of America; not that he is the very best portrait painter of America, for Stewart, and Peale, and Jarvis are equal to him, to say no more, and each after a way of his own; but he is much more like Sir T. L. than any other painter of America. He studied with you for about a year. By-the-by, as I cannot finish the list now, without making a paper, which I have no disposition to make till I have more time, I will give you a delicious anecdote of Sully, which I had from his own mouth. A husband wishing to surprise a beloved wife on her birthday, came to Sully and got him to paint his portrait "on the sly." It was begun forthwith, and Sully was to have it carried home and put up, while the wife was out. But before it was half done, the wife paid him a visit by stealth. "Pray, Mr. Sully," said she, "could you not contrive, think you, to make a portrait of me by such a day (Sully stared), for that is my birth-day, and I should like of all things to surprise my husband."—"Why—a—a," said Sully, seeing that she had no idea of the trick, "I do believe that I could; and if you will manage to draw your husband away the night before, I will have the picture hung up for you and all ready to receive you in the morning."—"Delightful!" said she. To work he went therefore, and so closely was he run, that once or twice he had to let the husband out of one door on tip-toe, while the wife was creeping in at another on tip-toe. Well, the portraits were finished: they were very like. The night before the birth-day arrived, and Sully finding both parties away, each being decoyed away by the other, hung them up (the pictures, not the parties), in their superb frames, just where they required to be hung. The rest of the story we may as well skip, for who shall describe the surprise of both, when the wife got up early, and the husband got up early, both keeping their countenances to a miracle, and each feigned an excuse to lead the other into the room where the two portraits appeared side by side!—Farewell, my dear P.—the story is true, perfectly true, and yet who would dare to introduce it into a play or a novel?

New York, Jan. 12, 1826.

A. B. C.

THE CORN LAWS.

HE who discusses at Grillon's, in company with a fine woman, an excellent dinner at two guineas a head, perceives, with reason, that every thing goes well. The wines of France and Italy load his table. The ice that cools them is brought to him from the shores of Norway. He inhales the perfumes which grow upon the western shore of the Mediterannean; and listens to the song which is borne upon the east. Commerce is flourishing—and manufactures;—knowledge and morality are making progress with us every day! We have given up the vice of "Lotteries," for ever; and there shall soon be no more human degradation in the West Indies. Half a million of money was won and lost only at Epsom and Ascot races; and Signor Velluti, for five hundred guineas a week, will stay at the Opera a few nights longer! Then we have beat the Burmese; and we shall get thirty thousand pounds more voted in the next year for the National Gallery. A bishopric is talked of to be got up for converting the Gypsies among us to Christianity; and the new square, to be built on the site of Carlton House, will be the most splendid in the world! We are a great nation—a wonderful people—are we not, my love? He embraces his love; dips his fingers into rose-water; doubts for a moment whether the *Chasse Café* is genuine; but sinks upon the sofa, and composes himself to rest.

But while this Sybarite dreams on—smiling at the fairy visions which his own fancy has created—far different are the sensations of the poor cotton spinner at Manchester; who, rising an hour and a half before people at "Grillon's" go to bed—not because he has any thing to do when he is up, but because a straw bed, when a man is hungry, offers little temptation for lying long in the morning—hurries out of doors to get away from a crying wife and the fretting of half a dozen half-starved children, and goes—with a bitter heart—to take a stroll about the town, until the hour for getting "relief" at the workhouse has arrived. The streets are empty, except of wanderers like himself: and he passes (in the town) only empty manufactories; in which he once worked hard, and now ponders whether he shall ever be so happy as to work hard again! or if the "New improved patent Machine"—if that succeeds—will make up cottons and woollens without any handicraft labour whatever! Passing to the suburbs, he walks by splendid mansions and gardens, which have been raised out of the profit of his labour; and sees the notice of "spring guns," and "prosecution for trespass,"—the only notice he ever receives from the proprietor—threatening him, from the top of a long pole, half a mile off; while the watch-dog bays furiously at the gate as he approaches. Returning homeward, he reads, in a printed bill upon a barn end, the "unanimous resolution" of a great meeting of "agriculturists, and land-owners"—"that the country is ruined, if ever bread comes to be sold for less than nine-pence half-penny a loaf in it"; and, seeing his family stand waiting round the Poor-house door for the little oatmeal that is to feed them all day, he thinks that times must alter before they will ever be able to purchase *much* bread at that price. By this time, being in an excellent temper for any outrage that can be proposed to him, he joins a small party of rioters; and—if he is not shot first—helps to break as many power-looms as a rich manufacturer has paid five thousand pounds for. After this, setting down in a corner moodily, without bread, beer, or tobacco, he listens to the reading of some back number of "Cobbett's Register," which at least so far speaks

truth—to his perceptions—that it admits that he is starving, and agrees that he ought not to be so. If there should be any leaf of the book which exhorts him to use a little “prudence” and tells him that this is the only weapon which half his betters use with such fearful efficacy against him;—which warns him to work hard (and not drink hard) when wages are high;—to look upon parish charity as he would upon pestilence, and to wait till to-morrow for every thing which he cannot pay for to day:—to stay with his family at home of an evening in his cottage, and not make the brewer’s fortune, or the distiller’s, by depraving himself at the ale-house; and above all, though he gets but twelve shillings a week wages, never to spend one farthing in *luxuries*, until he has laid by *one shilling* for the time when he may get no wages at all;—if there be any page to this effect in the book, *that* is a page which he finds superfluous, or tedious; and accordingly, either pays no attention to it, or gets up and walks away.

With all his faults, however—and your working mechanic, especially in large towns, is as idle as a duke, and as extravagant;—indulging in expenses, which the man two steps above him in society shuns, and casting away safeties which the other is laborious to arrive at, and careful to maintain;—with all these faults—the chief result of which is that the poor rogue remains fixed in his station of toil and poverty rather than aims to rise above it—with all his *vices*, the English mechanic must not be *starved*; nor will he be *argued* (when the time comes) into any practical admission that he ought to be so. The late discussions upon the expediency and operation of the Corn Laws—with the power granted to ministers to *dispense with* those laws, in case they shall see cause for so doing—may be regarded as (practically) decisive upon the fate of a question, as to the eventual success of which, we confess, we think nothing short of blindness could ever have entertained any doubt.—The rights of individuals may be tampered with; the gains of particular branches of trade may be cramped or lessened by ill-judged legislation; but no system, the effect of which is to throw large bodies of men out of employment—to make one part of our population lastingly dangerous as well as burthensome to the remainder—*can ever* continue to exist.

The question then becomes this—Does *that system* which gives the land-owner of England a monopoly of the home Corn market,—and, consequently enables him pretty nearly to put his own price upon his produce—does it, or does it not, tend to crush the general industry of the country? And this is a question, which both speakers and writers on the two sides of the controversy, argue upon principles (assumed) almost ludicrously opposite:—Mr. M’Culloch, on the part of the economists, in his “Irish Absenteeism,” treating the *home trade* of every country—infinite of which must arise out of the expenditure of the incomes of land-owners—as a matter of *no importance*; and trusting entirely for popularity, to commercial relations with foreign states: and the High Tory agricultural writers in Blackwood, setting out directly upon the opposite conclusion; and insisting that our *home trade* it is that *maintains us*, and that we depend upon our sales of manufactures to foreign countries only in the most contemptible degree.

Now all the difference between the agriculturists, and the manufacturers, upon this question, seems to us—and we cannot give it a better title than it deserves—to be, most transparently, a question about *gain*.

That both classes have a common interest in the strength and prosperity of the country, there can be no doubt; but, to deny that each will be a gainer, by keeping the profits of the other, in their mutual dealings, as low as they can be kept, *without doing him vital mischief*, seems to us to be impossible. To say that the manufacturer *can* be a gainer, by that increase of the land-owner's income, which he himself (in the shape of high prices) *gives*, "because that increase of the land-owner's income is again expended with him (the manufacturer)" seems to be nonsense: the butcher who pays to the tailor *forty* shillings for his coat instead of *thirty*, in order that the tailor may *have* forty shillings, instead of thirty, to lay out again in meat with him, is just *ten* shillings out of pocket by the change of his tailor's price; less by the *profit*, whatever that may be, which he makes upon the sale of ten shillings worth of meat.

In all dealings between the land-owner and the manufacturer it will be recollected, the land-owner has this advantage—he deals in a commodity which is indispensable to his opponent; his opponent has only a commodity to offer, which *may be* dispensed with by him. The holder of land—these are propositions which we must put shortly—takes his land by a title which we will not question; but he has no title to impose any law upon his fellow-subjects, for the purpose of making the enjoyment of that land especially profitable to him. Land *must*, under existing circumstances—however it may have stood formerly—stand in England upon the same footing with every other description of property; and has no more claim than every other description of capital to be protected from fluctuation in value.

Burke, who described the manufacturers (according to Blackwood) as people "contributing little or nothing, except in an infinitely circuitous manner, to their own maintenance"—as "*truly the fruges consumere nati*"—Burke talked then as he would not talk, if he were alive—and in his senses—at the present day. The "bold peasantry—a country's pride!" and so forth, was a pretty thought in poetry:—our *excellent* agriculturists, however, are doing their utmost, we should remember, to degrade, and depress their "bold peasantry," and make them workhouse paupers, every man:—but poetry is apt to catch at facts rather than analyze principles: and that line was written when ploughmen, and not weavers, were the prevailing produce of the land. The manufacturer, as we submitted a little way back, has rather uphill work in this—and almost every other discussion. He dwells in a close and smoky atmosphere; often has a black face; is tolerably vicious, and particularly insolent;—in short, he is not at all a picturesque, or a pleasing personage—but he is a very powerful one—and *he is here*. And let him have his due of justice as well as of maintenance; the land-owner, twenty years since, looked at him with a more favourable eye than he does now. When the storm raged, and the ship laboured, we felt that our strength was in the numbers of our crew; now we are at anchor, and in safety, we must not fling those numbers overboard. Warwickshire and Lancashire was it—or Bedfordshire—and Herefordshire—that fought the battles of England—that conquered Bonaparte at Waterloo? Our cotton mills, and our steam engines, with the swarthy, and what was worse, pallid rogues that worked them; these were the powers that, through a contest which devastated four-fifths of Europe, *protected the estates* of the noblemen and land-owners of England; and did more (it should seem)—for they doubled the value of them.

The manufacturer is *here*: we owe our wealth, our strength, our safety, in great part, to his exertions. England was independent—victorious—when she had no manufacturers. Doubtless; and so she was when she had no gunpowder. Does any man think that she would remain so now? Such persons may also believe that her span of territory would be able almost to command the world; without those swarms of noisy, pestilent knaves crammed together in her black and smoky towns, who can make money (if work be given to them) to-day; and be made soldiers of—if their services are wanted for such a purpose—to-morrow.

Our claim here, let it be understood fully, is made for the right of the working, the *journeyman* manufacturer. The master trader, like every other capitalist, wants no assistance to take care of himself. In fact we have no question that the *machinery* which the desire of those traders *still to make money* keeps bringing into action, may be carried too far, and is carried too far; and, when carried too far, goes to produce great misery to the population of a country. The power of machinery gives to the masters' description of capital—money—too heavy an advantage over the workman's description of capital—labour. Men now draw carts upon the road, the work of beasts; while machines do the work of men in our manufactories; this, obviously, is not as it should be. It does seem clear that these tremendous powers, held by the manufacturing capitalists, tend to give their description of property an advantage over that of the agriculturists; but yet it may be doubted how far any laws directed against machinery at home would do more than destroy our trade by giving foreigners the advantage of us; and in the mean time—no matter which property is uppermost—the labourer (who has no jot of interest in the question) must *live*.

Therefore, as we must assume that the agriculturists of England have no "divine right" for the sale of their corn and cattle, but can only keep the home market closed upon the plea that they will *buy* of those to whom they *sell*, it seems clear that, whether more men are employed, or more machines, the agriculturists can have no claim to sell food to any greater quantity of *manufacturing labour* than that which their own wants, in necessities and conveniencies, require. We use the word "require" here, in contradistinction from "employ," because *labour required* and *employment given* are things, in their effect, very different. "Work wanted," is carpenter's work from the carpenter, or weaver's from the weaver—work which the workman is regularly accustomed to, and which will yield him and his family a competent livelihood. "Employment given" may be such work as the party employed is hardly treated in being put to; such as drawing water-carts, sweeping streets, or breaking stones, for six-pence a-day upon the road. Then, whatever may be the wealth of the land-owners of a country, they can never *want* more than a given amount of labour (not agricultural)—up to that point the corn-grower and the manufacturer are, practically, upon even terms. When we get beyond the question of reasonable *need*, and come to supply those who feed us with pure *luxuries*, then the field for our manufactory is greatly widened, but the sale of our produce becomes less secure:—fancy will operate against us; caprice, and the change of a fashion, or the taste for a foreign article, will throw fifty or sixty thousand men out of employ in an hour. But the thing does not stop here. Even luxury has its limits. Let the increase of machinery or of population in a country once cause a systematic manufacture of these articles

of need or luxury exceeding the demand; and that instant the common effects of a surplus produce in the market, aggravated fearfully in this particular instance by the utter *uselessness* of the commodity to the possessors, begins lowering the price in the most frightful degree. The article already produced may not fall instantly, because it may be *held*, and so maintain its price; but the labour which produces it is a commodity which *cannot* be held, and the fall of that is instantaneous. For the measure of corn which used to purchase twelve hours' labour, we are now offered fourteen. From fourteen offered in fifty places, we come to sixteen, then to eighteen, twenty, or thirty; by-and-bye we will take even this only upon some condition; and, at last, we can take no more upon any condition at all. Then we come to the leaving an immense mass of men idle; an immense other mass starving upon three days' work instead of six; and all who work in distress, from being miserably ill paid. From the immense quantity of labour to be obtained almost upon any terms, any man who has a small capital and a desperate cupidity, becomes enabled to speculate to almost any extent he pleases; the ruin which he brings upon himself may not be a matter of much consequence to any body; but the mass of goods which he throws upon the market, at a low price, increases the glut, and aggravates the sufferings of all.

This then, at least, *may* be the condition of a country which had nothing but its internal trade to depend upon. We take it to be in a great degree the state of England at present; but whether it be, or not so, is merely a question upon the fact;—*suppose* such a case—*suppose* the manufacturing population of a country to be greater than the agriculturists can (with justice to that population) remunerate and employ—is not the obvious remedy that very *export trade*, which the advocates of corn restrictions are now affecting to treat so lightly? Suppose two millions, or one million, of the people of England, to be employed in manufactures for the export-trade, we take it to be clear that, upon these people, as far at least as the plea of reciprocal dealing goes, the land-owners can have no claim for the purchase of corn at all. As they sell nothing to the land, they cannot, on any principle of reciprocity, be called upon to buy from it. If we were to shut them up within four walls; confine them to their foreign trade alone, and separate their sales from those of the rest of the community; let them pay (as they would do) a pretty swinging rent to the land-owners for the ground that they lived upon; be available as a *corps de réserve* to protect the estates of those land-owners in case of war; and pay their share of the public burthens (without any chance of getting part of that payment back again);—then we hope that the most assuming agriculturist could not have any claim—for beef and mutton at his own prices—to a lease of their stomachs?

It will be objected that such a division cannot be made as we describe. We cannot help that; our population *must* be employed and fed. We cannot, with corn at the price it fetches in this country, compete (as manufacturers) abroad, with people who buy their corn fifty per cent cheaper. Our superior capital, our superior machinery, the ignorance of our competitors, will enable us to do much, but not so much as it has done heretofore, and not so much as this.

The admission of a moderate quantity of corn from abroad, will lower the price which the land-owner of England receives for the whole? It

must do so ; we see no remedy. We make no attack upon the property of the land-owners ; we admit their distinct right to all the corn in the country ; but we contend that people *cannot* go on being compelled, by law, to buy it from them.

The land-owners are a little fast and loose too, in their opinions and pretensions. They are a *caste* of themselves, above *trade*, traders are, in fact, the *fruges consumere nati* ? There was not a little, dirty, jobbing, fraudulent, scheme, among the joint-stock bubbles, for making a little *money by trade* (or otherwise), that we did not find some "landed gentleman,"—who rather thought he saw the "*fruges*" the other way—at the head of, or connected with it. On the merits of "Free-Trade," as regarded the article of *silk*, the views of the land-owners were particularly luminous. We will not challenge them to "play out the play," because it would be too hard. They never could sell their corn at so high a price to any people as to the manufacturers of England, and the major part of the commodities that they want in return, they never could buy from any people at so low a price. The threat of general free-trade may have some weight with the manufacturing *capitalist* ; but to the *workman*, it is as ridiculous as the other great menace of the agricultural party—to wit, that if the manufacturer will only give the agriculturist 50*s.* for the quarter of corn, instead of 70*s.*, the agriculturist can only buy of him 50*s.* worth of cottons instead of 70*s.*—the fact being that the manufacturer has *got* the intermediate 20*s.* without giving *any* cottons for it, already in his possession.

We do not desire to go the length of a total change, but we must have an alteration. If the country is not now in a state to bear a perfectly Free-Trade in corn, it is entitled to a right of constant importation ; and at such a rate of duty as will enable the foreign grower, in average seasons, to send some first-rate wheat into our market. The agriculturist will sustain a diminution of his profits by that change ; but when he does so suffer, he has little title to complain.

Look at the increase of the land-owner's income, all through the late war, in England, while the land-owner of almost every other country in Europe was becoming literally a beggar. Look, not at any nominal amount of money paid, subject to taxation or reduction, look at the expenditure, the manner of life of these persons, and ask if they will be poorer than they were in 1790, if twenty per cent should be abated from their incomes ? They talk of the taxation that crushes the agricultural interest—What class of that interest has it crushed ? Has it crushed the land-owner, whose expenses are nearly double what they were prior to its increase ? or the farmer, who during its pressure, took a bailiff to look after his business, and shot up into a gentleman ? It is ridiculous enough to find the High Tory party *now* crying out about taxation ! The land-owner is taxed, no doubt—and is not the labourer taxed at least equally ? Is not his beer taxed, his tea, his brandy, his tobacco ? are not these very people who talk of "taxation," themselves making him pay a tax, for their personal benefit, upon the very meat and bread that he eats ? Of this taxation that is so oppressive to the land-owners, how happens it that so few land-owners vote in Parliament for the reduction ? How much of what they *pay* in taxes, do they *receive* back again in the emoluments of places, pensions, offices, and commissions ? which stand at the cost of the nation at large, and are bestowed upon them, their relations, and dependents in particular ?

The Corn Monopoly *must* come down; we shall have people starving if it does not; and that people *will not starve*, even the land-owners will have wit enough to know. For the war, the heavy taxation, that is so loudly complained of, let it be abated; but every kind of *capital* seems to have thrived under it. The landed interest raised their rents and their style of living under it. The monied interest arose almost out of it. It seems, with all the abuse we hear of it, to have gone on blessing every interest—enriching every interest, but one,—*the interest of the labouring classes*—agricultural or manufacturing, through the country.

This is a branch of our subject to which, perhaps, we may return; at present, to touch upon it would carry us far beyond our limits. The whole question of the Corn Trade, indeed, has been argued so laboriously, that a few loose hints upon it are all that we can venture to throw out. We are not among those who would hold it of no importance that no more corn were ever grown in England, provided we could obtain it at a cheaper rate by purchasing it abroad. We do not forget what would be the danger of placing the supply of so material a commodity at the discretion of powers, with whom accident, to-morrow, might embroil us. But, on the other hand, we can see no objection, beyond the personal interest of one class of persons, to such a restricted importation of foreign grain, as, maintaining the agriculture of this country still vigorous, would keep it in a state always capable of extension. One, moreover, of the greatest blessings, perhaps, that would be derived from the introduction of a fixed duty upon the importation, will be the abatement of that mass of jobbing and fraud which has been carried on under the system of the averages. Without going quite back to the prejudices, or being entirely prepared to condemn them, which formerly existed against regrating and monopoly, where the supply of so vital an article to a country, as Food, is at stake, we think all details between the producer and the consumer should be simplified as far as possible.

On the reported Death of a Friend whom I had celebrated in an Elegy, and afterwards met at a Party.

WHY, Richard, my boy, where the deuce have you been?

You know not the trouble you've given;

I was told you had suddenly left us in spleen,

And, 'twas hoped, you had travelled to heaven:

The news took me rather, I own, by surprise;

I pondered awhile what to do,

'Till, suddenly brushing the dew from my eyes,

I thought I would write something new.

I began on your virtues ('twas difficult work);

Then your graces too cost me much trouble;

Your wit and good-humour I could not well shirk,

Though wit often proves but a bubble.

Yes, all was in vain, though I worked night and day!

Poor poet! what troubles await ye!

I found that my elegy many made gay,

And the eye-lids of other folks weighty.

Now the least you can do, my dear sensible fellow,

Is to contradict all I have said;

To assure your kind friends when I wrote I was mellow,

Or not, perhaps, right in my head.

Q.

ON HYPOCHONDRIASIS.

THERE are few individuals more deserving of pity than the hypochondriac, and yet there is no complaint, except perhaps the tooth-ache, which excites less commiseration than hypochondriasis. The reason of this seems to be either that this malady is held to depend upon the individual being merely *bilious*, as it is rather indefinitely called, or else that it arises from a sickly imagination, and may be thrown off by an effort of the will. That a deranged condition of the digestive organs may produce lowness of spirits is too obvious to admit of denial, or to require any illustration. But this kind of mental depression bears a direct relation to the state of the stomach, and as this regains its tone, the mind recovers its hilarity. Such, however, is not the case in hypochondriasis, in which there is for the most part a conviction pressing on the mind of the patient, that he labours under some incurable disease—an impression which no vigour of his digestive system can remove, and which becomes the constant object of his solicitude—paralyses every mental exertion, and poisons every rational enjoyment. Neither does the idea that hypochondriasis depends upon the indulgence of fancy or caprice appear better founded. A man is laughed at who complains of pain in the great toe of the leg which he left on the field of Waterloo some ten years ago ; yet, however ridiculous this may appear, it is literally true that he feels the pain there, because the nerve which went to the toe conveys to the brain precisely the same sensation it was wont to do before the limb was amputated. In such a case no reasoning can alter the nature of the impression, nor any argument blunt the acuteness of the suffering. So I imagine it is in hypochondriasis ; we may know perhaps that the sensations do not—cannot correspond with the reality—in a word, that they are but sensations, yet we cannot, either in the one case or the other, shake off the inconvenience by exertion, or drive it off by ratiocination. I beg not to be misunderstood—I do not mean to assert that any hypochondriac may not aggravate his complaints by intemperance in his diet, indulgence in his caprices, or indeed any irregularity in his mode of life ; but I do assert that his complaint sometimes comes on notwithstanding the most rigorous bodily temperance and mental discipline ; yet all the doctors lay the onus of this miserable complaint upon the stomach, and direct their remedies against its supposed delinquencies. I am myself, one of the ill-fated race of hypochondriacs, and therefore, speak from personal knowledge. I consulted Mr. A——, and was beginning to describe my feelings to him, thinking, “good easy man,” that a knowledge of the symptoms was necessary to a discovery of the remedy—not at all. He cut me short with “don’t tell me of feelings ! you’re hipped, Sir, that’s all ; take a blue pill every night and read my book.” Not quite satisfied with this off-hand method of prescribing, which looked as if he had made up his mind before hand to give me the blue pill, whatever my complaints were, I resolved to consult Dr. P—— ; he too ordered medicines for the stomach, but luckily, without enjoining the perusal of his book, which I am told is more difficult of digestion than all the drugs at Apothecary’s Hall. The idea of reading medical books having been suggested by Mr. A——, I speedily collected all which seemed likely to throw any light upon my complaints, and it is from the result of this inquiry that I have formed my opinion that hypochondriasis does not depend so much on the state of the digestive system as upon the irritation of certain

nerves (varying in different persons), by which false impressions are transmitted to the brain, in the manner of the soldier above-mentioned who had lost his leg.

Persons having their nervous system so constituted as to be susceptible of strong impressions from slight causes—having, in short, what is usually called a *nervous* temperament, have always been regarded as particularly liable to this disease. Rousseau and Cowper may be taken as good illustrations—men who were unable by any degree of temperance to starve themselves into tranquillity and cheerfulness. Indeed, it is consistent with general observation, that pursuits leading to the cultivation of the fancy or indulgence of feeling are powerful auxiliaries in the developement of morbid nervous irritability. Among the various classes of artists, for example, musicians are perhaps the most subject to those wayward fancies which mark the hypochondriac; witness Viotti, Sacchini, Mozart, and others; while the effect of music upon minds gifted with undue sensibility is strikingly illustrated by the melancholy and passionate desire of revisiting their native country, produced on Swiss soldiers on hearing the Ranz des Vaches. Yet I apprehend it would be very difficult to shew in what manner the stomach was affected by their sounds. Shakspeare, who was a tolerably correct observer of nature, speaks of the “soul inspiring drum,” the “ear-piercing fife,” and even attributes certain nameless effects to the bag-pipe “singing in the nose”—but so far as I know, mentions no music which held any sympathy or communion with the stomach.

The fact is, as it appears to me, that the stomach is of a very jealous disposition, and will not work unless attended to; take off the mind too frequently and too long, no matter in what way, and the dissention is proportionally affected; the individual, after becoming melancholy or capricious, in vulgar language, *hipped*, the indigestion being obviously the effect, not the cause of the mental affection; hence it is that men of studious habits generally become dyspeptic and not unfrequently hypochondriacal. It is very consolatory, however, for those who are thus affected, to be able to refer their bodily infirmities to their mental superiority; and as a quotation from any old author is always very useful in an argument, and of course one from a Latin or Greek writer doubly so, I would remind them that Aristotle asks “*cur homines qui ingenio claruerunt et in studis philosophiæ vel in republica administranda vel in carmine fingendo vel in artibus exercendis melancholicos omnes fuisse vidramus?*”

Women are said to be less liable to the disease than men, which may be accounted for either by the fact of their prudently abstaining from the fatigue of very profound meditations; or, by supposing the same causes to produce a different train of phenomena, constituting hysterics, a complaint, however, so analogous to the subject of this paper, that many have regarded them as the masculine and feminine of the same species. Talking of the ladies, I may remark, that a French writer of some celebrity (M. Falret), argues that the abdominal viscera cannot be the seat of hypochondriasis, because the disease does not prevail among his fair country-women, who, according to his insinuation, wear stays so contrived as to produce great compression “*sur les bas ventre.*” Now, without underrating the sacrifices made by the French ladies in the cause of fashion, we may be allowed to question whether the sufferings of the male sex in this country have not for some years been quite as

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exquisite; but, to whichever the merit may belong of wearing the tightest stays, I must say, that I never met with any instance of hypochondriasis from this cause: in fact a certain degree of intellect seems necessary for its production. From this digression I return to the moral or intellectual causes which are very numerous. It is very uncommon to meet with any one who has been much given to study of any kind who has not experienced this affection to a greater or less extent—but at the same time, among the various kinds of reading, none are so apt to produce hypochondriasis among unprofessional persons, as the perusal of medical works; so generally is this acknowledged, that M. Villernay has enumerated “lecture habituelle de Buchan*” among the exciting causes, Rousseau, too, not only admits this cause, but describes in forcible language the effect of such injudicious studies upon his singularly constituted mind. He says, “having read a little on physiology, I set about studying anatomy: and passing in review the numbers and varied actions of the parts which composed my frame, I expected twenty times a day to feel them going wrong; far from being astonished to find myself dying, my astonishment was that I could live. I did not read the description of any disease which I did not imagine myself to be affected with; and I am sure that if I had not been ill I must have become so upon this fatal study. Finding in every complaint the symptoms of my own, I believed I had got them all, and thereby added another much more intolerable—the phantasy of curing myself, a thing difficult to avoid when one reads medical books. By means of plodding, reflecting, and comparing, I came to the conclusion that the root of my complaint was a polypus of the heart.”

The passions may be ranked next to mental exertion in the production of hypochondriasis, particularly fear; after which may be placed chagrin and ennui. This last is very remarkable in men of business who abandon their affairs to seek for tranquillity and repose in retirement—those in short, who pass from a life of activity to one of idleness. Under these circumstances, the fancy first conjures up the evil, and then the mind dwells upon it with morbid pertinacity.

It would not appear that climate has much influence on hypochondriasis, which, however, bears a distinct relation to the progress of civilization, becoming more frequent as it advances. It likewise occurs particularly, in those countries which have been subjected to great political events, a circumstance which accounts for the number of hypochondriacs observed by Zacchias, during the eventful reign of Louis XIV: the same effect is said to have been produced in Spain and Germany by the late invasions of the French.

With regard to the symptoms of this disease, or the manner in which it develops itself, this varies in almost every different case; but the part most frequently fixed upon as the seat of some incurable malady, is the heart, especially among young medical hypochondriacs. I am told the late eminent professor of physic in Edinburgh, used to mention that he was every season consulted by a great number of young medical students on the state of their hearts—and it is asserted by the French writers, that when Corvisart first drew the attention of the pupils at the Ecole de Medicine to the organic *lusus* of this organ, it brought on an epidemic of imaginary aneurisms. The sight, hearing, smell, and taste, are sometimes subject to painful or depraved affections, and at others are

* Buchan's Domestic Medicines.

endowed with a marked sensibility; this is particularly the case with regard to touch, the slightest degree either of heat or cold, producing strong impressions—in some, the integuments become preternaturally tender, and the patient even complains of exquisite pain in the hair.

The whims and phantasies of hypochondriacs are very numerous, and many of them such, as to provoke a smile, even when we most pity the subjects of such strange delusions. Some describe the sensation of a great explosion, as of a piece of fire-arms in the head, chest, or abdomen; while others imagine that they feel the movements of some living animal within them. One lady thought her skin had become rough and scaly like that of a carp, an impression which she removed at will by calling to her assistance the sense of touch. *Greding* mentions the case of a medical man who was impressed with the belief that his stomach was filled with frogs, which had been spawning ever since he bathed when a boy in a pool where there were a few tadpoles. The life of this unfortunate man was spent in travelling from place to place, to consult the most eminent physicians concerning this imaginary evil.—“He argued himself,” says *M. Greding*, “into a great passion in my presence, and then asked me if I did not hear the frog-croak.” *Marcellus Donatus* mentions the case of a baker of France, who imagined himself a great lump of butter, and durst not sit in the sun or near a fire for fear of being melted—rather an unhappy phantasy by-the-bye for a baker. *Zimmerman* met with an individual who fancied himself a barleycorn, and did not venture to go abroad lest he should be picked up and swallowed by the first sparrow that espied him.

One of the most annoying and vexatious absurdities into which hypochondriacs are led, is the degree of vacillation in every purpose, and the deliberation which precedes the most unimportant actions; thus *Dr. Reid* mentions that he called one day upon a young friend who had inquired his health by the sincerity of his application. It was afternoon, but he was still in bed, not having been able to decide whether he should wear his small-clothes or pantaloons; having renewed his reasoning upon this important matter, he at length determined in favour of the latter; but he had not been dressed many minutes before he changed his mind, and during the rest of the day wore breeches. From these and similar instances we acquire the fidelity of the picture of an hypochondriac, as given by *Moliere* in his “*Malade Imaginaire*,” when he makes *Argan* say, “*Monsieur Puyon, m’a dit de me promener le matin dans ma chambre douze allées et douze venues, mais j’ai oublié à lui demander si c’est en long ou en large.*” No strength of mind or extent of cultivation seems capable of protecting us against these ludicrous imaginations. Even *Pascal*, remarkable as he was for the depth and clearness, as well as piety of his mind, was yet unable to conquer the force of hallucination. He fancied himself always placed at the edge of an abyss, into which he was constantly afraid of falling, and it was only by pushing a chair over the supposed verge of the precipice and finding it did not fall that he was able to undeceive himself. This experiment he is said to have always had recourse to before he ventured to sit down when labouring under a fit of this disease. This brings to my mind the case of an individual who had an equal fear of sitting down, but for a very different cause: it has occurred to the writer to know of a gentleman who supposed his “nether bulk” to be made of glass, and

who, therefore, never sat down without extreme caution, lest he should break it all to pieces.

With regard to the treatment of this complaint, I am satisfied that medical men are wrong in endeavouring, as they generally do, to argue their patients into better health. This will not do; and I am satisfied, from my own experience, that till he has gained the confidence of his patients by listening to, appearing to believe, and prescribing gravely and formally for his most fanciful ailments, he has no chance of being of any real service to him; any expression which insinuates that the dream is imaginary at once destroys all confidence; whereas, an attentive examination of the symptoms, and favourable anticipation of the result, go far towards tranquillising the mind of the patient. In this way I have known the best effects from a course not of blue, but of *bread* pills, edaide by xercise, amusement, and cheerful society.

DITHYRAMBICS.

(From the German)

"Nimmer das glaubt mir
Nimmer erschienen
Götter allein, &c."

Schiller's *Godtheits*.

The Gods descend from high,
But not alone they leave their blissful seat;
Hand in hand they quit the sky,
To join their votary's still retreat!
When jovial Bacchus crowns the bowl,
Then Love with laughing eyes invades my soul,
And Phœbus makes the hallowed train complete.
They come, they come—the heavenly band,
In earthly bowers they take their stand,
And bright with all their freshest rays
Flash upon the poet's gaze.

The glorious guests—the heavenly choir,
Say, how shall earth-born man receive?
Untempered in celestial fire,
Their dazzling forms behold and live?
Fill me, ye Gods, and full, and high
Your choicest draughts of immortality
To powers like your's what can a mortal give?
Fill with nectar, fill the cup,
I'll snatch the pledge and drink it up;
Then in the starry halls above
For ever dwell—with bliss and Jove.

"Fill the cup, and fill it high!
"And, Hebe, kiss the golden brim!
"And let the poet taste of joy,
"And feel that Heaven was made for him.
"Bathe his eyes in holy dew,
"Lest Styx, detested power, should blast his view,
"And let the Godhead glow through every limb!"
Hark! the sacred stream descends,
Around the mantling brim it bends:
I feel my sight grow clean from earthly shades,
While tranquil joy my thrilling breast pervades.

THE THEATRE—ITS LITERATURE, AND GENERAL ARRANGEMENT.

THE theatre, its management, and the contribution of material for its support, did form a part of the literary business of the country. This was the case, in some degree, even so lately as thirty years ago; but it is scarcely so any longer. The aggregate quantity of theatrical entertainment exhibited in London has been doubled within the last twenty years. Several new theatres have been opened, and the cost of working all has greatly increased within that time. The new dramas produced have been (as regards number) three to one beyond what they were. The gains of public performers have risen to a height, perfectly unprecedented—and perhaps rather absurd. The general trade, in fact, of stage exhibition, is carried on at an outlay fully double that which was allotted to it twenty years ago; and yet dramatic literature was never perhaps at so low an ebb as it is at present;—the condition of the London stage (as regards its display of actors) has not been often so weak; and “theatrical property,”—that is to say, the business of upholding and carrying dramatic entertainments—scarcely ever so unproductive.

As there can be no effect in these days, for which we cannot at once trace out a cause, five hundred speculators within the last five years have accounted for this state of things upon the stage; and all have accounted for it (with equal ingenuity) in different ways. One set of gentlemen say that it is “the late dinner hours,” which prevent people, in the upper ranks, from coming to the theatre so early as seven o’clock. Another set blame the increased pride of the higher classes, that—dinner or no dinner—will not let them come to a place of public entertainment at all. The saints—and some who are not saints—wish to have the police of the lobbies improved—and truly that desire does not seem altogether unreasonable; disappointed poets lay the whole blame at the door of “the Managers,” who will, contumaciously, ruin themselves by producing only the worst pieces—*i. e.* other pieces than those of the complainants. Many contend that it is a “Genius” we wait for—some literary star who shall arise in the dramatic hemisphere, and, at one touch of his pen, make play-going again popular. And the people older than forty, who cannot see and hear quite so well as they did twenty years ago, say, that all writing, or acting, must be useless, with the present unreasonable dimension of our theatres.

Now the “Managers,” truth to say, have sharp work enough to carry on the war. They have to keep up the attraction of their theatres—which is a good deal; and to keep up their character—which is a good deal more. They must please the *recherché* people—if they can; or else, though these pay very little to the house, they raise a cry, which the fools fall into. And they must please the fools—who pay all—or else they shut up to a certainty. The low in condition, and the high; the ignorant, and the cultivated; the grave, and the ebullient; the thick-sculled, and the witty; from among all these varieties of character, they have to derive their emolument—all are to be considered and satisfied; brought together, and without mutual offence, under one roof; prevailed upon to form part of the same company, and to be amused with the same entertainment.

And if there were not a natural tendency in things to adapt themselves to circumstances, difficult as this task must be, it would hardly be so well accomplished as it is at present. The people in the boxes sit and tolerate stale jokes, because they are guessed to be not yet familiar in the gallery. The people in the galleries listen, without cracking nuts, to poetical soliloquies, and long scientific pieces of music, which they neither care for nor understand, out of deference to those in the boxes. And broad humour in comedy; real pathos, or passion, in tragedy; simple melody in opera; and scenery and neck-breaking in ballet or pantomime, are delights common to both parties.

Our dramatic writing, however, as it exists at the present day—putting aside the question, what power there may or may not be for better—is of a very low order. With all the certain puff, and ready introduction to publicity, which writing for the stage affords, we have not one man among our systematic play-writers, who stands much higher than as an impounder of chance coffee-

house jokes, or a translator of French vaudevilles, and two-act comedies: Colman, who did possess strong faculty, can write no longer. He admits it; and it would not be a jot the less apparent if he did not. Kenney, who had a touch of something coming very near to genius once, is worn out: his *Raising the Wind* will be a lasting farce; and his comedy of *The World* had soul in it; but power has departed from him. Of the existents—regulars—Poole is perhaps the best; there was a good approach to conception in his character of *Paul Pry*—if he did not steal it. At all events, he is not quite so good as Sheridan, but he wrote a clever quiz rather about Leigh Hunt—there is hardly any body else whom one can think of without horror.

Now this dearth of wit in our daily dramatic productions, may be looked at quite apart from the question of sufficient or insufficient existing talent: and, looked at as a fact by itself, there is nothing about it very surprising. The faculty of writing dramas—apart from any genius which may be concerned in it—is an art—a “mystery”—to be learned. That it is an art—a trade of itself—is obvious; there are forms to be observed in it, without a knowledge of which, the strongest abilities would fail. And, moreover, that it is a trade which may (or must) be acquired, is quite undeniable, because men constantly begin clumsily in it, and are found to improve: that is not the case with reference to works of the imagination in general; the earlier books of a novelist, or romance-writer, are commonly found to be his best. That this trade then—the construction of plays—is not very difficult, one would say on the one hand, judging from the miserable sort of people who contrive to execute it; and yet, that it is most difficult, when a play is constructed, to guess whether it will or will not succeed, is perfectly certain; for we find every day, that actors, managers, dramatists themselves,—all the people most experienced in such matters, have very little judgment about it.

Managers use the best discretion they have—this may be assumed; no man but a refused dramatist will doubt it. Mr. A.’s farce may bring good wine, or good words, but it can never stand against Mr. B.’s farce, which brings good money: both may come in—elect two members—but Mr. B. sits to a certainty. But yet, in spite of this entirely good intent, the conclusions of managers are constantly negatived by events—and seem as constantly, moreover, to have proceeded in direct opposition to the most ordinary perception and common-sense;—they refuse plays, or produce them with ill-will and difficulty, which afterwards turn out to be highly successful, and even deserve to be so; and they act other pieces, bestowing large expense upon, and avowedly expecting highly from them, which one would wonder how any people should fail to see must be damned past all redemption. Then, besides this uncertainty in the first stage—where the crowd is to decide eventually, there can never be much security for a correct conclusion. Our damnation by first night’s audience is pretty nearly got over now, by the help of packed houses and pertinacity; and perhaps it is as well that it should be so, except in extreme cases, and there the power still applies; but undeserved success is as offensive a possible casualty to a man of talent in any pursuit as unmerited condemnation; and plays—ten times more—a hundred times more than any other productions of literature—succeed constantly from accidents and causes, with which their dramatic merits have nothing at all to do. Personal or political allusion (or a belief of the existence of either of these intents); a fancied curious representation (curious only from the impudence of its imposture) of something which the audience never saw—the lucky air of a particular song; the painting of a particular scene; the dress, gesture, figure—nay, even the moral character of a particular performer; every one of these are circumstances which have made contemptible plays invaluable; to the necessary disgust and perplexity of that writer, who, if he did any, would be content to do no other than respectable ones.

The novel-writer can stand for himself. He acts alone, and can be tried by the work of his own hand for failure or success. But the dramatist is now, at best, no more than the member of a partnership; consisting, besides

himself, of the musician, the machinist, the scene-painter, the tailor, and the actor. He is not "poet," but, as the bill of the Italian opera forcibly expresses it, "poet to the theatre." *Pizarro*, *Tom and Jerry*, and *Giovanni in London*, brought as much money perhaps as *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, and *John Bull*:—this is bad example, and worse encouragement.

Then if all this—as far as regards convenience, and reasonable guarantee of success—is not very inviting to the person who questions whether or not he shall commence dramatic author, that which has to follow, in the way of profit, will do very little indeed to redeem it. As pasteboard plays are easily manufactured (and do not last very long) there are of course a vast number of them produced. The effect of this is, that the people who do *see* a few plays still, have long since given up *reading* them; the copyright of a comedy, prospering on the third night, is scarcely worth, in the market, thirty pounds. Those who doubt this, let them not trust to any of the sales for "two hundred pounds," and so forth, made by authors who live up two pair of stairs, and so forth; but let them take a play, a farce, likely to do well, on the third night, to a (solvent) bookseller, and ask him what he will give for it.

And it will not do to imagine that pecuniary advantage will be overlooked in the present day, even where more fame is to be gotten by forgetting it than writing for the theatre is likely to produce. It is unpleasant to be personal; but where trash will do, there is no great satisfaction to decent persons in having to deal with the whims and jealousies of overpaid actors and actresses; or honour in "succeeding" by the side of the authors of *Harlequin Scavenger*, and *The Eel Basket Emptied*. If there were no other channel open to publicity, men might wave the consideration of the money: but there are fifty paths open, in which the credit of success is greater than it can be in the theatre; the success itself more certain, the choice of means less limited, and the gain ten times superior; and to these necessarily therefore, or some one or other of them, the great preponderance of genius will resort.

That the secret of our weakness in dramatic literature does lie mainly here—in the indifference of men of talent to the pursuit, rather than in their incapacity—seems so clear, that to offer any argument upon it would be superfluous. Because it is a little too much to suppose that the very *weakest* of the literary people about town (and which is there, among the farce writers of the present day, who ever produced any thing besides his farces—or, at least, any thing that was readable?)—that these scissars and wafer people—for they are literally no more—should be the *only* capable dramatists in existence! When we talk of "incapacity" for dramatic writing in the present day, it should be recollected, that scarcely any man of reputation who has tried the stage has failed to succeed; however, not contented with the extent, or results of his success, he may have abandoned it afterwards. *Fazio* produced considerable sums of money (to the theatres); but Milman did not write for the theatre again. Maturin's *Bertram*, as an acting tragedy, was uncommonly successful; but Maturin got more money by writing novels, than by writing plays. Coleridge's tragedy, again, was fortunate; but Coleridge was not tempted to become a confirmed dramatic writer. And, for the gabble about Scott, and Byron, it is too felicitous! Byron never wrote a tragedy, the subject of which did not put it out of all question as to representation on the stage; and this, too, when his "Corsair" style—if he would have used it in romance—would have beaten all the world. And Scott—sheets only cut out of his books, and stuck by brainless idiots upon prompters' "plots," make dramas which fill theatres for whole seasons together, and even continue to attract after their novelty is over; and yet the very paste-pot villains who perform this barbarous work, will call themselves authors—talk of the possession of a "particular faculty," and tell you that "Scott," or "Byron," "*could not write a play!*"

The fact is, that novel writing, romances, memoirs, history, almost every description of literary labour is better paid, looking to the uncertainty which always must attend it, than writing for the theatre. And the first step towards giving a chance of improvement to the state of dramatic composition must

be to place it, in point of advantage, upon a level with composition generally of every other character. A play, to be popular, and of sterling value at the same time, must be, in the present day, a work of great labour and consideration. The same quantity of exertion, applied in almost any other shape, would produce, to appearance, three or four times the same quantity of result. The profit of such a play, to compete with the prices gained in other branches of literary employment, should be at least a thousand, or twelve hundred pounds: or at least there should be the chance, by considerable success, of obtaining such a sum. The profit, as the trade now stands, would be perhaps some four or five hundred.

Now, precisely how this larger amount of profit should be given, we don't stay to consider; but one move towards conveying it seems obvious in an instant—there is no earthly reason why the writers who sell plays to the London theatres, should supply all England, Scotland, and Ireland, with new matter, year after year, gratuitously. Bath, and Liverpool, and Dublin, and Edinburgh, and Manchester, and Glasgow, if they want new plays, should have them as they have new actors—that is, they should pay for the use of them.

The actor who acquires popularity, and can draw large audiences, gets hired at fifty or a hundred guineas a night, in all the theatres over the United Kingdom. Miss O'Neil received more money for acting five nights only in Birmingham, than Maturin received for the whole produce of his *Bertram*. But the author!—a comedy equally successful with *The Honey-moon*, would probably, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, draw, during the first year of its performance, £30,000;—this is taking the average a great deal too low, because it is understood that the *Tom and Jerry* piece, at the Adelphi theatre, in London alone drew more than £10,000: but take the calculation at £30,000, because thirty is sufficient for the example;—out of these £30,000, the author will have good luck if he secures £500! being about fourpence in the pound—and the odds are great if he receives so much—upon the gain of his own production!

Then this is not sufficient to induce people, who have much other prospect, to go to work for the drama. And, the man who produces a book has his right protected—no one may print or publish that book, printing being the form in which his profit accrues, (and by which he might be robbed of it) except himself: the same protection ought clearly to be afforded, for a given time, to the man who produces a dramatic entertainment—all representation of that entertainment (during a specified period) ought to be restrained, unless by license of himself, or of his assignee. It is not necessary here to construct the law which should be passed for such a purpose; but it may be observed, that the French plan, of apportioning a certain per-centage out of all theatrical receipt for the benefit of the author, does not seem to be the best that might be adopted. In some instances, it would become a temptation to fraud; and it would always produce such an exposure of the state of a "manager's" trade as theatrical speculators are particularly jealous of. A far simpler arrangement would seem to be, that the author of a play should have the power (upon his own terms) of *granting licenses* for its performance; and, whether this right remained in himself, or formed part of his bargain with the bookseller or the London manager, would be of no consequence; where it *had* a value, he would have the means of deriving an advantage from it. No doubt, in the first instance, squabbles would arise, and piracies and imitations would be attempted; but all this would be dealt with, just as it is in literary property of every other description. The proprietor of the right would have his remedy at law, and people would soon find that it was cheaper to pay him a reasonable price for it, than to attempt imposition. After all, it would be the public which would pay the difference; for theatrical managers, in town or country, already make very little money; but, in less than twelve months, the scheme would work well, and smoothly; nor would it be necessary, in England, to guarantee this privilege as to representation for more than three years. Certainly, the exclu-

sive right during such a period as three years (without going to the extent of the French law) would increase the profit of a successful dramatic author very largely; the poet would not then stand entirely below every other artist concerned in furnishing the material of theatrical entertainment; and we might probably have some man of real talent, making the experiment, whether he could not write for the stage.

But still, with all the humbug, the trade of the *impresario* is not a profitable one. Take the amount of debt (unpaid) incurred by the several theatres in London within the last twenty years, and set it against the amount which we may suppose managers and proprietors (who don't live extravagantly) to have spent; and the general trade will be found probably to have been carried on at a loss. From the rebuilding of Drury-lane Theatre, under Whitbread, to the beginning of Elliston's lease, there was a loss of between £80,000 and £90,000. Part of this debt has since been reduced by Elliston's annual payments of rent; but Elliston now, in his turn, stops, in six years, for £30,000. In the mean time three-fourths of the minor theatres have been bankrupt sixteen times over; each establishment—the whole assets of it—not paying a candle-snuffing in the pound. Covent-Garden, with fresh capital brought in, has managed to rub on (while others were starving); so the Haymarket, and so the Lyceum (with the aid of Mathews's entertainments, which have brought large sums of money and cost almost nothing); but it has been only living—only a moderate return upon capital—not making large profits, or retiring with great fortunes.

Now, part of this failure of profit arises, no doubt, from the interference of new theatres; but a good slice of it (probably the greater part) seems to be owing to the arrangements of the patent managers themselves, whose conduct of their trade is certainly two centuries behind the spirit of the time, upon every principle of common reason or commercial policy.

It is hardly worth while to say any thing about the dimension of the patent theatres, though they *are* too large. Large theatres assist several descriptions of entertainments, which are now popular, and to which, in combination with others, there is no objection; they keep the galleries at a good distance from the lower boxes, which is extremely convenient; and, though the fourth row in the pit is the best seat in the house, yet every body, if the house were smaller, could not get into it; and he who does get into it—unless the floor would open and take compassion, or a hand be stretched forth from the ceiling his relief—the Lord have mercy upon him when he wants to get out of it!

But the policy, unfortunately, which led to this extension in the size of the theatres, originated in the same mistake which pervades all the rest of their arrangements—an anxiety to grasp at the gain of half-a-crown additional to-day, although we lose a guinea or even ten guineas in consequence of it to-morrow. And first, in order perhaps, that people who do come to the theatre may be known to come there purely for intellectual enjoyment, care is taken at Covent-Garden theatre (and at Drury-lane there is no company) that when they are there, they shall suffer every possible bodily inconvenience. In the pit, of which the "fourth row" is the best place in the house—it is only within these five years, at either theatre, that there have been backs to the benches. People sat like wretches impaled, suffering under one infliction, to listen to another. For the boxes (at Covent-Garden), by the arrangement of making them eight or nine seats deep, and leaving no clear passage down the centre, those who sit there might as well sit in the gallery; and he who would come into the front row, or quit it, after the curtain is up, must climb over eight benches, and crush twenty or thirty people—not to speak of those who resist, and whom he has to fight—in his progress. Then, after the "half-price," what with the getting an extra fifty shillings by cramming the upper gallery fuller than it will hold; and the statutable nuisance which might be kept within more reasonable bounds (although it cannot be got rid of altogether), in the boxes; from nine o'clock to the end of the evening, the whole house is disturbed every instant with quarrels and clapping of doors; besides that two-thirds of its extent exhibits one continued scene of every character of riot, intemperance, and indecency.

Now, the "half-price" is defended on account of its custom; and the statutable nuisance on the ground that it is impossible to get rid of it; and the inconvenience of the accommodation (wittily) on the ground that if people sat at their ease, they would go to sleep altogether; which is a pleasant justification, but not quite a maintainable one, because persons at a theatre should be kept awake by amusement and not by the torture. But, every possible precaution having thus been taken, as regards the matter of comfort, to make the theatre a place to which persons would choose to go as seldom as possible, the *coup de grâce* in the way of enticement is given by the *price*.

At five shillings the boxes, three the pit, and two shillings and one the galleries, any London theatre, if it had filled *fairly*, would have paid its highest charge twice over. But as people, it was found, did not come fast enough when the prices of boxes and pit were five shillings and three shillings, the managers resolved to try whether they would come any faster when they had to pay seven shillings and three and six-pence. It was not that five shillings did not pay, but that people did not pay the five shillings. At five-shilling prices, either of the two great theatres would contain £500, they now hold something more than £700. Two hundred and fifty pounds a-night would be a fortune in either theatre; therefore, for all purposes of success, the advance of price was perfectly unnecessary. But the curiosity is that the speculators put on this increase of price, to the inevitable *diminution* of the quantity of admission that they would sell; knowing all the while that that *mere diminution* of sale would ruin them, let their *price* be what it might; and that the appearance of a *lessening* trade within either of their houses, would speedily put an *end* to the trade of it altogether.

For it is an understood fact among all theatrical undertakers—a very absurd one apparently as far as the public is concerned—that a theatre, in the hottest evening of summer, when two feet of clear space on either side of one is worth at least a thousand pounds, cannot exist unless the population in it are packed together, closer than slaves in the "middle passage," on board a contraband Guineaman! Therefore when they raised their prices, managers knew that they could not *live* (at any price) with a diminution of their consumption. They could not, like the Dutch merchants when they held the spice trade, sell a fourth of their produce at an immense rate, and burn or drown the rest; but would be compelled, in case the demand fell off, to *give away* their commodity in whole packages with one hand while they demanded the *advanced* and exorbitant price for it with the other. And thus, therefore, to fill those same boxes out of which the high price demanded already keeps most people, a course is adopted perfectly well calculated, as regards the patronage of respectability, to keep out all people; "orders," and that kind of admission which is called "free privilege," are given away to such an extent—and to such persons—for they will be accepted by no other persons—that, taken with reference to rank and character, two-thirds of the company which sits nightly in the boxes of the theatre is very much below the level of that which would be found in the two-shilling gallery!

If we are to talk of "selectness," the state of the houses would be a sufficient answer; but nothing can be more gross trash, while money alone will purchase admission, than to imagine that a few shillings more of price will ensure decorum of conduct in any place of entertainment, or a few shillings less stand in the way of it. The masquerade at the Argyll rooms, at a guinea, is an offence pretty nearly against common police; and nobody ever, perhaps, with prices only of one and two shillings, saw any rudeness or impropriety of conduct at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy or at the Panorama.

Then, the prices demanded, in themselves, are *too high* to incline persons of even liberal income, to make the theatre habitually a part of their diversion. The price of one box admission is seven shillings, which, if a gentleman chooses a decent seat, is increased to eight shillings, and, if he has a great-coat to hang up, to nine—about the whole amount for a captain of infantry, of his day's pay! If ladies go to the theatre, extensive as the building is, there is

but one tier of boxes into which they can be carried without offence: this is a place of *full dress*, and the expense of coaches, superadded to that of the admission, makes the cost, where a man's family amounts to four or five, not more perhaps, than half-a-guinea each!

This is not the way to make any trade thrive—to give away two-thirds of the commodity produced, in hopes of getting a needless price for the remainder. And if the prices of Covent Garden Theatre were four shillings for the boxes to-morrow, half-a-crown for the pit, and eighteen-pence for the first gallery, more money would be received than is received under the present system. The nicest stickler for “selectness,” need have no fear that this measure would bring the pit people into the boxes. If it did, the result would only be that these last would be about sixty times more respectably occupied than they are at present. But, in fact, if the boxes were four shillings to-morrow, and to bring them down as low only as five would be a very encouraging step towards paying to go into them, it should be recollected that the terms of *admission* are now three shillings and six-pence—three and six-pence is the “half-price” which lets a man *into the boxes* just as fully as though he paid his seven shillings in the beginning of the evening. It is mere impudence to talk of maintaining selectness by charging seven shillings for the entrance to a particular place at seven o'clock at night, when at nine o'clock, upon the very people who have paid their seven shillings for this “selectness,” you let in as many as you can find for half the money; not to speak of the filthy rabble—and all this rout *bound* especially to come at the seven shilling price too, before seven o'clock—which you pour in (to fill the house) for nothing.

In fact, the real calculation upon which managers hug their system of high prices is not at all connected with any view as to “selectness;” and it is moreover a mistaken one. The object of these prices and the gain which the upholders expected to derive from them, is that they enable the theatres to realise *very large sums in a short time*, whenever by chance the tide of public taste or curiosity happens to set in their favour. But this is hardly a legitimate object in trading; and it is one which would almost necessarily lead, as it has done, to an unprofitable result. The drama specifically ceased to be the business of the manager, and the profit of furnishing it to the public at a reasonable rate was given up; and the theatre was converted into a mere show-room, to which people might run in crowds, every now and then, to stare and wonder at some strange object, nomatter of what character. But upon this system of accustoming the town to run in shoals to see monsters, and relinquishing all expectation of gain except from these occasional exhibitions, the dealers place themselves in this situation—that the monster they *must* have or they fail. A splendid theatre and a costly company becomes the mere table upon which—with Mr. Macready or the man-monkey—the game of the season is to be played. And then, the “star” whom they themselves have placarded into greatness, knowing that he *must* be had, or that there can be no profit, turns round upon them and demands such terms as, when they have him, leaves them without any profit at all.

This was the old trick of killing the goose to get at the eggs; raising the *price* to destroy the *demand*, and it does not do. Four shillings the boxes, three the pit, and the galleries left as they are, are the highest prices, all fees cut off, which ought to be taken at the patent theatres. Four shillings, half-a-crown, and eighteen-pence—leaving the *half-price* nearly or altogether as it stands—would probably do better. The marshalment of company, too, in the houses, ought to be altered. The “first circle,” as it is called, which is in reality the second, should be kept in the same order as regards the admission of respectable persons only, with the “dress” tier below it. Why should not ladies be permitted, if they think fit to do so, to *walk* to theatres which are open from September to July, and yet be considered entitled to decent accommodations when they get there? What can the manager, whose business it is to sell his admissions, possibly gain by making it inconvenient to them to do so?

The proprietors both of Covent Garden Theatre and of Drury Lane may rely upon it that their present high prices benefit no party, unless it be the party of

ragamuffins who are let in, night after night, without paying them. With their trade or with their manner of conducting it, the public has no claim to interfere. The "patent" right, as it is called, is virtually pretty nearly revoked; a theatre, without any patent privilege, patronized by the town against the patent theatres, would ruin them in a season; and, if the public felt itself ill-treated, there are such theatres, standing empty, which might be opened, and would be opened to-morrow. But, if the existing mode of carrying on the trade be inconvenient to the public, and unprofitable to those who are engaged in it, there is no reason why it should be persevered in. Some changes must take place, before, putting aside any state in which they have been, our dramatic entertainments, in England, will be placed upon a more popular footing than they are. Among the first of these should be that change of law or regulation which would give the dramatist a fair proportion, or, to speak more strictly, leave him the means of obtaining a fair proportion, out of the product of his own labour—a right which he does not possess at present. This is the business of the legislature; and the cause of taste and learning will be indebted to those who may be inclined to stir in it. The second necessary change, and one at least as important as the first, will be such a reduction in the prices of our theatres, as will enable persons of respectability to frequent them systematically; and supersede the necessity—when a gentleman does come into the boxes—of putting a chimney sweeper by his side, that he may not appear to be left quite alone. For the production of eminent actors in greater numbers, that is an object certainly which it would be difficult to point out any distinct means of compassing; the production, however, of better plays would have this advantage, that it would render their ministry less indispensable. And there would be one other result, in which, if the public has some interest, the interest of the manager himself is deeper ten times over—that very comparative independence of his actors would render them less impertinent, and more amenable to reason, when they did appear.

Supposing, then, that an arrangement of this nature would do something towards mending that decline in the popularity of our metropolitan theatres which arises out of the offensiveness, or imbecility, of their new productions, still another question remains to be considered, and one, if not quite of equal importance, perhaps of greater perplexity; the way in which we should proceed to obtain a more copious supply of leading actors. The increased demand for talent (within these few years) of our provincial theatres; the demand from America,—which is altogether new; and the additional number of theatres opened (or advanced in their pretensions) in London; leave the patent theatres, as regards their array of performers, very bare of attraction, just now, indeed.

At Drury-lane, there has been no company at all. Mr. Wallack, an actor properly only of melo-drame, was the hero both in tragedy and comedy. And Mr. Wallack, Mr. Dowton (who is not so good as he has been), and Mr. Harley—here is the whole effective strength of the house.

At Covent Garden we were better; but still weak. Charles Kemble and Jones do well in genteel comedy, with Miss Chester, who is the best successor to Mrs. Davidson that has appeared. There is a Mr. Warde too, who will stand as a London actor. Fawcett, occasionally very valuable; and Farren, now perhaps the strongest actor, in his walk, upon the stage. But no low comedian of eminence at all; no leading actor in tragedy—for Charles Kemble, though always pleasing, does not reach the first rank; nor any *lady* of eminence in tragedy, at either, or indeed at any, house. The fact is that, in some departments of acting, we have an *absence* of considerable talent just now. We have scarcely a high comedy lady; not a high tragedy one; not a Yorkshireman or an Irishman, no man like Johnson or Emery, upon the stage. And of the performers that we have, here lies the novelty! two-thirds of the leaders—Kean, Young, Macready, Liston, Terry, Mathews, Wrench, Yates, and Miss Kelly—are getting their money, or the greater part of it, away from the patent theatres!

Then if the supply of leading actors, as well as of powerful plays, in the present day, is not equal to the demand, this is a fact rather puzzling to deal

with; because, here, no want of *pecuniary* encouragement can be alleged; the gains of performers are enormous. A fresh actor of first rate success, or actress, appearing to-morrow in tragedy or comedy, would realize probably £4,000 a-year for the first five years, and secure £1,200 a year afterwards, as long as health and power lasted. These are the people who keep "private secretaries," and travel in "carriages and four." A new actor, not of the very highest rank—such an actor as Covent Garden Jones—would command £1,000 a-year to-morrow; a man like Emery, or Irish Johnson, not less. Actors of a still inferior rank, but respectable, like Mr. Cooper, or Mr. Warde, who play at Covent Garden; these persons, who are never supposed, specifically, to attract money, will obtain salaries of fifteen and sixteen pounds per week; about twice the pay of a Lieut. Colonel in the army! And, even at this rate, they are difficult to be obtained.

This dearth of that which we demand as talent (and admit to be such) in London, it becomes difficult to derive any means for supplying; unless it were possible to point out what the qualifications necessary to an actor's success in London should be; or to form some idea, prior to actual experiment, what would be any given individual's chance for being received. And this is not only—as those persons declare who are most experienced—impossible; but the more we examine people who have succeeded as actors, the more the apparent difficulty generally increases; for the means by which success has been obtained, upon close investigation—as far as we can trace them—seem, five times in six, so very greatly disproportioned to the end—!

The actor of that which we call "low comedy"—that is, the imitator of grotesque habits, or the conceiver of extravagant humours—if we laugh, in spite of all criticism—this actor has succeeded;—and it is pretty nearly impossible to say, of any audience in a theatre, or of any mixed assembly of men—at what they will, or will not laugh. We laugh at a crime upon the stage—at a folly—an infirmity—a successful falsehood—or a detection suffered—at an odd face—a religious enthusiasm—a dress and deportment miraculously true to custom and fashion—or the same ridiculously opposed to it. In France, and in England, they laugh at exhibitions which have very little in common; and each wonders, independent of ill-nature or affectation, what the devil his neighbour can find to be amused with.—In Paris, where they vote an Englishman *triste*, M. Mazurier, the *Polichinelle*, passes for the most humorous person under the sun; M. Mazurier came over to London; and people were amazed to think that, in any part of the world, he could have been thought comical at all. It is probably impossible to decide, unless by the experiment, what effect any particular exhibition will produce upon an audience; or what powers—great, or little—any comic actor may exhibit when he comes upon the stage. Actors themselves know very little how their effect upon an audience is produced: as a proof of this, great numbers of them begin their career in characters entirely opposite to those in which they afterwards become eminent. And this is particularly the case with low comedians; who seem, time out of mind, always to have found out that they were comical dogs, entirely by accident.

Among people of our own time in this situation, Mathews and Liston both began by acting tragedy;—Liston no doubt is a tragedian, in the natural bent of his inclination—a hero in his soul. Munden had no idea, probably, when he played fops by choice, like *Jemmy Jumps*, that he could command the pocket-handkerchiefs of enormous crowds, in such parts as *Old Rapid*, or *Captain Bertram*. Bannister, when he aimed at *Hamlet*, did not know that his strength lay in *Scrub*; and Irish Johnson sighed and sang as first tenor, in the character of *Young Meadows*, in the opera of *Love in a Village*, never dreaming of the glories that he should acquire as *Dennis Bulgruddery*, or *Looney McTwolter*. The difficulty seems to be here, in a man's judging how far he is humorous or ridiculous—as we laugh (without knowing why) at a monkey, and do not laugh at an elephant. For we have no ready case of an actor's making his blunder the other way—fancying that he could play *Moses* in *The School for Scandal*, and turning out to be great in *Shylock* or *Othello*. Downton tried this—the *Shylock*; but it did not do.

Powers frequently exist in actors, of which they are not at all aware. As often, they are limited in a manner for which it is impossible to account; or thwarted by faults, which never can be got rid of, and yet which seem the simplest in the world to overcome. At the Circus, when it was rented some years back, by Elliston, there was an actor of the name of Smith; called, from his singularly fortunate performance of *Three Fingered Jack*, Mr. Obi Smith. This gentleman, who is now a pantomime actor at Drury-lane theatre—and a very ingenious man—was eminent in assassins, sorcerers, the moss-trooping heroes of Sir Walter Scott's poems, and other romantic characters in which a bold, and rather gigantic figure could be turned to good account. On one occasion, a person who played the leading part in a burlesque piece was taken ill; and, for fault of any body else at hand, Mr. Obi Smith undertook the part; and his performance was so extraordinary, that he became instantly, by acclamation, the burlesque actor of his theatre!—playing this character, which had before been turned to little account, forty or fifty nights successively. Smith has since played several comic characters, of a coarse description, with great success at Drury-lane; and might probably do more. His *Captain Goff*, in a play taken from *The Pirate*, was one of the finest pictures, perhaps, ever seen upon the stage. He fills up his time with studying costumes, and acting *Don Juan* demons—a cast of business in which he is unequalled; is a very grave man in his manners and demeanour; and has very little idea, probably, when he plays comic characters, why it is that the people laugh at him.

Another actor, of the same theatre (Mr. T. P. Cooke), who has since become better known to the public than Mr. Smith, affords a very singular instance of talent for the stage where slight accident probably would have left it entirely undiscovered. And of talent, too, which, though very considerable and convertible, is still hampered with blemishes, seemingly slight, which yet prevent its ever reaching finish and excellence. Mr. Cooke was a dancer in the "figure," as it is called, at the Circus—that is, a person who fills up the ballet, and walks in processions; and his first step towards greatness was in undertaking the part of *Clown* in a harlequin pantomime, in the absence of a Mr. Bradbury; to whom Cooke personally—excepting only the material circumstance of his not being a tumbler by profession—bore some trifling resemblance. The talent of this man for the stage is perfectly extraordinary; and the probability is that, if he had enjoyed the advantages of early education, he would have been one of the best actors of the day. He is a very excellent actor—a very famous one indeed, of serious pantomime—though, in that department, not equal to Mr. Smith. He was a very considerable comic dancer, rider, and combatant, for a long time with one of the troops of Equestrians. He plays Frenchmen and Germans admirably; sailors (forecastle men), better than any actor upon the stage; and even characters of the high drama, with so much ability, though he never can fully succeed in them—that they tried him once on Drury-lane stage, in the character of *Glenalvon*. This Mr. Cooke has been playing a part lately at Terry's little theatre, in a piece taken from American Cooper's novel, *The Pilot*, in a manner—it is the character of *Long Tom*, the boatswain—that could not have been equalled by any man upon the stage. He played another character, and of a far more refined description, in a little piece called *The Miller's Maid*, taken from Bloomfield's poem, at the Lyceum Theatre; and, acting by the side of Emery, and in a character in which the last amazingly distinguished himself—it was a performance very nearly, if not quite, equal to his *Robert Tyke*—it became difficult to decide which performer shewed the more talent of the two. In characters of a loftier and more heroic stamp, in which this actor is often employed, he breaks down by a curious fatality. As long as he has to confine himself to even speaking, or to the expression of sentiments of gallantry or courtesy, he is pleasant, generally, and even in a degree graceful; though his intonation is of a vulgar quality, and his deportment can never be elegant or refined; but the very moment that he has to assume apparent "desert,"—to be haughty, dignified, or even particularly impressive—he instantly, as if under the influence of a spell, completely burlesques the whole feeling and situation;—becomes perfectly ridiculous and intolerable, in a regular theatre; and not very

agreeable even to the vulgar people (who know what vulgarity upon the stage is when they see it), in the galleries of a minor one.

To define the qualifications which should go to constitute excellence in a serious actor, is hardly less perplexing than to declare what should ensure success in the performance of comedy. That it is not genius which makes a man a great actor, is obvious; if it were, Shakespeare must have been the greatest actor of his day. That the possession of extraordinary mental faculty is not necessary to excellence, is also pretty clear: because, since the time of Garrick, (at least) our most successful actors have been people whose intellectual qualities (out of their peculiar calling) have seemed to be rather limited. John Kemble's published essays upon the characters of *Richard* and *Macbeth* have just the effect of shewing, past all question, that John Kemble had *not* a poetical, or powerful, understanding of those characters. Mrs. Siddons, whose faculties upon the stage even exceeded those of her brother—all the written documents which have appeared from the pen of that lady, shew rather the reverse of striking intellect, or discriminative mind. Of our existing celebrated performers, Mr. Charles Kemble has brought out one or two plays, chiefly adaptations, or translations, but done in a cultivated and gentlemanly style. Of the rest, one is a coarse sensualist; two others are men of respectable habits and capacity; but none are at all known to the public as persons remarkable, either by their works or conversation.

Then, as it is not *mind* which is absolutely necessary to qualify a serious actor for greatness, so it is not entirely (though these are often most essential points) the gifts of a fortunate person, or graceful deportment. For, in the first of these, Kean was strikingly deficient; and the deportment of Cooke (George Cooke); indeed his whole man, was coarse, and angular, and ungainly; besides that neither a man's carriage, in real life, nor his advantages of person, form any criterion by which to judge of what the same may appear upon the stage; and *vice versâ*. Then, take the second-rate performers—with whom genius is out of the question—and you look at them in vain for any apparent qualities (off the stage) more striking than are to be found in half the bankers' clerks in town; and yet a gentleman of polished address, sufficient figure, and undoubted capacity, as regards the real affairs of life, shall make such a failure by their sides, as would seem not merely ridiculous but disgraceful.

The main reason perhaps—or at least one material one—why we have so few eminent actors in the higher and more heroic departments of the drama, is that this cast of performance does, almost necessarily, require *some* portion of gentlemanly habit and cultivation; and that the prejudice which exists—and must exist—against the stage as a profession, leaves the great majority of our actors to be furnished out of the inferior ranks of the community. There is a certain quantity of ridicule—not to say absolutely of discredit—always attendant on a failure upon the stage, which very few persons who have much character to lose will choose to run the risk of. The first steps in the profession are always painful—generally somewhat repulsive, and seemingly degrading to persons of respectable taste and habit. Success to a first-rate extent scarcely ever can be judged of; a secondary rank (contemplated in the outset), even although the emolument be respectable, few men with much prospect would care to accept; and the great objection is, that—let him succeed or fail—the attempt, if it be known, sticks by the *aspirant* for life. Under such circumstances, the supply must be, and will be, chiefly from the inferior classes. Schools for acting would make abundance of bad actors, but very rarely a good one. The deficiency, as far as there exists any, must right itself; and the new system of *general education* will be very likely to do something—as much as can be done—to remove it.

Two points, however, out of three make a winning game. The acting talent must be left to itself, but the means of at least attempting to improve the state of our dramatic writing are simple and obvious; and the general conduct, too, of theatrical diversions, as a trade, might undergo revision, with much advantage to the popularity of the drama.

All property vested in theatres, has paid very ill for some time. Actors drive coaches and four, and keep private secretaries; but proprietors and managers

are well known to find their finances in a different condition. Now the manager has, in good truth (as we have observed already), hardly fair play enough for the battle. The fight is too much on the poor fellow in the Lancashire taste; we knock him down with a sledge hammer first, and then kick him for falling. He suffers the loss of bad houses; and bears the blame of them. He is laughed at for paying this exhibitor too much, and cursed for offering the other too little. If he dismisses an old actor, he is an oppressor and a tyrant; if he refuses to hire a new one, he is a miser, and a poltroon, without spirit. The rejected author swears that he keeps his house wilfully empty, by playing only some particular gentleman's pieces, out of partiality, and love, and affection. Go into the *coulisse*, and, from the first comedy-lady down to the call-boy, you will hear that no manager ever knew what "love or affection" was at all. Thus, having the very population of Pandemonium to manage within doors—for, of all the people on earth, popular performers are the most untractable! (and the women, how these are ever dealt with at all, especially those who, like Slippery Sam in the *Beggar's Opera*, do not think one trade enough, seems little else than a miracle!) but, having thus Belzebub's very crack regiment to manœuvre with within doors, and being assailed with squibs from all sides, and on all pretences, from without, the poor gentleman—independant of any little natural devotion to the deed—sees that fair play has no chance, and comes almost of necessity to try the force of a little *Humbug*. That he should know what is good seems to tend to nothing, because he can only thrive by knowing what it is that the town will like. And, that he should know what the town will like, unless by accident, is perfectly impossible; because that is more than, one night after another, the town can undertake to know itself.

LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

Nothing has e'er been told,
In accents musical and holy,
To man's mute ear or to the weary wind,
Of madness or of melancholy—
No story in the sophist's page enroll'd,
No subtle fancy twined
With the lone musings of a mateless mind,
Whose moral may unfold
Horror and hope—sweet life and frozen death—
Like that which trembles in the final breath
Of one, whose life was as a spell
Raised by some genii's ever-tuneful shell.

The Master of the wild and varied sound,
From whose creative round
Spirits of fear and phrenzy started up,
Where like echoes they had lain—
Whether in a violet's cup,
Or in some pearly palace, which the main
Had washed too far to find again;—
The Wizard of the heart and ear,
Of Music and Imagination born,
Hath, like a star that should have met the morn,
And filled the haunts of heaven with social glee,
Dropp'd from his high and charmed sphere
Into the silent sea.

Life's chords are snapt by death; and the fine hand
That filled a mute and marvelling land
With hurried harmonies, and shadowy things,
Whose fierce and melancholy wings
Darken and delight the soul,
With a strange but sweet control,—

The gifted hand, that kept
A key to every portal of the mind,
Is lifeless as the lyre it swept;
The eye that sought the sun is blind—
That saw the heart of Midnight cold and bare,
Panting in its lonely lair,
And challenged Fear to lift a single hair.

All things obeyed his touch : fury and love,
Pride, revelry, and terror, were his themes;
And melodies, that haunt the purple dreams
Which heaven's bright fairies weave above,
For poets' hearts and maidens' wandering eyes—
Were his, and taught him their aerial tune.
Then came the huntsman-clouds; the breathless moon,
Like a white stag, across the skies
Seemed coursed by stretching shadows—mid the cries
Of winds, and torrent tongues, and quaking seas,
Menaced by reeling rocks, and spires, and torn-up trees.
Yet when the thin and countless train
Of elf and fairy tripped again,
Each in its own dew-mirror gazing;
And the steeps were lightly raising,
As impatient to be seen,
All their plumes of gushing green,—
He could discourse in notes most sweet
Faster than the fairies' feet :
And every tone awoke in light—
For genius can out-star the night.

But now the wizard horn
That called all fearful forms from hill and glen,
In sympathy or scorn—
Falling gently on the flowers,
Like the noise of summer showers—
That echoed in the tangled paths of men,
Or above the festal board
Gave the sound of wine out-pour'd,—
Is as an empty scabbard, or a lamp
Whose flame hath felt the midnight damp;
And he that was the Huntsman Lord,
And led the Shapes and Voices far and fast,
Transitory more than they,
Hath amid his glory passed
Like a still shade away !

Yet shall a deep and spirit-speaking tone
(Fit echo of his own !)
Wander from heart to heart along,
Where'er a heart-string can be shook with song—
Where one unchilled emotion tells
Of music and its soul-heard miracles.
Curled in our minds his full enchantment lies,
As shells retain their ocean symphonies.
And often, when the voice of some bright bird,
Faint with its unnumbered fears—
Or fiend-wind, moaning in the leafy ears
Of the thick forest—shall be heard,
Men will pronounce his name, and feel
Their hearts, like aspen-leaves, within them stirred,
Whilst his own music must reveal
His brief yet burning course, and be
Of his high hope the richest history.

S.L.B.

A CHAPTER ON BACHELORS, OR THE CONFESSIONS OF DRAKE SOMERSET, GENT.

"One day," said my father to my uncle Toby, "I will indulge you with my tractate upon bachelors. I will explain to you their sufferings, point out to you, if I can, their advantages, and show you, by irrefragable proofs, that they are anomalies in nature."—

"Brother Walter," replied my uncle, "you forget that I am one myself."—

"True, Toby," quoth my father, and his eye glistened, "but that is more your misfortune than your crime."—TRISTRAM SHANDY.

OF all sublunary conditions, that of a bachelor is assuredly the most forlorn. Other stations have their drawbacks, their disadvantages, their transient teasing annoyances, but this is a settled thing, a permanent misery, resulting from a sense of solitude which, creeping year after year, like a blight over the mind, deadens its active energies, and leaving it just sufficient sensibility to appreciate its misfortunes, denies it the more vigorous power of escaping them. Few men, whatever pride may induce them to say, are bachelors from choice; the very idea militates against the primary principles of nature which endowed all—some certainly more than others—with a quick relish for society, and a desire to paint before death a picture of themselves in their posterity. The very words used now and then by some commiserating fair one to a gentleman in this disconsolate condition, "What a nice old bachelor!" proves the novelty of such good humour; as if an invalid, when speaking of a dull November morning placed between two dangerously damp ones, should say, from comparison, "what a healthy day!" Healthy indeed, so is a black dose!!

If we reason from analogy, we shall find that the most solitary animals are *invariably* the most savage and unsocial. The pike—that aquatic bachelor—who swims alone, feeds alone, and even sleeps alone, is a stern misanthropist, a piscatory Diogenes, whom no civilities can bind, no friendship humanize. The hyæna, in like manner among beasts, is your only irreclaimable animal. All other savages (*even Walworth ones!**) have been civilized, but this vulgar good-for-nothing bachelor defies the gentlest courtesy. Of the lion, I say nothing, he is to all intents and purposes a married man, with, generally speaking, a strong relish for domestic society. But who, I ask, could ever yet tame the vulture, that "winged single gentleman," who dwelleth apart from his kinsfolk and acquaintance, retreating to his unsocial lair if he hear but the faintest flutter of a friend's wings? This last barbarian is more especially the representative of a bachelor; his shy odd seclusion, his nervous peculiarities, his dress, his pride, his gravity, and even his hypochondriasm, all point him out as the fittest animal emblem of single blessedness; besides, he is a sad ugly dog, and this completes the parallel. I speak from feeling, for alas! however reluctant the confession, I am a bachelor myself. I am one of that unhappy class—a he-spinster—who go partners in situation with the pike, the hyæna, and the vulture. Moreover, I have attained that age when a man's mind being unalterably fixed, if he possess any oddities in dress, habit or disposition, they are sure to stick like burrs to him throughout life. It may—indeed it must—be this shy reserve of manner that has hitherto kept me a bachelor, for I have made no less than three separate offers to as many women, and been as often refused. My first (to enter without any further preliminary on my confessions) was perpetrated at the exceedingly susceptible age of twenty-two, when, after dancing at a race-ball with a lady,

* See p. 474, vol. i.

whom I shall call Eliza, I became convinced that I was in love. This affliction grew daily, even hourly, more alarming; if I ever slept, it was to dream of my *Dulcinea*; if I woke, it was with her name on my lips; in fact, I was inoculated all over with sentiment. The reader will naturally conclude, that a youth of such impassioned temperament would, of course, be a favourite with the softer sex: I should think so too; in my case, however, the very reverse was the fact. Women indeed—and of late I have studied them attentively—are more taken with the parade than the reality of feeling. Genuine sensibility is shy and silent: this will never do for a sex won solely by romance and appearance; and hence it is, that callous men of the world, with just enough feeling to make them act their part well, are your only successful suitors.—But to return to my confessions.

I was frequently in the habit of meeting with Eliza in the course of our evening strolls; yet, strange to say, although I had such glorious opportunities, I could never summon courage to hint—except by acts—at my attachment. One evening, however (oh, fatal recollection!), I chanced to meet her as she was crossing a little meadow that skirted the road-side. She was alone; looked more beautiful than ever, and—but why halt in my confessions? I joined her, chatted with her about the twilight, the moon and stars (there was not one visible), the graces in nature, &c., and in fact was going on, I thought, most courageously, when, on accidentally casting my eyes towards her, I saw a smile, which I fancied of course a contemptuous one, lurking in the angles of her sweet pouting little mouth. This was enough: the barometer of my hopes sunk instantly below zero; I grew nervous, fidgetty, wished myself any where but where I was; when, to complete my confusion, my hat fell off. I was now no longer master of myself; I rushed like lightning from the spot, Eliza's involuntary laugh following me quickly in the rear, and never once halted until safely housed in the deepest recesses of my father's study. To men of a shy nervous disposition—for to few others will these confessions be intelligible—I need not say how long a prejudice, once taken up, will endure. For months subsequent to this adventure I had imbibed an opinion that a certain something, in nature or address, had disqualified me for female society. This idea gathered strength with time, until at last I withdrew myself altogether from their company. Even to this moment I cannot look a woman in the face: I would sooner front a cannon. Nay, the very sight, but yesterday, of a white frock hanging up on my garden lines to dry gave me a twinge which I have not yet recovered. I will pause an instant therefore, and take a glass of wine; another—so; I can now proceed boldly with my confessions.

It came to pass, that about six years after this occurrence, when its impression was somewhat on the wane, I formed—for I had it all to myself—an attachment to a lively young girl at *Walworth*. For some weeks my acquaintance with her went on swimmingly enough, I could now and then almost look her in the face (by-the-bye with all my bashfulness I found that she had fine eyes, those light pearly grey ones, so indicative of passion and sensibility), and, in fact, contrived at times to talk sentimentally enough without stuttering; but mark the upshot! I was one evening invited to drink tea with her grandmother, an old lady with whom she then resided, and as I was not altogether without hopes of having made an impression on her (not the grandmother, observe!), I

determined to take this opportunity of declaring myself; so mustering all the courage I could lay hands on, I started off, highly excited, towards their abode. Well, on reaching the house I found the old lady confined to her bed, and the daughter seated alone in the drawing-room. It was a warm pleasant summer-evening, just dusky enough to hide confusion, yet not sufficiently so to require candles. Nothing could be more propitious; hid beneath the mask of twilight I chatted and sighed incessantly: hastening perpetually towards the object of my visit, yet strange to say, from some unaccountable nervousness, flying off whenever it seemed to be understood. This continued upwards of an hour; I had even begun to render myself somewhat intelligible, when, just as I was proceeding to pop the question, the door opened, and in came the infernal candles. My face—for the life of me I cannot tell you why—was instantly as red as scarlet; had I even committed murder I could not have appeared more guilty, while my astonished companion (women in such cases have an almost miraculous instinct), after looking in my face for an instant, as much as to say, “at last I comprehend you,” turned off the conversation, and never again gave me an opportunity of renewing it. I saw her once or twice afterwards; but, she always looked at me, as I thought, with pity blended with contempt, so I gradually cut the connection, and returned once again to solitude. Miserable recollection! I must dispatch another bumper!

The reader will scarcely believe that, after these two failures, I should ever have had courage to try a third. It so happened, however, that like men grown desperate by gaming, the more the chances turned against me, the more I resolved to persevere. I was thirty when the last mishap took place; I was now forty-three; somewhat, but not much, the worse for wear; indeed, I take forty to be a very sensible age, quite young enough for love, and old enough for experience. At forty a man is in his prime, and though perhaps he may be going down hill, yet it is slowly, in a broad-wheeled waggon; whereas, at fifty, he gallops down the descent in a light post-coach, with time on the box, and decay on the guard-seat behind him. At forty, Cæsar was for the first time in love! Courage then, I exclaimed, the third throw is always a lucky one; and so indeed it proved—but I must not anticipate.

Near the house where I vegetated, dwelt a certain pretty widow, who I thought had at times evinced a partiality for me. Assuredly an old bachelor is the vainest dog living! I had no more reason for fancying any such whim, than I had for fancying myself an Adonis; yet it so happened, that somehow or other I became convinced of her attachment. Circumstances favoured the delusion; when we met I was received with a smile; when we parted, methought, with a sigh; so I resolved, come what might, to push matters to a crisis. With this view I began by beating about the bush, yet blushing as before, when understood; I talked of the pleasures of sentiment, of home, of domestic attachment, of infantine pledges, &c., to all of which she answered, “certainly, sir, you’re quite right;” and, in fact, am convinced that I should have made a conquest, only that the night before my intended declaration, she happened to run off with my footman, a fellow with about as much sentiment in his composition as a baked leg of mutton.

This last misfortune put the closing seal to my exploits. I have ever since lived in complete seclusion, shuddering at the very sight of a woman, yet indulging, like Rousseau, in the wildest reveries concerning

the sex. My confessions are, I conceive, peculiar, and now that I have fairly rid my mind of them (as hypochondriacs love talking of their disorders), why, I feel a degree more composed. Unhappy wretch! with the strongest possible desire for matrimony I find myself notwithstanding a bachelor. I am personable enough, I take it—rather goodlooking than otherwise—with a sweet smile, resulting from an amiable disposition, irradiating my fine open countenance. What confirms me in this opinion of my attractions is, that my housekeeper, an excellent-hearted creature in her way, is always telling me so, and she is allowed to be a judge. Hah! there she goes, pacing pensively along the garden. Well, it is certainly delightful for a bachelor like me—who, for twenty years, has been shivering on the Rubicon of matrimony, without once daring to plunge in—it is, I repeat, delightful to him to find that there is one fond soul who knows how to appreciate worth. To be sure, Deborah is thirty-six; what of that? Virtue is not restricted to youth. Moreover, she is short and set with a squat face; *n'importe*, he must be an ass who looks only to the countenance; I search deeper, I analyze the mind, and Deborah is there perfection.—But here she comes, so adieu!

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Mr. HUME to Mr. DAVENPORT of Wootton, on the Subject of the Pension granted by His Majesty GEORGE III. to JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

DEAR SIR:

London, 27th of April 1767.

The affair of M. Rousseau's pension is now finally concluded. I had to day a letter from M. Bradshaw of the treasury, informing me that the Duke of Grafton was instantly to order a hundred pounds a year to be paid, without deductions, to any person whom he should order to receive it. It is to commence from the first of this month, and will, I suppose, be paid quarterly. He has nothing to do but to write a common missive letter to any person, banker or other, empowering him to receive payment as often as it becomes due.

Have you seen a little book, published within these few days, being an account of Rousseau's writings and conduct? It is a high panegyric on him; but without attempting to throw any blame upon me: on the contrary, it owns he is in the wrong in his quarrel with me. It is said to be the work of Dr. Sterne; but it exceeds even the usual extravagance of that gentleman's productions.

Lord Holderness told me that he intended to send a person across the country in order to take a view of your plough and its operations; I doubt not but you will give him a good reception.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

DEAR SIR:

London, 2d of May 1767.

Since I wrote to you I had a visit from Mr. Bradshaw, first clerk of the treasury, who informed me of farther particulars concerning M. Rousseau's pension; it commences from the 5th of April last, and the first quarter of it will be paid, without deductions, on or about the 5th of July next. He need only give an order to a banker, or any other person he pleases, to receive it; and this person must address himself to Mr. Lowndes, the secretary of the treasury, and show him M. Rousseau's letter. This is all the formality requisite. I hope he will enjoy this mark of His Majesty's bounty with tranquillity and peace of mind.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

DEAR SIR:

London, 9th of May 1767.

I cannot say that I am in the least surprised at the fact of which you give me information. Above two months ago I was told that your philosopher

wanted to break loose from you, though I concealed the matter from you for fear of disgusting you against him. It seems he wrote to a gentleman in Lincolnshire, whose name I have forgot, and offered to come and live with him—an honour which the gentleman declined. His unhappy inquietude of temper must always hinder him from resting in any place where he is not molested. But I wonder where he will now find any body to take him up after your example and mine; I am even doubtful whether he is to accept of his pension. He must be arrived in London some days, yet General Conway has not heard of him, I fancy he dares not approach a house in which he expects to meet with me.

So you are a traitor, too, it seems; pray, do you speak in your sleep? But you may cry as loud as you please, *je tiens Jean Jaques*. He has got out of your clutches, and is now in the wide world. For God's sake let me have a copy of his letter; I suppose it is very elegant and very absurd like his to me. Whether do you think he has brought his memoirs to town in order to publish them? There will be a thousand lies in them, about which you need no more trouble yourself than I shall.

The Bishop of Cloyne was with me this morning, and told me that his curiosity led him to Neufchatel in order to visit your philosopher; and he returned to the same place, by accident, just after Rousseau had left it. There were a thousand stories, which our friend has frequently told me, and, indeed, has published to all the world, concerning his being stoned by the populace; and particularly that a great stone had been erected over the door, like a trap, in such a manner, that the moment he set his head out of the house it must have fallen upon him, and have crushed him. All these stories, the Bishop said, were absolutely false. The magistrates of the place examined into the matter: they found only one stone in the house, and one pane broke; but the matter had been so ill contrived by the master and maid, that the stone was too big for the hole in the pane, and could not have entered by it. Upon the whole, though a poor unhappy wretch like this is an object of pity, I think you have got a very fair riddance: for I take it for granted he will never look near you more.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

P.S. I shall be glad to hear of the alleviation of your gout, for we must not wish for an entire cure of this fit so soon.

DEAR SIR:

London, 16th of May 1767.

You are probably told by Mr. Fitzherbert that your wild philosopher, as you call him, has at last appeared at Spalding in Lincolnshire, whence he has wrote a most extravagant letter to the chancellor, demanding a messenger to conduct him safely to Dover, for which, he says, there is an absolute necessity; and this act of hospitality he desires as the last from a country which he seems determined to abandon for ever. In short, he is plainly mad, after having been long maddish; and your good offices, with those of Mr. Conway, not to mention mine, being joined to the total want of persecution in this country, have pushed him beyond all bounds of patience. I know what to advise you with regard to his baggage and his money; he will probably pass by London in his way to Dover, and you may give any of your friends here what orders you think proper on that head. I suppose he gives up his pension for ever. The Lord have mercy on him! as you say.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

DEAR SIR:

London, 22d of May 1767.

The very same day, and nearly about the same hour, that you told me you had received a letter from your philosopher, dated at Spalding in Lincolnshire, and expressing his intentions of returning presently to Wootton, did General Conway receive a letter from him, dated at Dover, and expressing his intentions of passing presently over to France. I dread his being arrested there, and used very ill. He complains still of his misery; he is surely very unhappy,

and a great object of compassion. He accepts, however, of his pension. He says that all the world in England are prejudiced against him; for which, however, he knows no reason, except his behaviour to me, in which he confesses he might be to blame. I have wrote to some of my friends in France to protect him, if possible.

I am, dear Sir, yours with great sincerity,

DAVID HUME.

DEAR SIR:

London, 28th of May 1767.

The letter of poor Rousseau to the general was so far obliging that it considered him as only led astray by evil council: but it still supposed him to be engaged in the conspiracy against him; and he even insinuates that Mr. Conway may be induced to cut his throat in private, which, he says, will not be a safe attempt, considering that he is unhappily but too well known, and enquiries will be made after him if he disappear. In short, he is plainly and thoroughly mad. I have used all my persuasion with Monsieur de Guerchy to represent him in that light to his court; I have wrote to several of my friends in Paris, and represented him as an object of compassion rather than of anger: yet am I afraid such is the rage of bigots, that he may be seized, and the law put in execution against him. I hope he may possibly pass disguised and concealed through France. But whither will he go? If to Geneva, as is probable, it will be worse for him; for both parties are there in a rage against him. It was unlucky he left Wootton, or did not return to it; for he ought really, for his good, to be, what he imagines himself, a captive; and he could not have fallen into the hands of a person more prudent and humane than yourself.

As to his pension, it will undoubtedly be reserved to him; but we are at a loss to know to whom it can be paid, he never gave any directions about the matter, as you know, since he fled from Wootton before you could give him intelligence of my last letter. But he will be heard of in some part of the world, and must at last fall under some guidance and direction, in which case, it is probable, his Majesty will continue his bounty to him, in order to be a relief to him in his present unhappy condition.

He said to General Conway that he had wrote his memoirs, and had deposited them in safe hands, who would deliver them up to the general in case he would grant him his liberty. It appears that the chief object of them is to give a relation of the treatment he met with in England; and they seem to be a satire on the ministers and people: neither of whom he can know any thing about. I suppose they will be published.

I cannot tell the date of his letter to the chancellor, but it came to hand on Friday the 15th: it had probably been wrote on the 13th.

I wish you had an amanuensis, for I should be sorry to give you the trouble of copying his letters. I should send you a copy of his to the general, but it is very long; and, besides, Mr. Conway scruples to give a copy, till it be quite determined, as he says, whether he be quite mad or only whimsical. But the affair appears very clear to me, and, I suppose, to you also.

I hope your gout is now a good deal easier.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

P.S. Mr. Fitzherbert had in his hands Rousseau's letter to the chancellor.

THOUGHTS ON THE PURIFICATION OF GIBBON, SHAKSPEARE, &c. AND ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF GOODY TWO-SHOES.

"No—give me the carcase-butcher: who examines the dead animal with a butcher's eye, I allow; but if he finds the vital part sound, cares not for those trifling discolourments, which give a tinge here and there to the bright and healthy hue of the subject under his inspection."

"Talk you of Reviewers, Master Launcelot?"

Not I, my friends; it is against the non-reviewers that I am incensed, against those who have not a reviewer's coat on; against those who have not the *entrée* into the temples of literature, but, with brazen audacity, climb over the walls, and disturb the dead in those sanctuaries where

‘ they lay like authors going to rest,’ with their “well-known garments round them. You do, my worthy readers, by this time see daylight, and doubtless are aware that I allude to the profanations now just beginning amongst the favourites whom we have so long taken to our very hearts and bosoms. Yes, the accursed kettle is on—the enchanters are at work stirring up the furnace, and not only Shakspeare, Hume, and Gibbon, &c. &c. are to be melted down, and every warm word laded out and thrown into the mixen, but the demon has seized with his malignant wand—or hook rather—the friend and moralist of our better days, and dragged the kind, the dutiful, and charitable Goody Two-Shoes into the cauldron.

I thought at least this popular little volume would have been saved from mutilation and alteration, to go down to future ages in all its native glory. It is a library in itself—no churchwarden or overseer should be without it—so deeply is the image of the affecting heroine graven in our hearts, that even the casual mention of her name, will at times produce the most powerful emotions. We see her standing on the threshold of Farmer Smith’s door, as it used to be so ably represented by Mr. Newbery’s wood-cuts—we hear the tender little Smiths accost her in their broken tongue—we feel the cold nose of the interesting dog who was her companion in the pulpit at the never-to-be-forgotten funeral of Mr. Smith. Reader, I quote from memory—it might not be Mr. Smith, but that is of no moment—there was a funeral, and surely there cannot be a finer or more perfect painting, or any writing that has so magical an effect upon us as Goody Two Shoes.

After contemplating this outrage, we do of course look upon the projected refinement of Shakspeare—the dismemberment of Hume—the purification of Gibbon, with cooler and far different feelings. Yet, if I remember right, Shakspeare was certainly one of those beings who newstrung the fibres of the heart, and made us “throw physic to the dogs;”—and how would his own mother ever recognize the English historian again, when he appeared in her paths with amputated limbs, and the viscera withdrawn from his body?

Purify Gibbon, too, from his sensuality! If they could deliver us from his affectations by the same process—with all our souls.

But it cannot be; both the one and the other are mingled up with his vitality, and lay in his bones and marrow. But I am growing warm, Mr. Editor: and well I may, for when once the reformer’s fingers have handled and separated the carcase, it changes colour—the decomposition is begun; the salt, the sweet, the acid, the balsamic and peculiar flavour is gone.

Yet, if there be “no law in Venice” to stay the carnage, why let us give up a part to preserve the rest. Take Gibbon, Hume, Shakspeare, Boyle—but leave us our own familiar friend “Goody Two-Shoes”—leave her for the sake of future beadles and parish officers—for the sake of our children and children’s children—It is the jewel and the flower of the good fairy—Leave her in her village dress, and, “thou most particular creature,” leave her with her slipshod feet.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

G. H.

LETTER ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN
LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

"Come like shadows, so depart."

It is a prodigious comfort to my spirit that general elections only take place once in seven years! "Annual parliaments," however, if they were introduced, must change the whole style and figure of the thing: it would be impossible, in the short space of twelve months, either to compose the quantity of bad wine, or collect the quantity of bad language, which the voters drink, and the candidates utter, during a contest, as matters go at present.

Bond-street, Brighton, and Boulogne,—all opposing interests in general,—are concurring to wish politics at the devil. The "town season" has been entirely shortened. Few parties: few people. "Bad go," the dowagers say, all through the campaign. Daughters look down: market overstocked, and dull demand. Little done in settlements, unless where there happens to be "borough interest." Husbands as at last quotation.—Absolutely we must colonise.

Oratory of the hustings, all over the country, duller than that of the pulpit. Nothing but a little Billingsgate from Hunt and Cobbett to make the contests at all tolerable. Cobbett is making a desperate battle—head, teeth, hoof, and horn—at Preston; but he has not a chance to come in. His money is gone; and

"L'argent, l'argent, sans lui [at an election] tout est stérile :

"La vertu [even if the candidate had any] sans l'argent, est un meuble inutile."

Cobbett's insolence of disposition, however, would always be sufficient alone to ruin him in any popular contest. He speaks ill always; though his speeches read well, from the excellent sense and knowledge which they contain. His abuse is too terrific even for a mob to listen to—from a candidate for parliament, whom they are used to think should have the manners of a gentleman. And his jokes, when he attempts to be pleasant, are too coarse—too vindictive; the best of them are difficult to laugh at. "He has some humour, I think?" said a barrister to an old country gentleman, who was listening to Cobbett at Preston for the first time.—"Yes," replied the last—"ill-humour."—Hunt is a vulgar man, by comparison with Cobbett, in point of talent, and is "flinging dirt," as if for a wager, in Somersetshire; and yet his deportment is less repulsive than Cobbett's on the hustings.

"Jokes for July," warranted undrawn. Let us see what can be done with them.

"Ascot Heath" was gloriously crowded at the races the other day; and there was one of the runs the result of which could not be made out (as it often happens in a close race) at a distance. The crowd poured up, of course, to the winning-post to inquire.—"It was *El Dorado*, was not it, won?" asked one man (meaning the horse).—"No, you fool! it was Jem Robinson," replied another (giving the name of the rider). That's a better blunder than Colman in *The Heir at Law*. And vouched for as true, too, which is always something.

Pretty bad every thing just now in the Book way. "Rejected Articles!" by the Smiths, I suppose? But the day of parody is gone by. It is one of the lowest efforts in the way of composition, and was monstrously overrated for a time. Still, what the Smiths do is above mere parody. Roscoe's "German Novels!" very dull indeed—almost as dull as the

Italian ones; and every thing that was worth translating in the Italian Novelists had found its way into translation long before Mr. Roscoe took them in hand. There is a book, however, just published by Colburn,—“The Political Primer,”—that is entertaining and clever. I don't like cutting pieces out of other men's books, or else I should like to have a bit or two of it.

It is curious to observe, by the way, what a change has been silently taking place in the arrangements of our literary “trade” within the last few years. The price of books has become so enormous, and the readers who cannot pay enormous prices so many, as to make the received channel now of reading, the Circulating Library. The increased business of the circulating libraries, and the immense number of new books which they have to buy, has doubled, and in some cases trebled, the charges of such establishments. In the mean time, the business of “reviewing,” as far as applied merely to the giving an idea of new and valuable books, which was once of great value to the highest periodical publications, is completely cut up by the literary news-writers, who come out every Saturday, some of them almost with reprints of very popular and celebrated works. I recollect, when the “Tales of the Crusades” was published, one of these papers advertised that it gave *twenty-two columns* of extract from the first tale! This was about as much as many people would want, and without having the book at all. Some of these people, when matter run short, “continue” a work from week to week. Other speculators make up threepenny publications, openly, out of the magazines and higher periodicals: and there are rogues who absolutely reprint papers, *verbatim et literatim*, under fresh titles. And yet, with all, writers were never paid so highly as they are now.—See art. *Book-Trade*.

Air-balloons have begun “running for the summer.” I often hear people wonder how mere mountebanks,—stolid villains, without an atom of qualification of any order,—marry women with large fortunes, or otherwise fall into estates of five thousand pounds a year? I saw an air-balloon “bill” stuck up against a wall yesterday, about two “ladies” who were going on a visit to the clouds—a “Mrs. Graham,” and a “Miss Stocks”—which illustrates the problem curiously. “Miss Stocks,” who, a year ago, was maid-servant to a gingerbread-baker in the City Road, went with the usual rabblement to see an unfortunate man of the name of Harris go up in a “balloon” from the tea-gardens of the Eagle Tavern; and, seeing a placard pasted up, that “an opportunity now offered for any lady or gentleman to ascend,” &c.; and taking it for granted that those who made balloons gave “opportunities to ascend” free of expense, she took a fancy that she should like to see the moon closer than she had done theretofore;—and accordingly—with two good shillings and a brass thimble, and the ballad of “Death and the Lady,” in her pocket—“Miss Stocks” walked straight to the “bar” of the house, and offered herself.

Now, by a curious conspiracy, as it were, of circumstances, it so happened, that the air-balloon proprietor himself, who was pretty nearly as mad as the candidate for “ascension,” had been able to find no one who would either pay £30 (the sum demanded) for “going up” with him, or even go up with him without paying any thing; and, being ready to start just as “Miss Stocks” appeared, and, probably, a little loth to make his first experiment alone, he actually closed with her proposal on the instant.

It was literally "up and mount!" The dog that squatted down to scratch his ear when the adventure began, had not got up again when it concluded! In five minutes after quitting the tea-gardens "Miss Stocks" was in the milky way; and in five seconds after being in the milky way, she was in the tea-gardens—or some other gardens again.—Clap! clap! went the balloon as its sides collapsed. Down they came, faster than the Irishman in Crofton Croker's legend; and without even meeting a black eagle to stop them. Poor Mr. Harris (this was no joke though!) was dead, and "Miss Stocks" was speechless! By a strange fatality—neither party even dreaming of such a possible transaction—the same six minutes cost Mr. Harris his life, and made Miss Stocks a "lady."—Distinction, no matter how it comes, like money, is every thing. People would pay their money to see the young woman that fell all the way out of the clouds and never hurt herself. So "Miss Stocks" defied the gingerbread, and took to "air-ballooning," not as an amusement, but a trade; had her name printed in large letters, and her story told in the papers, and has been out with the "shew-people" regularly ever since. This is the way in which impenetrable people occasionally succeed—from the very sheer stupidity that prevents their seeing the odds that are against them. A man walks drunk—and is saved—by the edge of a precipice, which he could not have approached without giddiness, if he had been sober.

A fair paraphrase of Horace's ode, "*Ne sit ancillæ*" &c., in the "*Sun*" of last night, which has given up selling two hundred, and means to make way. The old proprietor, John Taylor, has become an "oculist," I hear. Very odd! Though a good deal of what he used to do always seemed to me to be "my eye!"

To a Gentleman who Married his Cook-maid.

"*Ne sit ancillæ, &c.*"—Lib. ii. Ode 5.

Oh! let not your passion for Lucy the maid
O'ershadow your cheek with a blush,
When beauty ennobles, how speedily fade
Birth, parentage, duster and brush.

How many like you have thus sighed for a prize,
When they found a Cook's figure bewitching,
Or feeling the force of a Housekeeper's eyes,
Have married the Queen of the Kitchen.

Then let not your smiles from her presence recoil,
Her charms must anxiety soften,
For who is so likely to make the pot boil
As she who has boil'd it so often?

Her pedigree, too, may, for aught that you know,
Be worthy your tenderest love,
Then raise her at once from the regions below,
To shine in the regions above.

Same paper has a supposed epitaph on "Falstaff" (Elliston's fall in Falstaff) by "Prince Hal."

Hark, hark! 'tis the death warrant's toll,
Poor Falstaff is gone like a noddy;
Let Satan fly off with his soul,
And I'll fetch a cart for his body.

This is a little too hard, however, upon Elliston; who, though he has not made a great many friends, or rather never kept a great many, has

been, nevertheless, a golden actor; and I would regret, now his strength is gone, that he met with any mischance. Besides, whatever means he might have used in attempting to sustain himself, it was *illness* that *really* destroyed him in *Falstaff*. I saw him play the character on the first night when he attempted it: it was weak even to childishness; and I felt certain that he never would get through it three times. Samuel Rogers, says the "*Sun*," must not be published of an *evening* any longer, because now its the *Rising* sun. That poet will be the death of me!

It is a great misery to me, and I should think must be to tender-hearted people in general, to find that the "Mendicity Society" is relaxing in its labours. One's feelings are now exposed to laceration, and one's garments to pollution, turn which way one will. We suffer outwardly from having greasy hats thrust forty times in a day against our clothes; and inwardly, from a regret that there should be no place where persons who wear greasy hats can be at once taken care of. The emancipated "solicitors" have lost no time in districting the town; and the favourite arrangement seems to be for two to take a street—one on each side the way—so that no body can escape; and you gain nothing by crossing. In Dublin, they have a cart which goes about the city all day *catching* beggars; I wish the same plan were adopted here: for, in many cases, the poor creatures seem to be very tired, and I dare say would be glad of any opportunity to ride home.

I see great exultation in some of the liberal prints, that the "No Popery" cry, as it is called, has failed to produce the effects expected, here and there, at the elections. I think there is a little mistake in all this. There is no horror of "Popery," nor anxiety about it, in the minds of the mass of the people of England. The English Catholics, if they stood alone, might get any thing they chose (as far as the people are concerned) to-morrow. But when briefless barristers, and reporters of newspapers (persons respectable enough in their proper situation) come here calling themselves delegates, and undertaking to "answer for the peace or turbulence of Ireland," and talking of force and danger to the people of Great Britain—honest John loves a joke, but he thinks all this rather too good a one. He does not mind much what *else* the Catholics might believe; but he is afraid they want a little more instruction, while they believe such persons fit to be their leaders. I have no doubt that the Irish Catholics must have their claims (or at least three-fourths of their claims), though I think the management of their "Association" has thrown the grant of those claims back ten or fifteen years; but the real cry, as far as the people have any, is not "No Popery"—it is "No Paddy." As for the return of candidates—

"L'argent, l'argent!"

One way or the other, that does not prove much.

The French newspaper, the *Etoile*, gives the following exquisite piece of intelligence:—"His Majesty (Charles X.) hunted yesterday at Fontainebleau. We are pleased to state that he was two hours and a half on horseback, and *perspired less than usual!*"

"There's a divinity doth hedge a king"

that makes even his perspirings a matter of importance. Our own "court newsmen" are felicitous sometimes in expression too. One of

these, announcing an indisposition of the Princess Elizabeth, some years since, proclaimed, that—"Her Royal Highness, the Princess, had had an attack of bile, which had compelled her for two days past to keep her Royal chamber; but that the world would be gratified to know that she had gone out for an airing that morning in the Royal carriage, and had taken two cups of chocolate, which had remained upon her Royal stomach." Our "*Morning Post*" is far from unhappy in paragraphs of this character, though the style of its writers is occasionally ambiguous. It stated a few days since, as a matter of general congratulation, that the *accouchement* of the Duchess of some place was *rapidly* approaching!

Speaking of "Court newsmen," poor Von Weber has been buried at last—three weeks after his death. The impertinence of fidlers as a body, and still more the fulsomeness of the people who write puffs in the papers about them, throws an air of ridiculousness even over events which are the subjects of regret. The moment poor Weber was dead, out came the manifestos for subscription! and about as much as five years of his reasonable income during his life, was to be "collected" for his funeral. One pleasant gentleman published a statement broadly hinting, that all the noblemen in the country meant to send their equipages, or something to that effect, to aid the procession! When the day came, there were *three*: all belonging to professional people. The "collection" for the Cenotaph goes on, I doubt, but slowly. But how afflicting would all this be to poor Weber if he could know it, who was a modest, ingenuous, unobtrusive man; and who would have sense enough, moreover, to perceive, that these trumpeters cared nothing about him, and were only making a sort of desperate effort to puff themselves.

More "Stocks." Talking of "Miss Stocks" above, puts me in mind.—All Oxford-street has been in an uproar for the last two days; and the *Morning Herald* newspaper has been imposed upon. A ticket linen-draper, it seems, of the name of "Richardson," keeps a shop somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, and writes up half-a-dozen names over his door—"James"—"Mallcott," I think, and two or three others—sacording to a custom among some of these traders—which have no connexion with his business. Well! on the 12th of June, or thereabouts, there appeared a long paragraph, headed "Horrible Accident," or "Fatal Catastrophe," or something to that effect, in the *Morning Herald*! which described "Mr. Mallcott, of Oxford-street, linen-draper, and so forth;" and "Mr. James, of Oxford-street, his partner, also linen-draper, and so forth," going "up the water," on the preceding evening, to Vauxhall! with a party of ladies—two flutes and a hurdy-gurdy—and every other appliance to a regular "gala." If they had listened to the advice of Plato, who counsels people never to go any where by water when it is possible to go by land, and returned to town by the way of Lambeth and Kennington-lane, they might have gone safe all to just such another excursion, in just such another summer! But, as it was, rowing homeward along the Surrey shore, between the Bishop's palace and Westminster, one of the party suddenly cried out that "he saw a flounder," and the rest naturally all jumped up to look. The boat was upset, and swamped! Mr. Mallcott, being a powerful man and a bold swimmer, happily succeeded in saving sixteen or seventeen of the ladies! But Mr. James—the half of a cold pigeon-pie! and the hurdy-gurdy—*went down to rise no more!* Now all this lamentable detail, which was given at great length in the *Herald*, and copied into various other newspapers, of

course produced a suitable sensation. Steady people declared, by land or water, against going to Vauxhall altogether. The shop in Oxford-street was put into mourning for "Mr. James," and the "Stock" announced, in large black-edged bills, to be sold off three hundred per cent. under prime cost, for the "benefit of the widow." In the mean time, boats went out in all directions, raking the bottom of the river, and pulling up every thing but "Mr. James." Every body they found drowned, they carried up to the Pantheon to be "owned;" but still, every fresh person they brought, Mr. Mallcott said, "that was not the right." When, lo! on the morning of the 17th inst., just as the sale, three hundred per cent. under cost price, for the benefit of Mrs. James, was to have commenced, came the following terrific exposure in the *Morning Herald* newspaper; and, what was worse, upon immense placards in the window of a rival hosier:—

"To the Editor of the *Morning Herald*."

"SIR,—An account appeared in your paper last week, of an *ACCIDENT* having happened to a party returning from Vauxhall by water, by which a Mr. JAMES, of Oxford-street, was unfortunately *DROWNED*. I think it right to inform you, and through you the Public, that the whole account is an *INFAMOUS FABRICATION*."

"There is *NO* such person as JAMES in the house—there was *NO ACCIDENT*—there is *NO WIDOW* to sell for!—I think it right, therefore, to guard the Public from such *DISGUSTING IMPOSITIONS*, that they may at least go to market with their eyes open.—A CONSTANT READER.—June 15."

The propriety of people going, not only "to market," but every where else, "with their eyes open," it was quite impossible to question; and the public, enraged to find that no mischief had taken place, resolved not to buy the calicoes and ginghams, although they were to be given away for nothing.

What a strange variety of orders and interests we shall have jumbled together in this new House of Commons! Here is Mr. Bish, who is the manager of Drury-lane theatre, is a member of Parliament. And Mr. Gye, who keeps Vauxhall, is a member of Parliament. And Mr. D. W. Harvey, who is (or was) the proprietor of a Sunday newspaper—he is a member of Parliament. And Mr. Hunt, who makes blacking in St. George's Fields—and Mr. Cobbett, whom men call "Bone-grubber," and "rogue" and "rascal"—they are setting up to be members of Parliament! There is no objection to any of this; but it amounts to the odd! I am glad that Mr. Butterworth is thrown out at Dover, because he is a saint, and "serious." I hate people that are "serious." "Never trust a tailor," says the poet, "who does not sing at his work; his mind's on nothing but filching!" And I am glad that Peter Moore has lost at Coventry, because he wore the vilest wig always, except one that belonged to the late Major Cartwright, that ever issued from the hands of a barber: a most wicked wig—an *unnatural* scratch; all the world must recollect it: a most transparently and inexcusably-detestable caxon! Besides, all gentlemen above fifty look best in grey hairs, or powder.

The changes of the times are giving rise to songs out of number, which celebrate the old style, and lament innovation, or *vice versa*. I heard part of one of these the other day, as I was passing through Soho-square, which wept for the decline in the true spirit of "robbery,"—the change from force to artifice—which has been brought about since the middle of the last century,

"When thieves had a bold [it went] as well as a sly way,
And went with pistols on the highway," &c. &c.

There was another ballad, too, but I can't recollect the measure, that described the instability of Mr. Hunt, the Somersetshire candidate, in his pursuits. From beer to politics—from politics to blacking—and then from blacking to politics again. But the best that I have heard, was one that a French gentleman sung *extempore*, in English, a few nights back, at a party where I was. I'll endeavour to give a notion of the manner of it;—

AIR, RECITATIVE FROM "*The Battle of Hexham*,"
"MODERATION! MODERATION!"

"Oh! à present—now—it is de time of miracles, an de arts an sciences shall thrive,
In de year, ce qu'on appelle, of our Lord, eighteen hundred an twenty-six—dat come
after de year of our Lord eighteen hundred an twenty-five!

Ven dey hang de poor garçon dat is singel, if more dan vonce he take it into his head
to wive;

And you buy de iron coffin for your friend ven he die, dat he shan't be pull up by your
friend dat stay alive!

Alteraçion, alteraçion! Ah,

We have every day some alteraçion!

"Dere's de new almanach, dat shew you how de moon go on, since de German found
out dat dere vas fortificaçion in her;

An dere's de New Magazin publish every month, to tell you what you ought to eat for
dinner!

Dere's de new lottery, where all de prize—is—blank, dat give misfortune to whoever
wish to win her;

An dere's de new science, dat, ven you pot your hand a top of a man's head, you know
if he's a saint or a sinner!

Speculaçion, speculaçion! Ah,

Par Dieu! this is une étrange speculaçion!

"Dere's in France, at last, de Fossil skeleton—de very thing dat Monsieur Cuvier so
very long have sought for!

Which prove dat man—he was make upon de face of de earth—much sooner dan
some folks thought for!

En Amérique, they build von ship so grand! as if timber nothing could be bought
for;

An in Holland, de Dutchmen they learn to dance—though they can't conceive what
they are taught for!

Operaçion, operaçion! Dat

Must be one extraordinairè operaçion!

"Oh, yes!—I say this is de time of miracle, when de new vonders spring up in every
quarter.

One gentleman, he sold his wife in Smithfield, in England, and another gentleman
bought her!

In London now dey wash their shirt by steam, and never put him at all into de
water;

And, à Paris, the ladies wear their petticoat so long, dat de next fashion must be—to
cut it shorter!

Alteraçion, alteraçion! I

Don't care how soon dey make dat alteraçion!

The *Times* of this morning contains an advertisement:—"Wanted, a
Personal Representative." Now, what sort of a thing is that?

Lord Harborough, I see, has been tried at the sessions, for calling
"Yo, ho!" in some street, in the night stated in the indictment; and
afterwards (with assistance) slaying and beating several watchmen. I
wonder that the idea of a "perpetual lodgment of bail" at all the
principal police-offices, has never occurred to those of our nobility who
are in the habit of being taken to the watch-house (during the "season")
twice a-week? It would only be the loss of interest upon a small sum
of money; and all the fuss of "finding sureties," and "sending for
one's tailor"—(perhaps not much caring to send for him)—"locked up

in default" till he comes, &c. &c., would be saved. Suppose, for instance, a man "enters" at Bow-street, or Marlborough-street, with his leg broken.

MAGISTRATE.—"Well, my friend, what is the matter with you?"

MAN.—"Please your Lordship, my leg is broke."

NEWSPAPER REPORTER.—"Which of his legs is broke?"

MAGISTRATE.—"Silence! Who broke your head, my good fellow?"

MAN.—"Please your Worship, it's my leg. It was Lord Harborough, and three or four more amongst 'em."

MAGISTRATE.—"Lord Harborough!"—(Turns to Clerk): "We have his bail, have not we?"

CLERK.—"Yes, Sir Richard, for five hundred. He is only bound as yet for two."

Recognizance is then filled up for two or three hundred more, a quire, signed in blank, being left lying at the office. No story—no publicity. Man dies before he has time to indict at the sessions, and there is an end of the affair.

I think, however, personally, that we might carry the thing farther than this. And that a nobleman of fifty or sixty thousand pounds of annual income, might manage so to connect himself with the Executive authorities, as to make any steps taken against him by the law or police merely nominal—as they are against monied persons in Ireland. In fact, to be carried as it were *before himself*, and be his own apprehender, when he committed any offence. For instance, what should prevent such a noble individual, resident in town, and being himself a magistrate for Middlesex, from furnishing some of the chief executive duties of police in London out of his own immediate retinue and household? Why should he not get his butler made high constable of Westminster? His grooms, all members of some "Association Corps of Cavalry?" His private secretary might be a practising barrister (that is, a barrister without practice); his steward an attorney; all his footmen special constables, and his porter beadle of the parish. I can't imagine any thing more convenient than, in driving one's cabriolet along, first to knock an apple-stall down, and then order one's servant to step out and apprehend the mistress of it, after she got up again? If a boy laughed at one's shirt-collar, to have him taken up instantly as "disorderly," and, if he attempted to justify himself, committed as "a rogue and a vagabond?" What an addition would the crown and garter, &c., the insignia of constabular dignity, be to the head of a footman's cane behind one's carriage! and though it may be objected, "that a servant so gifted would have the power to take up his master," yet as his own deposition would undoubtedly follow such an abuse of authority, it is one which he would be very chary of committing.—In conclusion, let it be understood—of shoulder-knots—I will endeavour to organize some plan; in detail, to the effect above. But, in the mean time, while Flunkies remain ungraced by office, I could wish those who employ them to look a little more strictly after their manners. Several friends of mine about town, whose force lies in their hands and heads, rather than in their pockets, have complained to me of the impertinence and unaccommodating spirit of these fellows, who block up the approach to public places. The true course, in any such case of trouble, is to thrash the rascal who offends you soundly on the spot; and, next day, insist on his dismissal from his service, or satisfaction from his master.

PHILOSOPHICAL, CHEMICAL, AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

Astronomy.—A discovery as unexpected as troublesome to all practical astronomers has recently been made, namely, that the very best catalogues of stars cannot be depended upon, in some instances, even to half a minute, for stars of a small magnitude. This is supposed to have arisen from the use of two instruments in determining transits and altitudes, whereby faint stars have been frequently mistaken for each other, when their distance has been comparatively inconsiderable. A re-examination of the heavens must now take place, and to obviate similar errors for the future, it appears that a transit telescope with a declination circle attached, is the only instrument upon which reliance can be placed.

Transparency of the Ocean.—During the French voyage of discovery performed by the Coquille, experiments were regularly made for the purpose of determining to what depth it is possible to see, where the bottom is of a decidedly white tint: it was in some degree a measure of the transparency of the water. The apparatus employed was composed of a plank two feet in diameter, painted white, and having weights attached in such a manner, that in descending in the water it would remain horizontal. The results as might be expected were very dissimilar. At Offale, in the isle of Waigiou, in calm and cloudy weather, on the 13th of September the disc appeared when it had sunk to 18 metres (59 feet). The next day, the 14th, the sky being clear, the same disc was not lost sight of till at the depth of 23 metres (75.3 feet). At Port Jackson, the 12th and 13th of February, the plank could never be seen at the depth of more than 12 metres (38.3 feet) in a dead calm. The mean at New Zealand in April was a metre less. At the isle of Ascension, in January, under favourable circumstances, the extreme limits in a series of eleven experiments are 28 and 36 feet.

Humming Birds.—Humming birds have been described frequently by naturalists as of an extremely passionate and vicious disposition, destroying the most beautiful flowers apparently without the slightest cause. A very enterprising traveller, Mr. Waterton, has recently shown that the food of these minute birds consists of insects, and consequently what has hitherto been attributed to irritability, arises from the natural instinct of the bird in pursuit of sustenance.

Etymology.—The Chinese word *pha*, to fear or apprehend, is compounded of *heart* and *white*. This shows a remarkable coincidence of thought between two distant people, the Chinese and Europeans, who seem to have adopted the same vulgar error that a coward's blood is *white*. See Shakespear and our old dramatic writers passim.

—*Asiatic Journal*.

M. M. New Series.—Vol. II. No. 7.

Botany.—It is remarkable that in an extent of more than 4,000 leagues, in the whole intertropical zone, from the isle of France as far as Otaheite and much further, on the islands as well as on the continents, the vegetable kingdom presents a great number of identical species, while the islands of Saint Helena and Ascension, also situated under this zone in the Atlantic ocean, produce species which are peculiar to them, and which are not found either in Brazil or in Africa, in the same latitudes. This observation was made during the circumnavigation of the globe by the French vessel Coquille.

Row's Coral Bank.—A communication has been made to the Asiatic Journal stating that a coral bank, not as yet dangerous for large ships, had been discovered by Captain Row in the eastern part of the Bay of Bengal, in the direct route of ships which trade from Bengal to the Straits of Malacca, Singapore, and other eastern parts. Its latitude is $10^{\circ} 2' N.$ longitude $96^{\circ} 40' E.$ or thereabout, and it bears west about 75 miles from the island of St. Andrew.

Coffee.—The following statement on which we shall offer some observations in our next number, we submit at present to botanical physiologists.

Raw coffee berries were put into a saucepan of boiling water and then boiled for five or six minutes. No visible effect was produced. In about an hour, some of them appeared to be germinating. The water they were in was then poured off and fresh boiling water put to them. Immediately, from almost the whole of them a small white shoot was seen protruding, which increased rapidly and visibly to the length of from 1-10th to 1-8th of an inch. In one or two instances, this little white shoot was thrown off entirely, and on examination it appeared that the part first protruded was the radical, and the other the cotyledons.

Illuminating Apparatus.—For the purpose of rendering distant stations discernible by night during the trigonometrical survey which is now in progress, Lieutenant Drummond has constructed an instrument in which a globule of quick lime is exposed to the flame of alcohol urged by oxygen gas in the focus of a parabolic reflector. The lime under this treatment, when the experiment is made in the most perfect manner, emits a light eighty-three times as intense as that given out by the brightest part of the flame of an Argand lamp; and this concentrated and reflected by the mirror, has enabled the officers employed in the survey to connect very distant stations in the night-time in the most satisfactory manner.

Tea.—It appears from the official returns to the House of Commons, that the annual average consumption of tea for these last ten

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years, ending January 5, 1826, has amounted in Great Britain to 22,750,063 lbs.

Earthquake in Persia.—The following letter is extracted from the Madras Courier. Bushire, Nov. 10, 1825. I am sorry to inform you that a shock of an earthquake was felt at Shirauz, at the end of last month, almost equal to that of last year. A great number of buildings have been thrown down, and much property destroyed; I am, however, happy to say that few have lost their lives on this dreadful occasion. If you should ever revisit Shirauz, the changes that these dreadful visitations have made in it will fill you with grief and astonishment. The tombs of Hafiz and Saadi, the boast and glory of Shirauz, are now heaps of ruins.

Rectification of Spirits.—A French chemist, of the name of Decharme, has discovered a method of rectification which can be performed in the cold, and consequently without the aid of an alembic or of combustibles. Hitherto alcohol in liquors and spirits could not be rectified or raised from an inferior to a higher degree, and consequently be brought to a superior state of purity and strength, except by distillation, an operation which could only be effected by an alembic and some heat. The principle of M. Pajot Decharme's progress is, the absorption of its aqueous particles by the exposure of the spirit to one of the most deliquescent salts, either muriate of lime or muriate of manganese; the first is preferable in point of economy, and the superiority of the second gives it a claim to be chosen, but it is less common and not so easily obtained.

Vegetable Life.—A rather uncommon instance of the tenacity of life in the vegetable kingdom, occurred some time since in the royal park of Bushey. Some small portion of it was broken up for the purpose of ornamental culture, when immediately several flowers sprang up of the kinds which are ordinarily cultivated in gardens; this led to an investigation, and it was ascertained that this identical plot had been used as a garden not later than the time of Oliver Cromwell, more than 150 years before.

Mosaic Gold.—The mystery of the *Mosaic Gold* is at length developed; and, after all that has been said regarding it, it is not a little amusing to find by the specification of the patent that it is nothing more than fine brass, so that the qualities to which it lays claim seem extremely problematical. The patentees are aware that a variety of alloys of copper and zinc have been made, and that they cannot maintain the exclusive right of mixing alloys of those metals abstractedly; but having, after great labour and observation, discovered the precise proportions of the two metals, and the modes or treatment which will produce an alloy resembling fine gold, they claim an exclusive

right of mixing an alloy of copper and zinc consisting of from fifty-two to fifty-five parts zinc out of a hundred, and to prevent the zinc flying off in vapour they are melted at the lowest temperature at which copper will fuse.

Double Stars.—Professor Sturtevant of Dorchester, to whose hands Fraunhofer's large refracting telescope has been entrusted, has determined on a review of all the double stars already observed, as well as on a minute examination of the heavens from the north pole to 15 degrees of south declination, with respect to these objects. He has now accomplished one-third of the labour, and has found 1,000 double stars of the first four classes; among which 800 are new, and of these nearly 300 are of the first class. He extends the examination to all stars of the 8th and (8.9) magnitudes.

Climate of India.—According to a register published in the Madras Gazette, the greatest height of the thermometer in August on the Neelgherry hills, 8000 feet above the level of the sea, was 63°, the least 54°. In September the greatest height was 62°, and the least 49°. The fall of rain in August having been 12.5 inches; in September 3.4. At Madras the greatest height of the thermometer in August was 95°, the least 80°; and fall of rain 7.7 inches. In September the greatest height was 94.8°, the least 81°; and fall of rain 3.5 inches.

New Still.—Mr. Evans, whose method of dressing coffee we recently noticed, has constructed the model of a still upon a new principle, which if it answer on a large scale will altogether supersede the old alembic. The theory of the machine is such that it may without hesitation be pronounced the most decided improvement hitherto effected; for, if we mistake not, the still at present in use remains in principle precisely the same, through the operation of the excise laws, that it was a century ago. Whatever improvements have been attempted apply only to the rectification, while the first formation of the spirit is conducted in the same rude manner as in the infancy of science. We forbear entering into a more particular description until the design be carried into execution upon a large scale. We should be extremely sorry by premature publicity to afford the continental distillers an opportunity of maintaining the superiority they have hitherto enjoyed, and we feel convinced that we shall now take the lead in this important branch of our productive industry. The new apparatus eminently combines economy in practice and simplicity in construction; but the most valuable attainment is the production of pure untainted spirits, which may be drawn in one operation at any point of strength.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 27.—A paper was read entitled, experiments on the elasticity of ice; in a letter from Benjamin Benan, esq., to Thomas Young, M.D. For. Sec. R.S.

A paper was also read, on the application of the Floating Collimator to the Dublin circle; by John Brinkley, D.D. For. R.S. Andrews, professor of astronomy, Dublin.

May 4.—A paper was read, on the means of facilitating the observation of distant stations, in geodesical operations; by Lieut. T. Drummond, Roy. Eng.: communicated by Lieut.-Col. T. Colby, F.R.S.

May 11.—A paper was read, on the production and formation of pearls; by Sir E. Home, bart. V.P.R.S.: and the reading was commenced of a paper on the borrowing and boring marine animals; by Edward Osler, esq., communicated by L. W. Dillwyn, esq. F.R.S.

The Society then adjourned to May 25.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

May 2.—Read a paper on the locusts (*Grylleus migratorius*, Linn.) which devastated the Crimea and the southern provinces of Russia, in 1824, by J. Smirnov, esq., F.L.S. Secretary to the Russian embassy. Also a paper on Indian arronace, by H. S. Colebrooke, esq., F.R. and L.S.

May 25.—This day, being the birthday of Linnæus, the anniversary was held as usual, Sir J. E. Smith, president, in the chair, when the following Fellows were chosen as officers and council for the ensuing year:—

President, Sir James Edward Smith, M.D. F.R.S. — Vice-presidents, Samuel, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, LL.D. V.P.R.S. F.A.S.; A. B. Lambert, esq., F.R.S. A.S. and H.S.; W. G. Maton, M.D. F.R.S. and A.S.; and Edward, Lord Stanley, M.P. F.H.S.—Treasurer, Edward Foster, esq., F.R.S. and H.S.—Secretary, James E. Brehens, esq.—Assistant-Secretary, Richard Taylor, F.S.A. Mem. Asiat. S.—Also, to fill the vacancies in the council: Charles Bell, esq., F.R.S. Ed.; John Bostock, M.D. F.R.S., Pres. Geol. Soc.; Sir Stamford Raffles, F.R.S.; Joseph Sabine, esq., M.A. F.R.S.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 5.—The reading of Dr. Begsby's paper on the geology of the Valley of St. Lawrence was concluded.

May 19.—A paper was read entitled notes on the geological position of some of the rocks of the north-east of Ireland; by Lieut. Portlock, Roy. Eng. F.G.S.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

April 14.—At this meeting there was read, "A comparison of observations made on double stars," communicated in a letter

to J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., Foreign Secretary to this Society, by Professor Struve of Dorpat.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

April 28.—A paper on the porphyry of Christiana was read by Mr. S. Solly, in the Lecture Room, and illustrated by a series of engravings and geological specimens from Prof. Esmark. Instruments, drawings, and diagrams were exhibited and explained in the Library by Mr. Japlin, in illustration of his septenary system of lines produced by double continuous motion. A series of types, stereotype plates, and impressions of type-music printing, from the office of Mr. Clowes, were laid upon the table.

May 5.—The relations of sulphuric acid to hydric carbon, as illustrated by the late researches into the nature of the sulphurinic and sulpho-naphthalic acids were detailed by Mr. Faraday, in an experimental discourse from the Lecture-table, and the striking points discovered by Mr. Hennel and himself explained and enforced. Mr. Perkins's specimens of patterns produced by eccentric lathe-turning, and also a pair of his steel plates and rollers for bank-note engraving, were laid on the library table.

May 12.—Lieut. Drummond's beautiful and intense station-light for geodesical operations, was exhibited in the Reading-room, its nature and arrangements, chemical and mechanical, having been previously explained in the Lecture-room by Mr. Faraday. For an account of this light, see illuminating apparatus, in our Philosophical Miscellanies.

May 19.—Mr. Turrell read the first part of a practical essay upon steel engraving, illustrating, as he proceeded, by numerous specimens of steel, steel plates, tools, specimens of art. An impression from the fine mezzotinto on steel of Martin's Belshazzar's Feast was hung up in the room. It is the largest specimen of steel engraving that has yet been executed. A new and very pretty photometer was exhibited in the Library by Mr. Ritchie, of Nain.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Donations were presented from Sir G. Staunton, thirty vols. of official reports on subjects connected with Asia. Capt. P. P. King, R.N., three models of cannons used by the natives of Australia. D. R. Lyall, medical evidence on the duration of human pregnancy. Major E. Moor, six vols. of his own publications. N. Baxter, Esq., fifty-two Hindoo drawings. Dr. R. Tytler, four vols. of his own works. J. J. Ayton, Esq., his Nepalese grammar.

H. Hobhouse, Esq. was elected a member of the Society.

A description of the ruins of Buddha Gaya in Behar, by Dr. Buchanan Hamilton, was read.

Three valuable Persian MSS. were presented by Capt. J. Grant Duff, and the second set of his *Mélanges Asiatiques*, from M. J. Klaproth.

Sir Wm. Betham, Kt. and Lieut.-Col. Martin White were elected members.

Two papers were read, viz. the first, an authentic account of two females who des-

troyed themselves on the funeral pile of the Rajah of Tanjore, extract of an official despatch from the British Resident at Tanjore to the Chief Secretary at Fort St. George, dated 24th April, 1802.

The other paper is an account of the different festivals observed by the Mahometans in India, drawn up by a Moonshee of the Circuit Court of Chittore, and translated from the Persian by Mr. J. Stokes of Madras.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright, edited by his Niece, F. D. CARTWRIGHT. 2 vols. 8vo.—Nobody can skim these volumes without a deep conviction of the thorough honesty of Major Cartwright. Honesty is the distinguishing characteristic of the man, coupled with a gentleness that nothing could ruffle, an undauntedness that power never appalled, and an ardour that age itself did not chill. His activity is equally remarkable; nothing that concerned the great and general interests of society, immediately or remotely, escaped his notice, or failed of engaging his exertions—sometimes impotently, but always vigorously. It was not merely the subject of reform, that drew forth the energies of such a man for more than half a century. He has been marked by Haslitt among his one-idea men; but never truly, was any man's mind more variously occupied. The question of reform was with him a leading one, but only a leading, not an excluding one. No opportunity was lost by him of pushing the cause, but this activity was the result of the watchfulness of his zeal. The subject might, and did occasionally sleep, and but for him would, perhaps, have slept for ever; but in the intervals, he was not a whit less ardent in other matters of great national importance. Confessedly he laboured diligently and perseveringly from first to last in the cause of reform; and what good has he done? None actually; but who will say, none potentially? By his exertion it is, that the exigencies of reform are now generally understood, and we may add generally acknowledged by every unbiassed and intelligent man in the kingdom. By his exertions, it is too, that the existing impediments have been so thoroughly exposed. The way is paved for its easy and, perhaps, speedy accomplishment. Can any man doubt, that if those who advocated the principles of reform, had been as honest and sincere as Major Cartwright, but an effectual change would have taken place long ago? The truth is, scarcely a man of those, who talked so loudly, was a bit more hearty in the cause than Pitt or Burke, themselves. Moore, in his life of Sheridan,

says, "It may be doubted, if Fox was a sincere friend to the principle of reform;" and we learn, from the volumes before us, on the authority of Lord Stanhope, that Mr. Fox in conversation with himself and another, said, "reform is a fit thing to be made use of in argument in the House of Commons, but not to be carried into execution." Here is the true source of the failure of reform; and this is the cause of the general distrust that prevails in society, to a lamentable extent, of public men.

Major Cartwright was born in the year 1740. His family were of great respectability in Lincolnshire, descended maternally from a sister of Cranmer, who in his fraternal care, presented Cartwright, her husband, with no less than three abbies, of the present value of £3,000 a-year; a part of his share of church plunder. At the age of sixteen, young Cartwright entered the navy. He was present at the engagement between Lord Hawke and Conflans in 1759, and continued actively employed, on board, or as Deputy-Commissary on the Newfoundland station, till 1770. In the American War a very advantageous appointment was offered him by Lord Howe; but he declined serving against the Americans. He had by this time published his "Independence of America;" and so lately as the Jubilee, being still on the list of Lieutenants, he was included in the promotions, and made Master and Commander. Through life naval matters were a subject of deep interest with him. At different periods of his long life, he proposed a scheme for securing a permanent supply of British Oak; advocated the rights and interests of Fishing Companies; published some improvements on gunnery, and a treatise on naval surveying; a plan for the defence of Portsmouth, in 1778, when the British Fleet retreated into harbour before the French and Spanish; invented a flying drawbridge, a boarding pike, and a life-boat; designed a temple for naval celebration, at a time when the nation was in a fever of elation; and had the good fortune to see many of his suggestions wholly or partially adopted, though none of them acknowledged.

In 1775, he was appointed Major of the

Nottinghamshire militia, and was in reality acting commander for years; neither Colonel nor Lieutenant-Colonel being much with the regiment. Three times were his just claims to the Colonelcy defeated, and in 1792 he was dismissed by the Duke of Newcastle, for attending the celebration of the fall of the Bastille. He was the person who first introduced great-coats among the soldiers.

In 1778 he was invited as a candidate for Nottingham, and was actually nominated for the county. He failed, as he did on subsequent occasions, and again at Boston, against the struggle of family interest; and finally at Westminster against the influence of more popular and flexible candidates.

We must quote his letter on one of those occasions to the Duke of Portland, in 1778.

"My Lord:—I was duly honoured with your Grace's two letters of the 6th and 12th of last month. As I think, my Lord, you must imagine they would not be entirely satisfactory to me; and as I like frankness on such occasions, I take the liberty of communicating to your Grace my sentiments on the subject of them. Your Grace has mentioned the respect you bear Mr. Meadows' private character, and an alliance between your families, as the motives to your determination in his favour. It is probable enough that, in the private character of that gentleman, there were motives sufficient to a preference; but as far as family alliances were concerned, I am told I have the honour to be a nearer relation to your Grace, and to your Duchess, by two or three degrees, than Mr. Meadows is; but I did not think of seeking into my pedigree for my pretensions to a seat in Parliament. Nor shall I think you wrong in opposing either Mr. Meadows or myself, on any future occasion, in favour of an entire stranger in blood, so long as you shall act under the persuasion of doing the best for the public good; on the contrary, I shall hold it to be the only rule to be followed in every case."

Major Cartwright then proceeds to state his reasons for expecting the support of the Whig interest, and thus continues:

"Defeated, indeed, I have been on a late occasion; but while I breathe, I will never be disquieted, nor desert what I think my duty to the public. I shall keep my word with the town of Nottingham, in offering myself at the next vacancy, and shall stand a poll at all events. When your Grace warned me against a second disappointment, I hope the word did not include the ideas of personal mortification and repentance; for on both occasions I had ample amends made me for all that I hazarded, and it is with truth I can declare, that, when I left the Moot Hall at Mansfield, I would not have exchanged feelings with any man there, if I might have had his estate into the bargain.

"By the freedom of my expostulations on this and former occasions, you will perceive, my Lord, that I am far from flattering any man with insinuations, that their political conduct must always be right because they are whigs, and opposed to a set of very bad ministers. So nearly concerned as I have been in the event on the late occasion, I feel myself justified in having given your Grace my sincere opinions. I hope I have done it as be-

comes me, to a man I have always esteemed and respected independent of his rank. That I have my own political errors, I doubt not; but I know I wish to be informed of them; for to injure one's country while one endeavours to serve it, must be equally distressing and humiliating to a man of principle.

"Anxiously hoping that no such fatal errors may continue to mislead either of us,

"I have the honour to be, &c. J. CARTWRIGHT."

On his father's death, he purchased the family estate of his eldest brother, chiefly by borrowing a considerable sum, and continued to reside upon it till 1805, when he let the property, and removed to Enfield, to be nearer to his work, as he phrased it; and for the same reason, becoming more enfeebled, in 1819, to Burton-Crescent, where he remained till his death.

From the first starting of the question of Reform, Cartwright was chief engineer; eternally writing, stirring, impelling; attending every meeting and dinner, and involved more or less in every untoward occurrence, that arose out of the attempt to give effect to his views; from the trial of Horne Tooke, to his own prosecution for being present at the Birmingham meeting, appointing Sir Charles Wolsley legislative attorney.

When a boy he lived a good deal with Lord Tyrconnel, who had married his aunt. "This nobleman was a whig of the old school; and his godson, says Miss Cartwright, meaning the Major, used to relate many amusing anecdotes of his political zeal; among others, that when divine service was performing in the chapel at Belton, the old Lord was observed to be greatly agitated during the reading of the prayer for the Parliament, stirring the fire violently, and muttering impatiently to himself, *nothing but a miracle can mend them.*" The necessity for reform was thus one of the first subjects suggested to his youthful thoughts.

On the subject of the Slave-Trade, he zealously co-operated with Clarkson and Granville Sharp, in all their proceedings.

Of the societies instituted in the early part of the French Revolution, he was an active member; but though no doubt a republican theoretically, and ready to realize republicanism in a new government he laboured hard and inflexibly to oppose Mr. Paine in his revolutionary views, and in 1792, at a meeting of the Friends of the People, in spite of all opposition, carried a resolution in favor of King, Lords and Commons.

To the last hour, public events were the interests nearest his heart; we find him active and influential in the cause of the Queen, the Greeks, the Spaniards—manufacturing constitutions, promoting subscriptions, and spurring on younger but more indolent patriots to exertion. Even after death, he wished to be useful, and directed

his body to be taken to a public hospital and dissected, in the presence of the students.

In private life, he was nevertheless ever prompt to lend his assistance; and was for years involved in legal embarrassments, connected with the concerns of his brother, Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom. Though £10,000 was afterwards granted by Parliament to indemnify the losses sustained by Dr. Cartwright in bringing to perfection this invention, then thought so eminently beneficial for the nation, Major Cartwright, himself a loser of £14,000 by his brother's failures, disapproved of the measure, and refused to take any steps to further it. "The writer's brother, says Miss Cartwright, when applied to for a confirmation of this remarkable fact, says, your statement agrees entirely with my recollection. Our good uncle's inflexibility on this subject, vexed some of my father's friends more than it surprised me." We give a letter written by Dr. Parr, to Major Cartwright, in 1820, by a man of seventy-four to another of eighty, both equally consistent through life, equally energetic, and equally fearless.

"TO JOHN CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.

"Hatton, 15th September, 1820.

"DEAR AND EXCELLENT MR. CARTWRIGHT,

"I am busy night and day in preparing such a catalogue* of my numerous books, as may guide my executors when I am no more. Scarcely any consideration could draw me away from the laborious but important task. If my presence had been necessary for the cause of the Queen, I am pretty sure that I should have been summoned; and the Queen knows I should have been ready to obey the summons. But all her interests and all her rights are in the hands of able, and, we may now say, faithful auxiliaries. I hold with you, that the honour of the Queen is closely connected with the constitutional rights of the people; and at all events we are gaining ground against a venal and oppressive crew in the palace, in the council-chamber, and in both houses of Parliament.

"My mind, like your own, is anxious for the success of the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Neapolitans, in their resistance to tyranny.

"I believe that the governors of this country will not dare to interfere.—I cannot with any convenience attend your dinner; and I must fairly acknowledge to you, that my own sense of decorum always leads me to keep at a distance from convivial meetings upon political subjects. But I shall not yield the palm of consistency and intrepidity to any Englishman now living, when, by open profession or by personal exertion, I can promote the cause of genuine freedom. I set at defiance the invectives of party scribblers, and the taunts of courtiers, and the frowns of nobles and princes. I really, and I avowedly think you a most injured man; and I lament the servility, and the corruption, and intolerance, and the cruelty of which so many vestiges are to be found among the

* This was never accomplished. A catalogue has since been taken by Bone the bookseller, and is now printing. The books will be sold—a capital opportunity for the London University.—Ed.

dignitaries of my own order, and, I am sorry to add, among the ministers of public justice. Our infatuated rulers are blindly rushing into every outrage which has a tendency to accelerate revolution. Mrs. Parr unites with me in best compliments and best wishes to your well-bred and intelligent lady, and to Miss Cartwright.

"I have the honour, &c. SAMUEL PARR."

Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, for the use of Families and young Persons: reprinted from the original text, with the careful Omission of all passages of an irreligious or immoral Tendency, by THOMAS BOWDLER, Esq. 5 vols. 8vo.—

The well known chapters, in which Mr. Gibbon discusses the causes, to which he ascribes the progress of the Christian religion, and the sufferings of the early Christians, are of course omitted. The establishment of Christianity by Constantine, and the restoration of Paganism by Julian, with many parts relative to Church History are reduced to very narrow limits, on the ground, that Church History is not the object of "this publication," meaning, we suppose, Mr. Bowdler's, but in Gibbon's view, it was a main, and an indispensable one. The History is thus brought within the compass of five octavo volumes; but as the type is something closer than the original octavo of twelve volumes, perhaps, not quite one half has been cut away; a quantity, however, far beyond any occasion for removing passages of an "irreligious or immoral tendency," we should have supposed, in the eyes of any person of tolerable freedom of intellect.

With no doubt whatever of the well-meaningness of Mr. Bowdler, we cannot help thinking his expedient for converting Gibbon, injudicious and inefficient. By this anxiety to suppress certain parts, he excites curiosity about them; and so scrupulously retaining the pure residuum, he confesses a superiority in the Historian, which must be calculated to add weight to his general authority, and stir up in the reader a sense of injustice inflicted on the author by the severity of this curtailment.

If Gibbon be a dangerous book, the course to be taken was, not to drag it thus into closer and more inquiring notice, but to cast it in the shade, wrapped in the cloak of oblivion, and supersede its importance, by works of equal utility, equal splendour, and unexceptionable doctrines.

Counteract the profaneness and reprobate the depravity of existing writings; not by maiming and maltreating them, but by furnishing superior publications. What will be the probable effect of the present process of purifying? raising a new and redoubled demand for such works in their original, though it be in their impure condition.

The Boyne Water, a Tale by the O'HARA Family. 3 vols. 12mo.—Another tale of the Waverly school, with Ireland for the scene,

and Ireland's History for the subject. Sated as we have been with Scottish story, we are quite ready to turn to the records of another country, and Ireland as well as, or better than any other. She furnishes materials in abundance. She has been oppressed for ages, and her oppressors have been her historians. She is Catholic, and we have her story told by protestants. Misrepresentations inevitably followed, and prejudices have now rooted in the hearts of successive generations. It is high time to hear the other side freely and fully; and no way half so effective, as the medium of tales: for nothing else, now-a-days, gets regarded. The writer of the tale before us is well qualified to play the part of national historian under the guise of the national novelist. He knows the country and its history, and is deeply stung with a sense of that country's injuries. He wants nothing but a little more resolution to cut away superfluities, and a little more address in conducting us at once *medias in res*. He is too fond of surprises; he attempts, by crowding incidents, to give that life and reality which would be better accomplished by lopping off the incumbrances of minor ones; and the flow of his language is too frequently checked by breaks and parentheses; but these are curable defects. He has the stuff and staple of a good narrator in him; when he comes to the action, and warms in the business of his tale, he is vivid and vigorous; scenes of bustle and confusion rouse his best energies, and his powers of description, mental, moral and natural, are of no ordinary cast.

Historical novelists, at least, those of any value, have an object, distinct from the tale. That of the author of the Scotch novels is sufficiently obvious, and the views of the writer of the Boyne Water are equally conspicuous. He regards the struggle of the Revolution as one of *religious* parties. He gives James credit for moderation; and believes he had no other view in any of his attempts than to rescue Catholics from their oppressions, and to establish general toleration. Of course the Revolution itself was gratuitous. On the other hand, he considers William to have been influenced by the same views, but overborne by the fears and bigotries of the protestant clergy. Of the latter there can be little question; but quite as little, we think that James, whatever were his private wishes, never would have been suffered to stop at all short of the re-establishment of Catholic superiority.

The main object of the novel is to give a representation of the state of Ireland from James's abdication, as his expulsion is still curiously phrased, to the Treaty of Limerick; though the tale commences with his accession; just to give the author an opportunity of exhibiting the feelings of expectation, which that event excited among all parties. To the principal characters of

the tale, we are introduced, on their way from Belfast to Cushindoll, a village on the north-east coast. The travellers consist of Evelyn and his sister, both very young, very handsome and very amiable, in the style of those, who are destined to figure in "modern story," with their guardians and attendants, of whom, in our brief sketch, we shall have no occasion to speak. In crossing the hills, the topography of which is very elaborately described, extraordinary difficulties are encountered—roads were not Macadamized in those days—and to fill up the measure of their alarms and embarrassments, a tremendous storm—a tornado, such an one as is now never seen without the tropics, overtakes them. A sweeping dispersion ensues, one falls to the earth, another performs a series of somersets down the hills, and Miss Evelyn is luckily rescued from destruction—her frightened jennet backing to the very edge of a precipice—by the critical appearance and fearless energies of a young gentleman and lady. These young natives of the hills, a brother and sister, prove to be persons of most surprising excellence, vigorous and resolute, as the mountaineers of romance are of course entitled to be. To the house of their parent, a ruined chieftain of the clan McDonnel, the young Evelyn and the party are finally carried for shelter. Intimacy soon grows up among the young people, and they are speedily betrothed to each other. Out of these sudden engagements spring the subsequent interests and perplexities of the tale—the McDonnells being Catholics, and the Evelyns Protestants. Evelyn just to give him time to reach his majority, is dispatched to the West-Indies for a couple of years, and returns to Ireland to consummate his marriage with Eva McDonnel, at the period when every body was in a state of excitement respecting the invasion of William. McDonnel meets his friend on landing at Carrickfergus, and in a few hours, each of them, unknown to the other, is enlisted on opposite sides. Evelyn is encountered by George Walker, the well known defender of Derry, and, by the urgency of that wily agitator, is engaged to take part in the approaching struggle; and at the same moment the Jesuit O'Haggerty presents McDonnel with a commission of dragoons in the service of James. Walker labours hard to break off the match with the Catholic Eva, and at last exacts a promise to be summoned to the nuptials. On the day of the double marriage, the ceremony, delayed by the non-arrival of Walker, at length proceeds, and Eva and Evelyn are coupled by the Catholic Priest; but just as the second ceremony is commencing, strange noises are heard, and a furious gust of wind extinguishes most of the lights, and in rushes Walker, declaring the marriage illegal, and announcing the landing in England of William the deliverer. Confusion follows, the ceremony suspends; Walker

calls upon Evelyn, and O'Haggerty upon McDonnel to fulfil their respective engagements, and sacrifice their private wishes to public duties. Each is surprised by the discovery of the other's engagement; suspicion springs up in the breast of each; their passions kindle; high words follow, and brides and bridegrooms separate.

Impelled by Walker, Evelyn joins the Ulster Union and accepts a commission in William's name; but before joining the troops, he conducts his distressed sister to her friends at Derry, and proceeds himself to look after his family estate on the Lough Neagh. On advancing up the avenue, he perceives unusual stirrings in the house, and while hastening forward to ascertain the cause, he strikes against the legs of his own servant dangling from a tree. Alarmed and retiring, his retreat is instantly cut off on all sides by armed men, who force him to go forward to the house, which he now discovers to be in the full possession of a party of Rapparees. He receives a very hearty welcome from them to his own home, and is hospitably entertained by them with a supper provided from his own stores, and by his own cook. The feast is suddenly interrupted by the intelligence of an enemy at hand. Up starts the party; measures are instantly taken for defence, and the commander places a guard over Evelyn with orders to shoot him on the spot, should the invaders prevail. These invaders prove to be Evelyn's friends headed by Walker. The Rapparees were defeated, and Evelyn was rescued from his fate, by the artifice of a young lass, who had taken a fancy to him, and threw some water on the lock of the Guard's pistol, which was thus snapped at him in vain.

Evelyn now joined the forces under Lord Mount Alexander, and was wounded in the first battle fought at Dromore on the retreat from Newry, and left bleeding on the field. On recovering his senses, he seizes a stray horse, and sets out for the north. Beyond Carrickfergus, the Redshanks, Lord Antrim's dragoons, a troop of which McDonnel commanded, were scouring the country, and he quickly found himself pursued. His horse failing, he betook himself to his legs, and after flying across we know not how many hills and dales, and endeavouring to descend a steep declivity, he sunk at last exhausted in a hole of the rock, till his pursuers came up with him, at the first of whom he discharged a pistol. It was McDonnel himself. No harm was done; they recognize each other, and a reconciliation follows. He refuses to take Evelyn prisoner, in spite of the sulky remonstrances of his men; but dismissing them to the next town, himself, to the neglect apparently of his military duties, engages to conduct his friend to a place of safety. This, however, is not so easily accomplished. Prodigious difficulties are encountered, a most painful

and laborious succession of climbings and slippings and escapes. By the way, there is a vast deal too much of difficulties of this kind; the realities are intolerable enough, but the descriptions are still more so. By-and-bye, however, Eva meets them, and Evelyn and his bride "explain." All are now proceeding very harmoniously together, when suddenly a party of Ulster dragoons come upon them, and McDonnel is instantly taken prisoner, but placed under the charge of his friend. Eva now goes to her friends, and Evelyn, with McDonnel on parole, proceeds to Derry to visit his sister, and McDonnel and Miss Evelyn also of course come again to a perfect understanding.

The memorable siege had already commenced, and Evelyn takes an active part in the defence under Walker, whose character is here ably developed; a singular union of energy, craft, and fanaticism. The whole progress of the siege, to the final relief by the arrival of Kirke, is faithfully and vigorously detailed, and presents many a striking picture of the miseries sustained by that devoted city from the cannonading without, and the famine within; with the unresisting submission of the citizens and Walker and his few energetic apprentice-boys. In the course of the siege an attempt is again made to celebrate the marriage between McDonnel and Evelyn's sister, which is again interrupted by the mysterious agency of a wild Irishwoman, possessed of something like the attributes of omniscience and ubiquity; and the poor girl at last dies from the combined effects of fright, famine and fever.

On the raising of the siege, the McDonnells and Evelyn, being again all together, and passes and protections obtained, they proceed towards old McDonnel's. But by this time, Schomberg had landed 20,000 men, and Kirke had set out to join him towards the south. Old McDonnel's unluckily lay in his way; and there was danger, lest he should be beforehand with them. They speeded, therefore, with all their might, and in the deepest anxiety—all too late. Kirke and his troops had just quitted the smoking ruins, and the followers of the clan were hanging on the trees by dozens. The shrieks of poor Eva over the dead body of her father, bring Kirke and his fellows back again; Evelyn presents the protections for his companions in vain. At the moment of imminent peril, a party of Rapparees come suddenly upon them; a skirmish ensues; Evelyn is cut down, and on waking to life again, finds his head resting on the lap of a young woman, whom he recognizes to be the same, who had before saved his life, and who now informs him that McDonnel had perished, and Eva was carried off by Kirke. The recollection of Kirke's well-known character threw him into a storm of horror, and he makes desperate efforts to pursue him, in spite of his weakness and the

girl's efforts to detain him. They had not proceeded far, before they were challenged by the troops of his own volunteer-corps; from the commander of whom, Evelyn forthwith solicits a horse and attendants to enable him to overtake Kirke; when to his confusion and despair, he learns that Kirke had left orders to put him under arrest. Resistance is vain; but three or four days bring up the corps to Schomberg's camp. Schomberg, with Kirke by his side was reviewing the troops; Evelyn advances in front of the line, and in the presence of Schomberg, demands of Kirke the cause of his arrest, who charges him with aiding and abetting rebels. He appeals to the old Duke, and exhibits his passes and protections, and is immediately released. Then finding Schomberg disposed to befriend him, he demands of Kirke an account of Eva. Kirke haughtily refuses. Evelyn challenges, and Schomberg sanctions the challenge, and witnesses the conflict on the spot. By an accidental slip, Evelyn is finally worsted, and having put his cause upon his failing sword, is thus left without redress. Eva appears lost to him for ever. Schomberg appoints him his aid-de-camp, retains him about him for the remainder of the campaign, and at the end of it sends him with despatches to England. In London, or rather at Kensington, where William resided, he is detained for the winter. The interior of the court is thrown open, and we have William and Mary, and Bentinck, and Burnett, very characteristically exhibited. Two or three times, in the gardens, he gets a glimpse of a person in a male dress, whom he believes to be Eva, but in spite of his efforts, he is unable to speak with her. In the spring he returns to Schomberg, and at last gets a short leave of absence, to attend to his private affairs. His first step is to go straight to Sarsfield's camp, then at Dublin. Sarsfield had saved the life of Evelyn and his friend, before Derry, when they had indiscreetly accompanied the deputation of the city to James's camp; and on this ground of acquaintance, Evelyn ventures to introduce himself to that brave man to procure intelligence of Eva. He gets detained by the out-posts, and meets again with the girl, who had twice saved his life, and also with the figure, whom he had taken for Eva, but again is baffled in his attempts to speak with her. Sarsfield receives him with kindness and testifies an interest in his distress; though knowing nothing whatever of the fate of McDonnell or Eva, he recollects there is a lady of the name at James's court, and he engages to take him in the evening to the Castle. There he is noticed, as a stranger, by James, who enters into conversation with him, defending his conduct, and vindicating his rights. But, what is most interesting to Evelyn, he recognizes among the attendants of Lady Tyrconnel, the Lady Lieutenant, his own

Eva; but again every attempt to address her is defeated. His interview with James is thus suddenly interrupted by the unexpected announcement of William's landing, and having actually been six days in the country. The party breaks up; Sarsfield dismisses Evelyn with a pass, and he makes his speedy way to rejoin Schomberg.

Now comes on William's brief campaign, and we fight the battle of the Boyne bravely over again. Evelyn, who in the engagement had acted as Aid-de-camp to William, is taken prisoner; and after James's desertion of his cause and country, accompanies Sarsfield to Limerick, where he has the luck again to undergo the harassings and miseries of a siege. Here too, he accompanies Sarsfield on the memorable expedition, in which, with the aid of the Rapparees, he succeeded in destroying William's ammunition and baggage. The commander of these Rapparees turns out to be his long lost friend McDonnell, whose kindness to him had brought suspicion upon himself, and finally dismissal from the service. Resentment and despair drove him to head a band of these desperadoes. He meets with Evelyn, and while pouring curses upon him, and preparing to cut him down; a signal from his friends arrests his purpose. Here too again Evelyn meets with the person whom he had so often taken for Eva, and discovers him at last to be a younger brother of hers. Some words of explanation pass; but he is as violent as his elder brother. All is mystery to Evelyn. He cannot guess the cause of this intemperance. All, however, is now hastening to a conclusion and eclairsissement. Limerick is reduced to extremity, and on the very day of its surrender came Eva herself, her younger brother, the wild omniscient and ubiquitous O'Nagh, and the girl who had so often shewn her devotion to Evelyn. Explanations follow; the girl confesses that love for Evelyn had seduced her to play false, to report falsely of Eva to Evelyn, and of Evelyn to Eva. At this moment comes the intelligence, that the Rapparee commander had fallen into the hands of William's general, and was just going to be shot. His friends appeal to Sarsfield, who generously flies to his succour, solicits his pardon, and with difficulty obtains it, upon condition of his going into exile. Evelyn and Eva remain behind blessed and prosperous; and in due time, we read, inform their banished friends, of a family of three little cherubs prattling about them.

Though the story creeps very tiresomely at the commencement, when once the real business of the action begins, the narrative never flags to the end; it is full of bustle and variety. The historical characters are all faithfully portrayed; and we have all the distinguished personages of the day, from James and William and Mary,

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to Burnett and Walker. Several persons are introduced, whom we have found no occasion to mention; some of more, some of less importance; particularly a blind man, whose agency is of frequent recurrence, and who plays the traveller and guide at least as well as Mr. Holman; and a dumb man, whose gesticulations seem to be quite as expressive as language.

Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte, and of his Residence on board H.M.S. Bellerophon; with a Detail of the principal Events that occurred in that Ship, between the 24th of May and the 8th of August 1815, by CAPT. F. L. MAITLAND, C. B.—With so many conflicting statements as were current at the time of Buonaparte's residence on board the Bellerophon, it is to be regretted that this simple and gentlemanly narrative was not published, when the authority of Captain Maitland might have prevented the public from running away with many idle notions derogatory to the Emperor, to the commander himself, and to his immediate superiors.

It is precisely to remove these unfavourable impressions, that the author now publishes—too late, surely, to serve any but the cold purposes of distant historians. Many reasons combined, he tells us, to render the publication at the time inexpedient. What these were we are left to guess; and though not very satisfactory, they are, perhaps, intelligible enough.

Captain Maitland received the approbation of the Lords of the Admiralty for his "proceedings prior to the embarkation" of the Emperor and his suite; but not the slightest intimation is given of any such approval of his after-conduct. The absence, however, of such intimation is sufficiently expressive—scrupulous as he is to authenticate his narrative at every turn by documentary evidence.

What is equally remarkable, is the implied fact, that no notice appears to have been taken of the letter which he was induced to write to the head of the Admiralty in behalf of Savary and Lallemand. We must explain. The names of these gentlemen appeared in the list of the Bourbon proscription; and they were both expressly excepted from the number of those who were allowed to accompany the Emperor to St. Helena. This exception, coupled with the proscription, naturally alarmed them; they felt convinced it was the design of the English to deliver them up to the French Government, and made an earnest appeal to Captain Maitland against the injustice of it. With feelings not quite at ease, he immediately wrote to the head of the Admiralty, something very like a remonstrance, representing their apprehensions, declaring, at the same time, that if he had not believed their lives would be held sacred, they never should have set a foot in the ship he commanded, without being informed of their destiny, and ear-

nestly begging his Lordship's influence to protect them from destruction, and himself from disgrace. When Lord Keith read the letter, he told Captain Maitland, that though he did not agree with him in opinion as to his honour or character being implicated, yet that he saw no harm in the letter. Well: but these men were not delivered up. No: but no reply was made to Captain Maitland—a pretty significant intimation that his remonstrance, for so we must call it, was not very acceptable; if such had not been the intention of the Government, what was so natural as to assure him, that there was no ground for his apprehensions? But what became of them? "On the Bellerophon's return to Plymouth, after transferring Napoleon to the Northumberland, both of them, together with Planat and the other officers, with the exception of three, were, by an order from the Admiralty, sent on board the Eurotas frigate, which conveyed them to Malta; from whence, after remaining some time as prisoners in Fort St. Angelo, they were allowed to proceed to Smyrna."

To any unprejudiced mind the conduct of Capt. Maitland towards the Emperor must appear unexceptionable—the plain dictate of good feeling, prompting him to treat fallen greatness respectfully. Too respectfully, no doubt, to satisfy the peremptory directions from the Admiralty, not to permit "Napoleon Buonaparte to land on any account, or hold any communication with the shore, or with other vessels, personally or by writing; not to suffer more than four or five of his suite, menial servants excepted, on board the same ship, and to consider and address him as a general-officer"—directions delivered in the supercilious and upstart tone—we can think of nothing more humiliating—of a Quarterly Reviewer.

Captain Maitland had no instructions till many days after the Emperor was on board. He had dexterously evaded the question of honours, by receiving him on board before the hour of hoisting colours, when it is not customary to pay honours to any, of whatever rank. The white flag at the fore-top-gallant mast-head was a flag of truce, it seems, and not the Bourbon flag, and hoisted as a matter of course on his reception. The Rear-Admiral Hotham invited the Emperor to breakfast, and received him with manned yards, but no salute.

During the time that Buonaparte was on board the Bellerophon, "we always lived," says Captain Maitland, "expressly for his accommodation, entirely in the French manner; that is to say, a hot meal was served at ten o'clock in the morning, and another at six in the evening," &c.

The self-control of the Emperor must be allowed, we think, to be admirable. "Though no man," says Captain Maitland, "could have had greater trials than fell to his lot during the time he remained

on board the Bellerophon, he never, in my presence, or as far as I know, allowed a fretful or a captious expression to escape him. It has been asserted that he was acting a part all the time he was on board the ship; but still, even allowing that to be the case, nothing but great command of temper could have enabled him to have sustained such a part for so many days, in his situation."

Speaking to Captain Maitland of the Emperor's wish for an interview with the Prince Regent, "D—the fellow," said Lord Keith, more emphatically than decorously, "if he had obtained an interview with his Royal Highness, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England."

Is this Religion? by the Author of May you like it.—Really the writer must learn to tell a story, before he ventures to publish again, and not suppose his readers will be content with his stringing scraps together, unless the scraps prove of better metal. But, told well or ill, we have very little toleration for these new-fangled manufactures, which pass under the name of religious novels. The effect of this familiar gossiping about the doctrines of theology, and the principles of morals, will be to widen the breach between the religious distinctions of the day, and to make profession, rather than practice, the *criterion* of moral respectability. We would much rather see people carping about their neighbours' actions than about their creeds; they are less likely to blunder about the one than the other; and, at all events, less likely to draw sweeping conclusions from them. A man may be a tyrannical landlord and oppress his dependents, or a profligate spendthrift and ruin his tradesmen, or neglect his family, without being regarded as universally shuntable; he may be a very agreeable neighbour, and his society generally courted. But if another be supposed guilty of some heretical deviations from the "mathematical line direct" of St. Athanasius, or entertain any questionable fancies on the mysteries of original sin, or the doctrines of grace, we are apt to conclude—not that he is a poor logician, or a worse theologian, but a bad man; one with whom it is dangerous or imprudent to associate, and who ought to be excluded from the tables of well-fed and well-dressed orthodox believers.

We know nothing so revolting as to hear people putting forth their principles, as they phrase them, and in a tone, that implies an expectation, you will receive the declaration as a pledge of purity and integrity of conduct. In the eagerness to impress and inculcate, we soon come to think that we are *thus* performing the sum of our duty; what is of primary becomes of secondary importance, and talking is soon substituted for practice, or what is the same thing, it takes the first place in our minds, and every body knows, that

what has first possession has a trick of keeping it, and of excluding, or at least depreciating every thing else.

The principal personage of the little tale before us has a mamma and a tutor of evangelical principles,—great frequenters of bible and missionary meetings, and discussers of doctrine. The youth becomes, as might be expected, as tolerant as Calvin or John Knox himself. The design of the author is to convert him to the orthodox party of the church, and to make him better, he must be made worse. How is this to be brought about? Send him to the University—Good. Forthwith he is introduced to a dissipated set—quickly ruffles the starch of his sentiments, drinks and games, and spends, and in a term or two returns home, disgusted with Mamma's profession, and takes the reverse of wrong for right. The same profligate course is renewed on revisiting the University, till one morning he is found dead drunk and asleep under a hedge by an early peripatetic student, who very kindly and considerately conducts him to his rooms. A friendship ensues. The youth is of a very superior cast of intellect, and very cheerful and devout withal, but no Simeonite; and being interested for his friend's eternal happiness, he sets forthwith about his reformation. At first matters progress rapidly; but the converter is a little too exacting, and the convert kicks.—A coolness follows.

Some months after the intercourse is renewed: our hero receives a note from his friend desiring to see him, and he finds him in the last stage of a decline. The poor expiring youth is bent upon completing the conversion of his friend. He has a sister, lovely, sensible and devout as himself, and she is to be made the finishing instrument. For this purpose, he implores his friend to take charge of him into Devonshire, to his own home, and enjoins him, should he die on the journey, to hasten forward and communicate the intelligence—not to his father or mother, but to his sister, on whose firmness, prudence, and excellence he relies, for breaking the matter to his afflicted parents. They set out, and travel by short stages. The youth dies before he reaches home; his friend obeys his last directions, communicates with the sister, remains with the family; is enraptured with the beauty, sense and spirit of the lady; delighted with the sober forms, and active benevolence and charitable construction of her reverend father, and without further ceremony offers his hand and heart. Exceptions are made on the score of his college incorrectnesses, and difficulties are made by mamma on the want of fortune: but by degrees all impediments are removed; the young lady gives him credit for permanent conversion, and he is of course made perfectly happy, in the usual manner.—Oh, beauty! indispensable even in conversions.

A Missionary's Memorial, or Verses on the Death of John Lawson, late Missionary at Calcutta; by BERNARD BARTON.—The Crusader, who died on the field of battle, at a distance from his native home, was mourned by his friends, and every honour, sacred and secular, paid to his memory; and

When he, the exil'd Eagle-Emperor died,
Throneless and crownless in his rocky isle,
Encircled by the ever-tossing tide
Whose waters lave that melancholy pile,
Oh! who but mourned his destiny the while?
Or when Greece wept o'er BYRON's early tomb,
How many a youthful brow its wonted smile
Awhile forbore, to share the general gloom;
To mourn the wayward CHILDE's, the Bard's un-
timely tomb.

There is a deathless principle enshrined
In every heart, which prompts, howe'er we roam,
The wish, with natural feelings intertwined,
Still to return, and die in peace at home.

Yet, with this love of home, what is it
which prompts so often to self-exile? The
generous views of a Howard; the still
more ennobling views of the Missionary.
Shall such as these then

— unnoticed mingle with the dust?

Forbid it, human nature! Gospel Love!

Amid these votaries of a glorious cause,
LAWSON, thy name shall hold its blameless right;
And, own'd or slighted by the world's applause,
Be traced in characters of cloudless light:
For like the firmament, serenely bright,
Shine forth the wise; and they who numbers turn
To righteousness—like stars which gem the night,
All eyes with gratitude shall long discern,
Nor shall their memories need pride's monumental
urn.

As poet and as preacher, 'twas thy aim
To spread his heavenly kingdom far and wide.

Grant that thy minstrel measures may not give
Thy name with those of mightier bards to shine;
Some reliques of thy song may long outlive
The prouder flights of favourites of the Nine,
Whose brows may now with brighter laurels shine;
The Bard, whose theme is earth, and earthly things,
May win the wreath which earthly fame can twine;
But the Palm blossoms, and the Amaranth springs
For him whose holier muse a Saviour's triumph sings.

The poet stops to deprecate the objections
that some may make to versifying religious
subjects, and encourages the bard of devo-
tion to persevere—keeping himself in view
—on the ground that

He whose thoughts and feelings heaven-ward climb,
With lovelier, purer, holier visions teems
Than earth can ever prompt, or earthly fancy dreams.

Then turning to Lawson again:

But *thine* were not the poet's hopes alone;
Nor can a poet's failure, or success—
Of labours ardent, pious as thine own,
Render the recompense—or more, or less;
If language must imperfectly express
The aspirations of a minstrel's soul;
Well may the missionary's heart confess
That nought but prophecy's developed scroll
His fondly cherished hopes and visions can unroll.
In the hope and prospect of contributing
to the fulfilment of these prophetic visions,

When the meek triumphs of the CRUCIFIED
Each tongue shall utter, every eye shall see,
And to his blessed NAME all creatures bow the knee,
The missionary is stimulated in his arduous
course by the bright star that led Bethlem's
Eastern Sages; the examples of the wil-
derness-apostle proclaiming in the desert,
and St. Paul among the philosophers of
Athens;—

With such examples to enkindle zeal,
And sanctioned by the spirit's promised aid,
Can Christian hearts deny their faith's appeal;
Or from its toils and labours turn dismayed?
The appeal is answered, and the call obeyed!
From Christian lands the champions have gone
forth, &c.

Friend Barton tells us he had few hours
allowed him for the composition of these
lines; and indeed they not only betray
haste, but are every way inferior to any
thing of his we have seen before. There
is scarcely a line of any vigour—we have
given the best—a phrase of any novelty,
or a thought that bespeaks the *mens*
divinior.

Observations on the Transfusion of Blood; with an account of two cases of Uterine Hemorrhage, in which that operation has been recently performed with success. By CHARLES WALLER, Surgeon to the City of London and Southwark Midwifery Institution.—In the history of medicine, the possibility of renovating an exhausted frame by the transfusion of blood from a healthy subject, has been a matter of frequent discussion—sometimes with all due gravity, but till of late generally in ridicule. Medea and her kettle have been in constant requisition with the scorers, to expose its absurdity.

About the middle of the seventeenth century attempts at actual experiment began. The earliest—at least the earliest recorded—experiment, was successfully made on a dog, with the blood of another dog, and is detailed in a letter addressed by Dr. Lower to Robert Doyle, dated July 6th 1666. The same Dr. Lower, assisted by Dr. Edmund King, performed the operation with the blood of a lamb upon Mr. Arthur Coga, at Arundel House, and the patient 'did well; but in what state he was in before the operation does not appear, or what was the specific object of the attempt—perhaps merely to ascertain the practicability of the transfusion. About the same time, or perhaps a few months before—there is a little dispute, as usual, on the question of priority—the same operation was performed by Mons. Denys, a surgeon of Paris, upon five persons; one in perfect health, and on him no visible effects were produced; and the four in a diseased state, of whom two were cured, and the other two died. Whether either the 'kill' or the 'cure' be fairly attributable to the extraordinary remedy, is perhaps questionable. The death of one of them, however, rationally or irrationally, occasioned a great stir,

and a stop was put, by an act of authority, to any further experiments of the kind, except under the express sanction of the College of Physicians.

We hear of no more transfusions, after this, for a century; nor indeed till the question was taken up in our own times by Dr. Blundell, who instituted a series of experiments upon dogs, and established beyond all doubt the possibility not only of readily transfusing, but of rapidly resuscitating an exhausted animal, by injecting a small quantity of the blood of one of its own species:—with the blood of another genus—a lamb, or a calf, the animal usually died.

The experiment was yet to be made on the human frame with human blood; and this has at last been recently accomplished by two medical men—one the author of the 'Observations,' surgeon to the City of London and Southwark Midwifery Institution, and his colleague, Mr. Doubleday. The experiment was tried with two individuals, in the autumn of last year, at the Institution under their superintendence, both suffering under hopeless exhaustion from puerperal hemorrhage. The cases are detailed at length by Mr. Waller, and are perfectly satisfactory. Whether the remedy be at all applicable to any case of disease remains, of course, a matter yet to be determined. The very sensible author of the 'Observations' is, naturally enough, inclined to argue favourably of a remedy, the credit of which, if it be further successful, must be all his own.

The experiment has been again repeated (April 1826), we perceive by a report in the 'Lancet,' by the same gentlemen, in a similar case, and with similar success.

FOREIGN.

Mémoires Autographes de M. le Prince de Montbarey, Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat au Département de la Guerre sous Louis XVI. 2 tom. 8vo.—These memoirs of the Prince de Montbarey are well worth the reading. Though professedly personal, they are mixed up with public events and public characters. Engaged in active service from a boy, and in office in his maturer years this was inevitable, and indeed without them, the rest would be intolerable. The heavy details of family affairs are amply and agreeably relieved by matters of more general interest. Every body of any notoriety is brought before us from the middle of Madame Pompadour's reign to the latter part of Maurepas' ministry—from about 1750 to 1780.

Montbarey was born in 1732 and lived to the year 1796. His memoirs, we believe, are continued to within a very short period of his death. The label of the present volumes is topped with the words "lère. Livraison;" with the remainder, Mr. Colburn, who understands these matters, will of course favour us, when he considers

the public ready to take off another volume or two.

Montbarey is a loyalist of the most devoted cast—a very honest one; but one, whom the horrors of the Revolution have driven to speak with severity and distrust of all, whose conduct, in his conceptions, contributed, designedly or undesignedly, to accelerate the march of that memorable event.

In his twelfth year he had a commission of dragoons, and at that early age joined his regiment, under the eye of his father; serving in three or four campaigns before the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and afterwards in every campaign of the seven years' war. For several years, he was one of the inspectors-general, and occasionally employed in confidential commissions by Choiseul. In the year 1775 he was introduced into the war-office, as a sort of coadjutor to Count de St. Germain, and shortly afterwards succeeded him at the head of that department. He appears to have possessed much of the King's confidence, and had long lived in intimate friendship with Maurepas. Till he became secretary at war, he led a profligate life, at least with respect to women; but never seems to have lost sight for a moment of the means of advancing himself and of aggrandizing his house; neglecting no opportunity of forwarding his interest by family influence,—and he must have been allied to half the noble families of France; but still pursuing them most zealously and effectively by discharging his professional duties.

He married early a young lady of good family, who had two children before she was fifteen. The society of a child like this was not likely to attach him to domestic habits; but the cool way in which he talks of his intrigues, and of the succession of his mistresses, and the frequency with which he recurs to the subject would be perfectly nauseating, were it not for the unconscious tone with which it is all told—indicating at once his own insensibility of wrong, and the manners of his class. As she grew up Madame de Montbarey proved of an imperious temper, but very much attached to her husband, and the only mode of keeping her in tolerable subjection, he tells us, was holding a mistress in terrorem. He plumes himself a good deal in never insulting his wife by appearing in public with the lady.

Once admitted within the precincts of office, he gave himself up completely to business, and was unwearied in qualifying. Not liking, however, to abandon his habits of "vagrant love," he took, what must seem, we think, a most extraordinary step, to reconcile his pleasures and his security. He made a confidant of Le Noir, the police minister, who very obligingly took upon himself to provide a lady, and to keep a sharp surveillance over her and her connexions. She was conducted to his apartments by a gens-d'arme; the scandal was thus effec-

tually screened, and the lady as effectually cut off from all political intrigues. The public neither suffered, nor was suspected of suffering. This manœuvre was communicated to Maurepas, who very highly approved of it, and even to the King, who did not indeed applaud, but considered it a very good arrangement.

Montbarey was a zealous opponent of all innovations, military and political. Of Neckar and his financial plans he had an early dread, and seemed to think, accurately enough, that he was only pushing off the evil day, instead of taking measures towards effectual retrenchment. He himself drew up a plan for abolishing sinecures, in his own department, upon a pretty sweeping scale, which fell to nothing; and all his efforts to prevent the alliance with America were over-ruled by the influence of the liberal party. Maurepas' administration is well depicted, with his undisturbed gaiety and indolent nonchalance; the King's amiable, but feeble character, and his indefatigable attention to business, and respect for his ministers, and the Queen's early disposition to listen to the cabals of hungry courtiers. The party that gathered around her prejudiced her very strongly against the Prince de Montbarey, who was regarded as an impracticable sort of courtier. A very curious scene is given of the Queen. The story is told at great length and very circumstantially. We can give only a slight idea of it. At the time Montbarey was a coadjutor of the war-secretary's, attending a council, he was desired by the King to give his opinion of three persons, who were competitors for a colonelcy of dragoons; and the commission was presented in consequence of his representation. Unluckily one of the rejected candidates was a protégé of the Queen: of this Montbarey was ignorant. The same evening he was sent for to the Queen's apartment. He found her in a fever of indignation, and in spite of his deprecations and protestations,

he was obliged to endure the storm of her reproaches for half an hour, when she suddenly left him, and flung the door after her with a violence that shook it on its hinges. He went straight to the King, and communicated the whole affair to the King, who assured him of his protection, and only begged him to abstain from appearing at the Queen's evening parties, till he received further directions. For six long weary weeks did the prohibition continue; subjecting him all the while, poor man, to the cruel exultation of his enemies on his impending ruin—when at last he was again sent for by the Queen, who received him very graciously, and placing him in the same spot where she had so vehemently rated him very handsomely and winningly begged him to forget what had passed. The Queen told him she had a favour to request, which was that he would prevent the new colonel, who was setting out that very day to join his regiment, from quitting Paris for eight days, and that this might be accomplished through the young gentleman's sister—a lady, who for some reason or other was not received at the Queen's parties. In vain he alleged that he was unknown to the lady; he was compelled to undertake the commission; and fortunately, after great difficulty brought the lady to terms. She insisted that she should be allowed to attend at the Queen's party, after all were assembled, that the Queen should rise and advance to receive her, and should herself ask the favour. To these terms the Queen acceded; stipulating only, that a letter to the brother should first be written, and deposited as a security in Montbarey's hands. What was the important object of this awful negotiation? Simply to save the Queen's credit. Her protégé was going to receive a similar appointment within eight days, and thus would be able to join the army as early, and with the same rank as the other.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Sacred Melodies*," arranged with *Symphonies and Accompaniments*, by W. Fitzpatrick, the Poetry by J. Bellamy, Esq. Cramer, Addison and Beale. No. 1. 6s.—Though Mr. Fitzpatrick has with great modesty designated himself as the mere arranger of this excellent selection, we are inclined to give him more credit than if the original airs were completely his own. He has had to contend with many awkwardnesses in the adaptation, and, in several instances, has been obliged so completely to alter the subject that we can scarcely recognize it; the harmonization, symphonies, and accompaniments, are new and altogether excellent of their class. The present number contains six melodies,

chiefly abstracted from Webbe's services of the Catholic church: in point of style it approaches near Mr. Moor's work of the same title, but, is in our opinion, much more appropriate to the subject. Were we to particularize any of these airs as peculiarly striking, we should select "*Ill-fated haughty Babylon*" as a most beautiful composition in the energetic class, and "*Daughter of Sion*," from Mozart, as a lighter movement of great elegance, this latter reminds us strongly of Avery's "*Sound the loud Timbrel*," to which if harmonized as a trio would become a formidable rival; the arrangement of the second verse is excellent, and would, of itself, establish the composers' character as an elegant and sound musician.

"Are you angry, Mother?" *Ballad sung by Miss Stephens, in the Opera of Aladdin, composed by H. R. Bishop. 2s. Goulding and Co.*—"The Days of the Valley are o'er," *Do. Do. 1s. 6d.*—"In my Bower a Lady weeps," *Do. Do. 1s. 6d.*—"The Sun is o'er the Mountains," *sung by Miss Johnson. 1s. 6d. Do.*—The whole of these ballads are pleasing and of a popular character; the first is the greatest favourite in the stage representation, but owes much of its attraction to Miss Stephen's excellent performance: the third song is conspicuous for a flowing tenor accompaniment, which is however, well arranged for the piano-forte. Miss Johnson's song is peculiarly plaintive and simple in the highest degree, we suspect that Miss Stephen's voice is sinking into a mezzo soprano, we observe that great use is made of the lower notes and that her songs uniformly run low, and we know that the composer always writes for the peculiarities of the singer, particularly in a prima donna, which Miss Stephens undoubtedly is on her own stage.

"Tremble ye Genii in your Caves," *Recitative and Air, sung by Mr. Horn, in Aladdin. 3s.*—The songs allotted to Mr. Horn are undoubtedly the most effective, and probably the best compositions in the opera, but they are generally of too high a class for public sale. The scena in question is one of the most splendidly energetic songs we have ever met with, and conveys a genuine idea of the demoniac exultation which the words express, there is a strong tinge of the old style about it, and, in our opinion, it is more adapted for a tremendous bass voice; but, even as sung by Horn, we were delighted with it.

"My Araby, my noble Steed," *sung by Mr. Sinclair. 2s.*—"Sister I have loved thee well," *Do. Do. 1s. 6d.*—Both these songs are bold and full of energy, and in the hands of a competent singer would have produced an effect; but Sinclair is so dreadfully tame that he paralyzes every thing like soul or feeling. We would almost with as much pleasure hear the dettengen Te Deum on a bird organ, as listen to any thing but a love ditty in his hand, and even that he would flourish to death. "My Araby" is in the boleros style and is very brilliant.

"Ere the Stars of Night Arise," *Duett, Miss Stephens and Miss Johnson, in Do. 2s.*

"Beautiful are the Fields of Day," *Trio, in Do. 1s. 6d.*—This duett on the stage is accompanied by four French horns which produce a peculiar but very pleasing effect; in private, where of course, that style of accompaniment is impracticable, the composition loses much of its beauty, the ter-zetto is short and pleasing, both pieces are of easy execution.

"The Ring, the Ring," *sung by Miss Povey, in Do. 2s.*—A very elegant song, highly appropriate to the stage situation but not adapted to private performance, the successions of sixes are beautiful.

"When in yon fading Sky," *Ballad. B. Gibsone. 1s. 6d. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*—A ballad of an extremely elegant class of simple construction, but highly finished, the modulations are good, the concluding passage particularly original, it requires a singer of considerable taste to do it justice.

"Handel's Songs," *A New Edition, arranged from the Score, by W. Horseley. Mus. Bac. Oxon. Cramer and Co.*—This edition is so well brought out, so cheap, and arranged in so excellent a manner, that though it scarcely comes within our regulations to notice any mere arrangement, we cannot resist bringing this work before the attention of our friends. The songs already out, are "Angels ever," "Arm, Arm," "From mighty Kings," "Lord to Thee," "Pious Orgies," "The Lord worketh Wonders," "Wise men flattering," "Come ever smiling," "From this dread Scene."

"The Blue Bells," *Trio, by B. Gibsone. 2s. 6d. Willis and Co.*—This is truly an elegant trifle, and from its construction, as well as beauty, will become deservedly popular, it is arranged for soprano, tenor and bass, each voice has a solo, and that of the soprano, harmonized as a glee, is repeated between each verse.

"Soft in the East," *sung by Miss Forde, in the Merry Wives of Windsor. G. Hodson. 2s. Willis.*—This is a palpable imitation of "Bid me Discourse," and that class of songs, but sadly inferior in real merit to their original. It is brilliant and pretty, but the harmonies are common place and want the originality of Bishop's style.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

As is usual at the close of the season, the theatres have been busied with benefits. These have superseded all the regular performances, and the houses have been filled less with the habitual friends of the drama, than of the actors. A curious circumstance, and characteristic among a multitude of others, of the utter decline of the national drama, is, that the benefits of the singers have been in all instances incomparably the

more successful; while the actors, including Kemble the manager, have been obliged to introduce concerts into their nights, or to depend on operas. Jones, one of the most animated and popular of living comedians, was thus compelled to rely on Braham and a troop of singers in the heavy and extravagant half-comedy half-opera of "The Slave," for his benefit; and so of the others. Braham, whose voice seems

actually recovering its earlier spirit, and whose old popularity has suddenly returned in all its deserved vigour, had a prodigious audience on his night; and, if we are to believe report, more were turned from the doors than were admitted.

It was a remarkable feature of the season, that the only novelties were two operas: both not unpopular but neither likely to survive, and neither sustaining the reputation of the composers. Bishop's opera of *Aladdin*, magnificent in scenery and decoration, but failing in plot and dialogue, and resting upon the music, had the advantage of coming out at a period when the rival opera had already lost its novelty; and when its faults might have been a warning: but Weber's genius overhung the composer. This opera was an imitation, and though it displayed some graceful conceptions, the result was feebleness and virtual failure.

The vigour, brilliancy, and depth of Weber's style, did not desert him in his opera of *Oberon*; it contained some noble passages, a great deal of finely harmonized music, gave throughout evidence of the great master. But its science was too obtrusive, its melodies were too profound, and the memory of *Der Freischütz* was too splendid and recent for the hope of triumph. It fought its way to the close of the season, and will probably be revived as a curiosity long after it shall have lost all interest as a performance.

Yet now a new and melancholy interest attaches to it from the death of its composer. At the time of Weber's arrival in this country, it was obvious that his health was in a most precarious state, great feebleness of person, a pallid physiognomy, reluctance to move or speak, gave signs of the decay that was so soon to carry him to the grave. He was naturally of a consumptive habit; and the study of his art, an infinitely exhausting and mind-wearying labour, naturally tended to increase his disease. He composed with the intense application of a German; and the dangerous and reckless fervour of an enthusiast. The severest bodily labour is not more exhausting than thought urged to excess; but there is this fatal difference on the side of the mind, that its labours of the day deprive the night of sleep. The peasant flings himself on his bed, and never feels the trouble of existence till morn. The man of genius, lies down without the capacity of rest, tosses from hour to hour in feverish and waking nervousness, or rambles in dreams, not less feverish and still more fearful—

—“Is blown about upon the raving winds,
Hangs on the outside of the pendant world;
Rolls on the ridgy cloud, or thence flung down
Dives in the caverns of the ancient earth,
Or fights the slimy worm in new made graves,
Or lies in the pitchy vault, and sees pale ghosts,
Walk from their leaden beds, and hold wild talk

Of things that make the hair stand up, the bones
And firm-knit muscles shake, the clammy tongue
Cleave to the lips, the chilling blood run back,
Turning the man to stone.”—

Weber is a great loss to the musical world. He was the only man who had attempted originality in our day, perhaps in a much longer period than our day. Mozart's genius is now beyond all question, but his style was *Italian*; if his melodies were his own, his spirit was devoted to the richness, tenderness, and exquisite feeling of the southern school. He was less a German than an Italian in the whole conception of his music; as the poet says,

“More an ancient Roman than a Dane.”

His “*Figaro*” is incomparable, but it is the light and fantastic gaiety of the south. Even his “*Don Giovanni*,” profound and magnificent as it is, and uniting all the boldness of genius with the highest refinement of taste, his *Don Giovanni* the imperishable monument of its composer's fame is Italian, in the deepest rush of its harmonies it is but the rushing of that Roman torrent, which once swept away all the talent of Europe in its stream, and which shall roll on while genius has power to captivate and enthral the human mind.

Rossini's fame, which so long had no rival, was founded upon the double imitation of the German and the Italian schools. His melodies were often exquisite and native, his accompaniments had the depth, the variety, and the lavish use of instruments, that characterize the north. He rose rapidly and seemed to have at length attained that secure height from which eminent talents look down without fear on popular caprice or the changes of time. But his strength has been overpowered at once: his fame is forgotten, his light has been suddenly absorbed and extinguished in the more intense and powerful splendour of *Der Freischütz*. What Weber might have yet done must, of course, be now mere conjecture. But his future powers were not to be concluded on from the partial failure of his *Oberon*. It was in a language of which, with all his zeal he knew little; it was composed under the anxiety of a limited time; it was not the spontaneous suggestion of his own taste; finally, it was *task work*. All this does not imply, that it was not perfectly voluntary, and that the proposition to compose an opera for the British stage was not highly creditable to the proposers, as well as a fair object of ambition to Weber. But every man who knows the natural working of the mind, will know that nothing can be taken as the estimate of its actual powers, but the subject of its own unsolicited suggestion, the meditation of its solitary name, the urgent and instructive passion of its own lonely enthusiasm. Such was the *Freischütz*. The period which it had taken Weber to compose that

most magnificent and original work, was, in one sense, his whole musical life. He has been heard to declare, that some of its symphonies were conceptions that had haunted him from the first time of his having ever dreamed of composition. Their embodying together might have cost him but little time or trouble, but their separate creation was the earlier work of his mind.

What he might have done by further leisure, by returning to the midst of his native associations, and by the full consciousness that the highest musical distinction was to be his reward, it is now unfortunately impossible to ascertain. But the Freischutz is a superb evidence of his possessing the finest and rarest of all the qualities of his art,—originality.

We have already alluded to his feebleness of constitution. It was apparent, almost from his arrival in England, that he was in a state of extreme debility; but so speedy a termination was by no means contemplated. He was a remarkably mild and uncomplaining man; unostentatious and simple in all his habits, he solicited no more commiseration to his bodily suffering, than homage to his professional superiority. But the disease of which he died must have been at every moment giving him painful proof of its progress. He continued to the last, though little disposed to society, and still less to exert himself in conversation, yet gentle, and free from all the irritability so natural to an invalid. He frequently talked of his family, and for the few days preceding his death "home! home!" were almost his only words; but he still struggled with his extreme lassitude, and even on the day before he died, got out of his bed, dined with something of cheerfulness, and talked of returning to Germany. Next morning he was found dead, as in quiet sleep, on his pillow, with his head resting on his hand.

An examination by the medical attendants into the source of his disease, subsequently ascertained that it had so completely seized upon his lungs, that recovery must have been long beyond the power of medicine.

The London musicians and composers, honourably anxious to pay respect to the memory of their foreign brother, proposed to give a grand celebration, the music of which was to be taken from his works, and the profits to be applied partly to defraying the expense of a monument, and partly to be transmitted to his family. As Weber was a Roman Catholic, this celebration was intended to be held in the chapel at Moorfields. On this occasion, some very paltry negotiation seems to have been displayed by the managers of the chapel. It is the public report, that they actually wanted to turn the whole affair into a business of pounds, shillings, and pence; that they even demanded a certain sum for the personal admission of the very per-

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formers! So much a head for Braham, &c.! This was of course negatived, and an application was made at St. Paul's; but the Requiem is a Popish ceremony, and of course this request could not be complied with. They then returned to the Roman Catholic priests again, and the ceremony, we believe, proceeded. The liberality of the whole transaction will, we presume, be recorded in the next oration of the O'Connors and O'Gormans.

The winter theatres are presumed to have had but a disastrous season. The general depression of the times may have assisted this result. Ill luck, which visits theatres as it does graver things, may have had its part; and mismanagement is very equal to have completed this round of disaster. On the last point, a good deal has been said; and we are not authorized to contradict any thing that has been said of the obvious and natural unfitness of the individuals concerned. It has grown into a theatrical axiom, the wisdom of long experience, that the manager of a theatre should be a man perfectly acquainted with theatrical matters; a diligent and determined man in his calling; and, above all, *not an actor*. His being an actor is considered the most unanswerable ground of unfitness for a station, where he must have to judge of the qualities of others without caprice, prejudice, or the remotest idea of personal competition. If a manager be an actor, the play which gives him a prominent part will probably be accepted in preference to the play in which he cannot figure. If a comedian, he will be apt to feel, involuntarily perhaps, that tragedy is a burthen to the world; if a tragedian, comedy must bow its head in silence, and wait for his death or removal. If he plays young characters, the dignity of age will find but sorry reception; if old, youth must linger till the author has transferred his regards to graceful longevity. In short, the whole system of personal feelings and professional rivalries may be presumed, in even the best ordered mind, to have some activity. We protest entirely against any personal imputation on either Mr. Kemble or Mr. Elliston; we believe them both to be generous and high-spirited men, as they certainly have the manners and acquirements of gentlemen; but still, a manager should not be an actor, if it were even from the inevitable absorption of mind connected with acting. There is in the management of a theatre enough to occupy the whole time of any man living. Garrick, it is true, was an actor, but he has left no succession.

With the personal irregularities of individuals we disdain to interfere; but, in the next place, it is clear that a consummately correct and decorous style of conduct before the public, is essential to both public respect, and to that subordination within the walls necessary among the giddy multi-

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tude that make the company and servants of a great theatre. The most acknowledged ability will not compensate for the absence of this exactness. All have seen the miserably harassed career, and still more miserable end of Sheridan himself, perhaps the greatest dramatic genius that ever stood at the head of a theatre since Shakespeare. On this we touch reluctantly, and we touch no more.

It is impossible to look upon the present state of our winter theatres, without contrasting them with the summer ones, which have during the year been sources of affluence to their proprietors. The Haymarket, where a single three act farce, of but little dramatic merit, old in its plot and pointless in its dialogue, has netted probably not less than ten thousand pounds! This success is of course to be shared between the lucky conception of introducing a vulgar, popular character, of which every body must have had some example, and the diligent and close personification of its vulgarity by Liston. Taste shrinks from these things, the true drama disowns the whole buffoonery, and what Sheridan or the elder Colman could not have done were their lives at stake, has been done by the playmaker of the Haymarket. But, the point in question is not the occasional but the continued success of the management; and to this we must give the praise due to diligence, activity, and punctual fidelity to its engagements.

The Adelphi, too, has been a fortune to its proprietors: they, it is true, are actors, but the nature of their company exempts them from the evils of the character. They personally make up the chief strength of their establishment. They are untroubled, they have only their own interests to consult, they have none to rival or be rivalled by; they play neither comedy nor tragedy, but burlettas and melo-dramas; they are rudely careless of dramatic fame, and wisely attentive only to the most rapid means of realizing the income which their general and personal merits amply deserve.

A still stronger contrast is afforded by Covent-Garden in the days of the late Mr. Harris. It was remarkably successful. With a small but select company of actors, it made head against Drury-Lane and Sheridan, with Siddons, Kemble, and the whole *genius* of the stage. It actually fought them down, and the theatre became a source of high opulence. But in the

midst of their success, it was unfortunately burned down. An actor was manager of the new theatre. Kemble's conceptions of theatrical grandeur were suited to his talents; and he determined to make it a fabric in which his whole conceptions could be realized, "to make Covent-Garden theatre worthy of the drama of Shakespeare," were the ill-fated words. He built a colossal edifice, of which till this hour the debt hangs upon the income, and Harris's wealth vanished without hope of return.

This was the work, in part, of ill-fortune, and in part of imprudence; but the original success should not be forgotten; nor the lapses of a retired man in his old age be placed against the prosperous wisdom of his time of vigour. The same attention to details, the same perpetual diligence to discover, stimulate, and even instruct dramatists, the same generous remuneration, and the same habitual justice, fidelity, and activity, which distinguished the elder Harris, must ensure the same successes at any period and in any constitution of the public mind. Dramatic ability may be the very rarest of all: a pre-eminent dramatist may be a phoenix, to be seen but once in five hundred years; but there is and must be a vast deal of minor ability, yet fully equal to public gratification and theatrical prosperity, floating about upon the great expanse of general society. That they have not sought this, or sought it foolishly, or, having found it, neglected, deceived, or disgusted it, we will by no means say of managers; but whatever their wishes or their zeal may have been, they must now feel their error in, we fear, a broken treasury, as we know, in a barren stage.

At the King's Theatre, Pasta still attracts immense crowds. If the fashionable world are pleased, it is not for us to deny their right of being pleased in their own way. "Medea," a new opera, is the present favourite. Our regret is, that it cuts down the ballet to one act, and extinguishes the divertissement altogether.

Vauxhall has opened with a concert sustained by Braham, Sinclair, and other able singers. The scheme is prodigal and popular; but in this climate of clouds, nothing is certain but that it will rain whenever it can.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A portrait of the Marchioness of Winchester, from a painting by Robertson, is being engraved by Thomson.

Archdeacon Coxe has nearly ready for publication "The History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, from 1743 to 1754."

A Resident of Oldbury, New South Wales, has in the press "An Account of Agriculture and Grazing" in that country.

New editions of Carey's and Paterson's Books of Roads are daily expected.

Mr. Sass, author of "Journey to Rome and Naples," is preparing for the press a History of the Arts of Painting and Sculpture in England, with an account of the different Institutions, &c.

The Narrative of a Four Year's Residence in France, by an English Family, is just ready for publication.

A Selection of Sacred Harmony, by J. Coggins, is in the press.

The romance of "Sir John Chiverton" is now just ready.

Mr. Martin's Illustrations of Milton will be completed in the course of the ensuing autumn.

Dr. Ainslie's new work, entitled "Materia Indica," is nearly ready for publication.

The Translation of Llorente's celebrated History of the Inquisition is nearly completed.

Capt. Parry's Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage, will be published in a few days.

Sir Anthony Carlisle announces for publication the Hunterian Oration, delivered last February, on the Natural History and Anatomy of the Oyster.

Two works on the Life of the late Emperor of France are announced as in the press, entitled, "Napoleon, or the Mysteries of the Hundred Days;" and "Napoleon in the other World."

Mr. W. G. F. Richardson, author of "Poetic Hours," is printing, The Life of Carl Theodor Korner, written by his father.

The second part of Simpson's Anatomy for Artists may be expected immediately.

The Sixth Number of Mr. Williams' Select Views in Greece will be published in the course of July.

Mr. Nicholas has in the press, a History of the Battle of Agincourt, from contemporary authorities, the greater part of which have been hitherto inedited; together with a copy of the Roll returned into the Exchequer in Nov. 1416, by command of Henry the Fifth, of the names of the Nobility, Knights, Esquires, and others, who were present on that occasion; and biographical notices of the principal commanders.

In the press, a Treatise on the Divine Sovereignty, in which is contained an Examination of the Scripture Evidence for the Doctrines of Calvinism. By Robert Wilson, A.M.

The Eleventh and concluding Number of Mr. Britton's "Chronological Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical Architecture," will be ready in July, and will contain three double plates, exhibiting; first, A Chronological Series of Arches, Columns, &c.; second, of Windows; and, third, of Towers and Spires.

The Banquet, or the History of Armenia, by Father Michael Chamich; translated from the original Armenian, by Johannes Avdall, and dedicated to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, has just been published by subscription at Calcutta, and a few copies are expected in England very shortly.

The Ninth Part of Mr. Martin's Illustrations of Milton will be published on the 9th inst., and the remainder in the course of the ensuing autumn.

Proposals have been circulated for publishing by subscription an Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Account of the City of Westminster.

Miss Landon has in the press, "The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry; and other Poems."

The History of the Parish Church of St. John, Hampstead, is printing.

Mr. Noble, of Edinburgh, announces "A Grammar of the Persian Language, with a Vocabulary and Index."

The translation of Sismondi's History of the Crusades against the Albigenses, in the Thirteenth Century, will be published in a few days.

Dr. Elliotson is preparing a translation of the last Latin edition of the Institutions of Physiology, by

J. F. Blumenbach, M.D., Professor of Medicine in the University of Gottingen.

In the press, with Plates, the Sheffield Anti-Slavery Album, or, the Negro's Friend; containing,
Zambo and Nila, Zangara,
The Missionary, The Voyage of the Blind,
A Word for the Negroes, Anticipation,
The Discarded Negro, Alonso,
The Voice of Blood, Sebastian,
Sandanee's Dream, The Negro Slave, &c. &c.

Shortly will be published, a new Edition of the Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire, with the original of Counties, Hundreds or Wapentakes, Boroughs, Corporations, Towns, Parishes, Villages, and Hamlets; the Foundation and Origin of Monasteries, Churches, Advowsons, Tythes, Rectories, Impropriations, and Vicarages in general; describing those of this County in particular, &c. &c. By Sir Henry Chauncy, Kt.

. This edition will be a verbatim reprint, and will be illustrated with all the plates (forty-six in number) of the original work.

2. A Picturesque Tour by the New Road from Chiavenna over the Splügen, and along the Rhine, to Coira in the Grisons. Illustrated by twelve Views drawn on the spot by G. C., Esq., and lithographed by F. Calvert, 4to.

Mr. Ackermann will speedily publish a Spanish translation of the History of Ancient Mexico, originally written in Italian by the Jesuit Father Clavigero. This work, which is not so well known in Europe as it deserves to be, contains not only a complete and accurate description of the extensive regions composing New Spain, but also the annals of the Mexican nation, from its establishment in North America to the overthrow of the empire of Montezuma; also a narrative of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, and dissertations of the natural and political history of this interesting country. The translation is by Mr. J. J. Mora, illustrated by twenty engravings by the first artists.

Mr. Perceval, whose History of Italy is before the public, has been for some time earnestly engaged on a History of France, which is designed to extend from the foundation of the French Monarchy to the second restoration of the Bourbon Dynasty to the throne of that kingdom. This undertaking, when completed, will occupy several volumes: the first part embraces the French annals during the middle ages; the materials for a second period, which Mr. Perceval brings down to the conclusion of the wars of the League, are in a state of much forwardness; and the early publication of a considerable portion of the work is therefore at the option of the author.

Nearly ready, in one thick volume, post 8vo. "Words," composed of Essays and Sketches, imaginative and philosophical.

A Concise Historical View of Galvanism is in the press, with Observations on its Chemical Properties, and Medical Efficacy in Chronic Diseases; by M. La Beaume, Medical Surgeon, Electrician, F.L.S., &c.

Memoirs of the Life of M. G. Lewis, Esq. M.P., author of the Monk, &c, are in the press.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biographical Sketches of recently deceased British Characters, commencing with the accession of George IV. with a List of their engraved Portraits. By William Miller. 2 vol. 4to. £3. 3s.

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To Henry R. Fanshaw, Addle Street, London, silk embosser, for an improved winding machine—13th June; 6 months.

To John Ham, late of West Coker, now of Bristol, vinegar-maker, for an improved process for promoting the action of the ascetic acid on metallic bodies—13th June; 6 months.

To Thomas J. Knowlys, Trinity College, Oxford, Esq., for a new manufacture of ornamental metal or metals; communicated to him from abroad—13th June; 6 months.

A List of Patents, which, having been granted in July 1812, will expire in the present Month of July, 1826, viz.

16. Thomas Cobb, Junior, of Banbury, for further improvements in the art of making paper in sheets.

16. John Simpson, of Sutton, Yorkshire, for his method of cleansing, gumming, and scouring whalebone.

16. John Simpson, of Birmingham, for improved lamps, denominated "*Palmer's Birmingham Economic Lamps.*"

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16. Morris Tobias, of Wapping, for his *binnacle time-piece or time-keeper.*

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16. Tebaldo Monzani, London, for improvements in clarionets and German flutes.

22. Thomas Motley, Bristol, for improved letters and characters in relief for signs, show boards, &c.

28. William Smith, London, for an improved gun and pistol lock.

28. John Bellingham, of Leuens, near Rostevor, Ireland, for improved axle-trees.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS

Captain Franklin's Expedition.—A letter has been received from Captain Franklin, dated 7th September 1825, lat. 65°. 11'. N. long 123°. 33'. W. in which that persevering officer congratulates his friend on the prospect he had from Garry's Island of a perfectly open sea, without a particle of ice, "as it is (says he) another step gained in confirmation of your much contested hypothesis; we saw nothing to stop the ships, but, on the contrary, every thing around us strengthened my hope of their effecting the passage." On the island they found plenty of coal and bitumen. They were busy in building a house of wood on the border of the lake, for the convenience of fishing, and the winter—it is called Fort Franklin. The Captain had discharged the Candian voyagers, in order to reduce the establishment. The officers were very zealous and constantly on the alert; and all the men had conducted themselves extremely well, and quite enjoy the service. They were just six months in reaching the Arctic sea after they left Liverpool.—Two letters have likewise been received from Dr. Richardson, dated Bear Lake, September 6, 1825, and Fort Franklin; in one of which he writes: "The cheering view from the summit of Garry's Island of an open and iceless sea, to the eastward and westward, has exhilarated us all, and we look forward to the commencement of our voyage next July with high expectations." Bear Lake, it appears, is 150 miles in length, exclusive of its large arms. The shores of the lake have iron in abundance, and who knows (says Dr. Richardson) what fate has in store for this remote land; in future ages the arts and sciences may choose their favourite retreat at the foot of the rocky mountains, and the bosom of the magnificent Bear

Lake be ploughed by the mighty engines of Watt and Bolton."—In the other letter Dr. Richardson observes, "I have not obtained any certain information respecting the sea to the westward of the Coppermine River, none of the hunters, who are accustomed to go several days' march to the north of this lake, having either seen it or the Esquimaux which inhabit its shores. From this circumstance I am rather inclined to suppose that there is a cape jutting out pretty far to the north, between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers. If such a cape exists, and is the land seen by Captain Parry to the southward of Melville Island, or approaches near to it, it may, by producing accumulations of ice, interpose a serious obstacle to Parry's ships, should they attempt the passage to the southward of Melville Island; but I do not apprehend that we shall be prevented from proceeding along the coast in a boat if we are at all favoured by the weather, and the channels which usually occur between the more fixed ice and the shore. Indeed, I am more than ever convinced that there is, in some seasons at least, if not every year, a passage for drift timber, as the poplar wood which we found on the former voyage must have come from Mackenzie's River, there being no trees of that kind to the northward of Bear Lake, nor on the banks of any river that flows into the Arctic Sea to the eastward. The Indians that have visited the sea at the mouth of Mackenzie's River, report that there is open water in some years only to the eastward, although it is clear of ice every summer to the westward. Their intelligence, however, is to be taken with some allowance, as they do not always visit the coast at the most favourable time for our purpose, the beginning of August;

and Captain Franklin's prosperous voyage of this season has given us the cheering intelligence of perfectly open water both ways on the 16th August."

Russian Voyage of Discovery.—Capt. Kotzebue has lately arrived at Portsmouth on his return to St. Petersburg, in the Russian corvette *Enterprize*, after three years' absence, during which period he has been exploring the coast of North America, adjacent to the Russian settlements, the Alenham Archipelago, the coast of Kamtschatka, and the sea of Ochotsk, taking also the range of the South Sea Islands; visiting the Sandwich Island of Owyhee, since the burial of the King and Queen by Lord Byron. That island was tranquil, and advancing in prosperity. The natives expressed themselves much gratified with the attention bestowed on the remains of their late King and Queen. The *Enterprize* touched at Marria, which place she quitted on the 23d January, when the Spanish settlers had abandoned the idea of separating from the mother country of Spain, from which a new governor had recently arrived with a reinforcement of European troops.

Subscription for Mr. Buckingham.—A public meeting was held on Saturday, June 3, at the Thatched-House Tavern, St. James's, to consider of the propriety of an appeal to the public on the behalf of Mr. Buckingham; when Lord John Russel took the chair, and addressed the meeting in a speech of some length. The Hon. Douglas Kinnaird delivered a very impressive speech, urging with great force the frivolity of the charge on which Mr. Buckingham was banished from India; the tyrannical conduct of the Indian government towards him, and the vindictive meanness with which they pursued him in his exile; their wanton destruction of his property, after he was removed from the means of annoying them; his estimable character and exemplary perseverance in a virtuous career; his undeserved and most overwhelming losses; and the painful situation in which he was now placed, relying wholly upon the sympathy of the public for the means of fulfilling engagements which he had contracted, in the honest belief of full ability to meet them. Mr. Buckingham had a double claim upon the English people: as an honest man, involved in unforeseen and unmerited troubles, he claimed their compassion; as a man oppressed by irresponsible power, he appealed to their sense of justice. The East-India Company had denied him redress; the parliament had done nothing for him; but he (Mr. Kinnaird) trusted that the public, which was above the parliament, would, by their honourable exertions, afford him the redress denied by those who ought to have readily conceded it to him. Mr. Kinnaird concluded by proposing a resolution, recommending a public subscription on ac-

count of the peculiarity of his case.—This address was received by a very numerous and respectable auditory with warm applause. Mr. Hume, Sir C. Forbes, Messrs. Maxfield, Burridge, Hill, Dr. Gilchrist, and Sir J. Doyle, and Mr. Buckingham himself (returning thanks), afterwards addressed the meeting:—at the close of which a subscription was entered into. More than £4,000 have been subscribed.

Poisonous Wounds.—The successful application of the cupping-glass to poisonous wounds has lately been made by Dr. Barry at Paris. By further experiments, it appears, that an animal that has suffered the most fatal effect of the absorption into the blood of poisonous matters may, nevertheless, be restored to life by this treatment; as if the action of the cupping-glass had the power of recalling to the exterior the poison already introduced into the vessels. Dr. Barry strongly recommends the use of the cupping-glass followed by that of the cautery, in cases of the bite of a mad dog, even if the first symptoms of hydrophobia should have shewn themselves.

Canal of the Pyrenees.—The royal canal of the Pyrenees, a plan of which has been presented to the French government, is to continue that of Languedoc from Toulouse to Bayonne. The surveys are all finished, and extend over more than seventy leagues, in the whole of which line there is not a single obstacle of importance. This canal will pass through five fertile departments, the produce of which it will be the means of spreading. A free navigation from one sea to the other, from the Mediterranean to the Western Ocean, will be the immediate consequence of this great undertaking.

Russian Canals.—The government of Russia has given orders for the immediate construction of canals to unite the following rivers: viz. the Moskwa and the Volga, the Sheksna and the Northern Dwina (which will make a direct communication between the ports of Archangel and St. Petersburg, and open a conveyance for indigenous productions towards the Baltic), and, lastly, the Niemen and the Michael, across the kingdom of Poland.

Copenhagen.—Several successful experiments have been made to Macadamize the roads in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen, especially that which leads to the citadel. Several of the Danish journals speak of this process with the greatest praise. The editor of the Zealand Gazette goes so far as to rank it with the invention of steamboats. Professor Bredsdorff, however, has, on the contrary, read in the Agricultural Society of Copenhagen, a dissertation, in which he compares the new roads and the old, and gives a decided preference to the latter.

Ancient Greek Inscription.—In the neighbourhood of Rome an ancient tomb has recently been discovered with a Greek in-

scription, in such tolerable preservation as to allow the following fragments of translation:—"My country is the immortal Rome; my father is its emperor and king." "My name is Allicilla, the beloved name of my mother." "Destined for my husband from infancy, I leave him in dying four sons, approaching to manhood." "It is by their pious hands that I have been placed, still young, in this tomb."

Norbery.—This celebrated oriental scholar died recently at Upsal, aged 79.

French Parties.—A treatise has been published at Paris, under the title of *Les Ministres Prévaricateurs, ou Etreennes aux Favoris des Rois*, with this motto, "La roche Tarpéienne avoisine la Capitole." It affords a perfect sample of the violence of political parties in France, and presents a frightful necrology of about three hundred ministers of state who have been hung, beheaded, burnt, strangled, flayed alive, quartered, drowned, shot, stabbed, stoned, mutilated, tortured, flayed to death, &c. By way, we suppose, of pointing the moral of the work, portraits of the present ministers of France are prefixed to it!!

Cabinet of M. Vernon.—Among the historical relics of M. Denon's cabinet are a great many of the implements which belonged to the Inquisition of Valladolid, the ring of Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, who was assassinated on the bridge of Montereau; plaster casts of the faces of Cromwell and Charles XII., fragments of the bones of the Cid, found in his burying-place at Burgos; fragments of the bones of Abelard and Heloise, taken out of their tomb at Paraclete; the hair of Agnes Sorel, who was buried at Accaboca; part of the mustachio of Henry IV, King of France, found entire on the exhumation of the bodies of the kings of France at St. Denis, in 1793; a fragment of Turenne's shroud; some of Moliere's and La Fontaine's bones; one of Voltaire's teeth; an autograph signature of Napoleon, with a piece of the shirt that he wore at the time of his death, a lock of his hair, and a leaf of the willow under which he lies at St. Helena!!

New and expeditious Mode of Bleaching.—The process of washing by steam, which by the Company proceeds now with great regularity, has given rise to a discovery that promises an equal if not a greater benefit to the public. The Patent Steam Washing Company can, by the aid of their works, and by a peculiar process, bleach linen of a strong thick-twilled substance in twelve hours, which operation, according to the old plan, used to take up several months.

Water Works at Marly.—The old machine having been for a long time in a perishing state, a new machine has been recently constructed, at the expense of the King of France, in which the aid of steam has been called in, and which possesses much greater force and much less danger

of accidental interruption than its predecessor. It has cost about two millions of francs.

Franco Abyssinian Rams.—Lately seven rams, of a new race of sheep were sold by auction in the neighbourhood of Paris. This new race has been produced by the crossing of French ewes with Abyssinian rams, under the enlightened superintendence (as the Parisian journals have it) of the Countess of Cayla. Their fleece surpasses in brilliance any hitherto known in Europe, and they are exceedingly hardy and prolific. There was much competition on the occasion amongst the rich agriculturalists, manufacturers, and amateurs. The finest of the seven, called the Dongola, about two years old, was bought for 2,500 francs by the crown—two others were sold at 1,500 francs each, and the remaining four at various prices, between 1,200 and 1,500 francs.—The beauty of these animal excited general admiration.

Anderson's Account of Cannibalism, as practised in the Island of Sumatra.—We were now in the heart of the cannibal country, and I was determined to investigate the habits and manners of the people among which I remained. I again ascended the hill, to the Batta village, where a large crowd assembled in and round the balei or hall, sharpening cruses and swords, and making cruse-handles. I did not observe the heads of any victims here; but upon speaking to the Rajah of Munto Panri, on the subject, he told me of a man who had been eaten only six days before, at one of the villages close at hand, and that if I wished it he would send and get the head for me. He accordingly despatched some of his people, and shortly afterwards we observed a large party of Battas coming down the mountain with this trophy of victory. This unfortunate wretch was devoured, I was informed, in five minutes, each warrior obtaining only a very small piece. The body was shared out, as children do cakes at home. I shall never forget the impression on my mind at the sight of a bare skull, suspended at one end of a stick, a bunch of plantains on the other extremity, and flung over a man's shoulder. The chief of the village accompanied it, and brought with him to the Rajah of Munto Panri, six slaves, who had been caught two days before, viz. four women and two children. I was offered many slaves, but refused the acceptance of them. I might have seen the disgusting ceremony of eating human flesh, had I chosen to accompany the Rajah to the fort, which he was about to attack with 500 men; but thinking it not improbable that some poor wretch might be sacrificed to show me the ceremony, I declined witnessing it. They seemed quite surprised that I should have entertained a doubt of the prevalence of cannibalism. The Rajah was about to besiege eight forts, under the authority of Rajah Pinding, of the tribe Terdoso. It is not for the sake

of food that the natives devour human flesh, but to gratify their malignant and demon-like feelings of animosity against their enemies. Some few there are, however, of such brutal and depraved habits, as to be unable, from custom, to relish any other food. The Rajah of Tanah Jawa, one of the most powerful and independent Batta chiefs, if he does not eat human flesh every day, is afflicted with a pain in his stomach, and will eat nothing else. He orders one of his slaves (when no enemies can be procured, nor criminals for execution) to go out to a distance, and kill a man now and then, which serves him for some time, the meat being cut into slices, put into joints of bamboo, and deposited in the earth for several days, which softens it. The parts usually preferred, however, by epicures, are the feet, hands, ears, navel, lips, tongue, and eyes.

Singular Canine Anecdote.—St. Bride's church, with its beautiful tower, seems to be quietly sinking back into the oblivion from which it partially merged by the disastrous fire in Fleet-street, which so fully exposed it to the admiration of the public. The narrow chasm which has been penuriously allowed to remain open, will serve more to mock than to gratify the furtive glance which can but for a moment rest on what is or what was called the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Christopher Wren. Passing lately through Fleet-street, and being a stranger to town, I felt attracted by curiosity to have a better view of the church than the partially blockaded opening would allow me. I entered a house of entertainment, whose public room overlooked the church-yard, and presented from its windows a complete view of the east end, and the whole of the north side of this grand structure. Whilst intently gazing on the church, I observed a dog, which repeatedly passed to and fro amongst the tomb-stones, seeming completely at home. A gentleman in the room, observing my attention directed to the dog, told me that the animal had been a voluntary inmate in the church-yard for the last three years; she had followed her master's remains to the grave, and could neither be coaxed nor driven from the place which contained them. For six months, she had lain every night on the grave, and did not attract notice till she was nearly starved by hunger. From that time the neighbours have been kind to the faithful animal; for she now looks in good condition. A kennel is placed for her on the south side of the church: she is considered as a trusty guardian for the dead, and a hallowed self-devoted victim to the memory of her beloved master.—*Brown's Memoirs.*

Curious Relic of Antiquity.—A Greenock newspaper mentions the discovery of a curious piece of antiquity, in a quarry (Auchmead), which is wrought in that part of Scotland. It is described to be a silver or mixed metallic horse-shoe, connected

with a petrification of wood, and both embedded five feet and a half deep in the solid rock. This situation refers it to a period so remote, that even an antediluvian existence is attributed to it.

Population, &c.—In Great Britain, the number of individuals in a state to bear arms, from the age of 15 to 60 is 2,744,847. The number of marriages is about 98,030 yearly; and it has been remarked, that in 63 of these unions there were only 3 which had no issue. The number of deaths is about 332,703 yearly, which makes nearly 25,502 monthly, 6,398 weekly, 914 daily, and 40 hourly. The deaths among the women are in proportion to those of the men as 50 to 54. The married women live longer than those who continue in celibacy. In the country, the mean term of the number of children produced by each marriage is 4; in towns the proportion is 7 for every two marriages. The number of married women is to the general number of individuals of the sex as 1 to 3! and the number of married men to that of all the individuals of the male sex, as 3 to 5. The number of widows is to that of the widowers as 3 to 1: but the number of widows who marry again is to that of widowers in the same case, as 7 to 4. The individuals who inhabit elevated situations live longer than those who reside in less elevated places. The half of the individuals die before attaining the age of 17 years. The number of twins is to that of ordinary births as 1 to 65. According to calculations founded on the bills of mortality, one individual only in 3,126 attains the age of 100 years. The number of births of the male sex is to that of the female sex as 96 to 95.—*Edinburgh Phil. Journal.*

Culture of Turnips.—The following is a successful method employed by Mr. Knight, of Downton, in the culture of turnips in seasons like the present. "The manure was taken from the heap, and immediately spread, and the seed was sown in large quantities, about four pounds to an acre, upon the dung without loss of time. The ground was then immediately collected into what are called out-bout ridges of 27 inches wide, that being just half the ordinary space between the wheels of a cart or waggon. The seed was thus chiefly collected into the middle of the ridge, and intermixed with the moist manure. It in consequence immediately vegetated, and the plants were seen to rise abundantly on the tops of the ridges, the most favourable situation for their future growth. I have seen this mode of culture succeed perfectly, when every other has failed. I will take the opportunity of pointing out some purposes, to which common fern may be applied with advantage in seasons, which, like the present, threaten a deficiency of food for cattle during the succeeding winter. Some years ago, I cut before Midsummer, a large quantity of fern, with the intention of

using it for litter only; and I found that both my cows and horses ate it with avidity, and appeared to thrive upon it. This plant contains a very large portion of mucilage at this season, and also of saline matter; which render the manure obtained from it extremely valuable."

Earthquake.—At the end of October, an earthquake was experienced at Shirauz, in Persia, which destroyed many buildings; and, among other national monuments, overthrew the celebrated tombs of Hafiz and Saadi. Thus, two years in succession has this part of the world been visited by the same appalling phenomenon.

Vaccination.—In other countries of Europe general vaccination is ordered by government: no one who has not had cow-pox or small-pox can be confirmed, put to school, apprenticed, or married. Small-pox inoculation is prohibited; if it appears in any house, that house is put under quarantine. By such means the mortality from the small-pox in 1818 had been prodigiously lessened. In Copenhagen, it was reduced from 5,500 during 12 years to 158 during 16 years. In Prussia it was reduced from 40,000 annually to less than 3,000; and in Berlin, in 1819, only 25 persons died of this disease. In Bavaria only five persons died of small-pox in eleven years, and in the principality of Anspach it was completely exterminated. In England, on the other hand, in England, the native country of this splendid and invaluable discovery, where every man acts on these subjects as he likes, crowds of the poor go unvaccinated; they are permitted not only to imbibe the small-pox themselves, but to go abroad and scatter the venom on those they meet. A few years ago it broke out in Norwich, and carried off more persons in one year than had ever been destroyed in that city by any one disease, except the plague. A similar epidemic raged at Edinburgh; and last year it destroyed within one of 1,300 persons in the London bills of mortality.

Law.—It appears from a return made to the House of Commons in 1822, that a near relation of the Lord Chancellor has received from him a grant of the six following offices:—1. Register of affidavits in the Court of Chancery; 2. Clerk of the letters-patent to the Court of Chancery; 3. Receiver of the fines of Lunatics; 4. One of the Cursitors for London and Middlesex; 5. The clerkship of the Crown in Chancery in reversion; and 6. The grant of the office for the execution of the laws and statutes concerning bankrupts, in reversion likewise. All of these offices are for life, and all of them are executed by deputy. The annual amount of each is set down in the report at the several sums of 1,260l. 14s. 10d.; 451l. 5s. 5d.; 581l. 2s.; 500l.; 1,081l.; and 4,554l.; and some of them are believed to be rated much below their present real value. Of the four first he is now in actual possession, receiving

from them probably not much less than 3,500l. a year, and should he survive the occupant of the other two, the reversion will swell his income to about 9,000l. a year. It certainly is true that the Lord Chancellor has in strictness right to bestow these places upon whom he pleases; but the gentlemen alluded to has never done, or been required to do, any service to the law; and whether Lord Eldon holds beneficial appointments himself, or confers them on his immediate connexions, a certain degree of moderation ought never to be disregarded.—*Miller on the State of the Civil Law.*

The Stone.—M. Thibault (de l'Orme), a young medical professor of great distinction in France, has just presented to the Academy of Surgery in Paris, a paper in which he describes a new method of dissolving the stone in the bladder. Few inventions have laid under contribution a greater number of the sciences, and few have ever promised more happy results. A most ingeniously constructed instrument conducts into the bladder a little pocket, very thin in its texture, but capable of resisting the action of the strongest acids. By an admirable mechanical contrivance, the stone is enclosed in the pocket, which is subsequently closed in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of the escape of any of the liquids which are injected into it. The action of the dissolvents, powerful in itself, is augmented by the electrical current of the voltaic pile, which, alone, is capable of dissolving the hardest bodies. This paper has excited a great sensation; and the report of the Academy upon it, which will no doubt contain the details necessary to the elucidation of this most valuable invention, is expected with considerable impatience.

Translation of Boethius.—By the industry and research of Mr. Lemon, very extraordinary and interesting discoveries have recently been made in the State Paper Office. Amongst other valuable papers, an entire translation of Boethius, by Queen Elizabeth; the prose in the hand writing of her Majesty's Secretary, and the whole of the poetry in the Queen's own autograph. Parts of a poetical translation of Horace, written by the Queen, have likewise been found. What is far more important, as it relates to the history of that period, nearly all the documents connected with the events that occurred during the reign of Henry VIII., especially the King's various divorces, have likewise been brought to light; particularly the whole case of Catherine Howard. It is intended to submit these literary and historical relics to his Majesty.

Navigation of Balloons.—In Mr. Jolliffe's narrative of his recent balloon excursion from Regent's Park, in company with M. Cornillot, he says "I think I may assert,

with confidence, that a balloon may, without difficulty, be impelled in an horizontal direction, at any required point of elevation; at the distance, for example, of two or three hundred yards from the earth's surface—and that wishing to take 'a sail in the air,' may gratify his inclination (if confined within the limits just mentioned), without incurring any greater risk than that to wish he would be subjected should he choose to 'swim in a gondola.'

Egyptian Antiquity.—Chevalier Drovetti has presented to the king of France a remarkable monument of antiquity, which he found at Sais in Egypt. It consists of a single piece of rose-coloured granite, eight feet three inches (French) in height, five feet one inch in breadth, and four feet eight inches in depth. The sides are all ornamented with hieroglyphics, which M. Champollion Figeac expounds to mean, 1st. that this stone was dedicated to Neith, the tutelar goddess of the city of Sais; 2dly. that in the niche or opening in the front of this sanctuary was encased and fed her living symbol, a vulture; 3dly. that the stone was consecrated by the Amasis. Net-se, the son of Neith, who is the Amasis of the 26th Egyptian dynasty, a native of Sais, and the same who, after a reign of forty years, was vanquished by Cambyes. This makes the date of the monument between 530 and 570 years before the Christian era.

Russia.—The agricultural society of Moscow, over which Prince Galitzin presides, and to which the late Emperor Alexander gave a considerable grant of land near Moscow, for the purpose of esta-

blishing a farm, is going on very prosperously. It has already collected in its school above eighty pupils from various parts of Russia, even from Kamskatcha; and the journal of its proceedings has been so much in demand, that it has been found necessary to reprint the volume for the first two years.

Idol.—Captain Coe, commander of the squadron in the East-Indies, has presented to the Cambridge University an alabaster statue of a Burmese idol, taken from the sacred grove near Ava, and two religious books beautifully executed on the palmyra leaf, to which none but the Burmese priests are permitted to have access.

Navigation of Rivers.—A. M. Lagnel has constructed a machine which is at present at work on the Rhone, by which he contrives to tow vessels against the stream at the rate of three quarters of a league in the hour; the ordinary rate of vessels towed by horses being two leagues and a half, or three leagues a day. He has presented a model of this machine, on the scale of an inch to a foot, to the French Academy of Sciences.

Discovery of a new Island.—In July last the Pollux Dutch sloop of war, Captain Eeg, discovered a new and well-peopled island in the Pacific, to which the name of *Nederlandich Island* was given. Its latitude and longitude laid down at 7° 10' S. and 177° 33' 16" E. from Greenwich. The natives were athletic and fierce, great thieves; and, from their shewing no symptoms of fear when muskets were discharged, evidently unacquainted with the effects of fire arms.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

The present month, though barren in parliamentary debates, has been very fruitful with respect to the electioneering spirit that has pervaded it. From the 8th, nothing of consequence has occurred either in or out of Parliament (whose session though prolific in point of acts has been somewhat destitute of importance), but the noise, tumult and party violence of London and provincial elections. To begin as in duty bound with the metropolis, after a severe struggle, Messieurs Thompson, Waithman, Wood and Ward, have been returned members for the City, to the exclusion of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor (Venables). At Southwark a contest still more severe has taken place, which however has terminated, contrary to expectation, in the re-election of Sir Robert Wilson, of Spanish and continental celebrity. One circumstance occurred during this election, which may serve to convey an idea of the excitement requisite to stir up the public mind on occasions of this nature. The celebrated Lavalette was every day exhibited, like a lion, on the hustings, in order that

not one of the achievements of Sir Robert in the cause of liberty should be overlooked. This clap-trap, we understand, was got up by means of his managing Committee, at least, so says report. Throughout the country peace, if we except Preston, has been hitherto tolerably well preserved. Here Cobbett, the indefatigable plebeian Cobbett, has been ruling in all his plenitude of insolence and vulgarity. Not only has he contrived with his usual adroit felicity to turn all his staunchest admirers into enemies; but, after going through the whole vocabulary of Billingsgate, and bespattering Messieurs Wood, Stanley and Barrie, with the mud showers of his abuse, has fairly given his Committee the slip, and bolted for a few days (to use a sporting term) from the Preston course. At Ilchester, Hunt has rendered himself equally notorious; but, by displaying greater command of temper, and giving in more shrewdly, as it were to local prejudices, has rendered himself no contemptible opponent of Sir T. Lethbridge. At Reading party-spirit has been carried to an unusual excess: the inhabitants of this bo-

rough have from time immemorial been reformers in the most extended sense of the word; Mr. Monck, though himself a Whig and professing the most enlightened principles of the party, is yet not sufficiently a party-man to please this peculiar borough. Consequently, though he "hath made his election sure," he has been notwithstanding unpopular, inasmuch as his conduct has been throughout contrasted with that of Mr. Spence, his favourite and successful colleague. In Northumberland the cause of the ministry has been chiefly triumphant; the same, with one or two exceptions, throughout Wales. At Westmoreland, however, the mighty struggle between Brougham and the supremacy of the Lowthers, has already taken place. All parts of the north are convulsed with the impending struggle; party-spirit rages throughout, to an ungovernable excess, and it is as yet a moot point whether the great advocates of Aristocracy and Protestantism, or the eloquent upholders of Whiggism and Catholic Emancipation will gain the day. A word or two before we quit the subject of elections, on this last topic. The "No Popery" cry, as it is somewhat quaintly called, has now become feeble in voice and spirit; it is no longer the *sine qua non* of a member of parliament; for many have been elected, who are not only in favour of the Catholics, but have even distinguished themselves (Brougham for instance) by the most violent and decided measures in their behalf: this is an instance of the spread of intellect, and the "march of mind," as Mr. Brougham observed on the hustings. We have nothing further to mention in our political summary which must of course be brief, on the subject of home politics; with respect to the continent all has been equally pacific: the Emperor Nicholas still perseveres in his intentions of following the footsteps of Alexander, and has already transmitted overtures of a pacific nature to the Reis Effendi at Constantinople. The poor Greeks meanwhile, in the midst of all this show of mildness and humanity, seem unanimously devoted to slaughter—to slaughter of the most fiendish, unrelenting and exterminating nature. Never during the brightest ages of Grecian glory, did these noble-minded warriors evince truer patriotism than they have

done for these ten years past. But all is vain; they are doomed to destruction, and the pinnacles of Saint Sophia drip with the blood of the Ionian heroes. Ibrahim Pacha is yet at Trippolitza, awaiting only a due reinforcement in order to enable him to commence operations against Napoli di Romania. Lord Cochrane has promised to talk to him. Spain still preserves its legitimate claims to barbarism and bigotry, and has the singular merit of being a century behind the rest of Europe in all arts of politeness and humanity. France is quiet and jesuitical: and Portugal, though at the commencement of the month it seemed threatened (through the intrigues of the Queen mother) with anarchy, has by good luck escaped all civil and political revolution. The partial rebellion of Saint Petersburg has been reduced; the insurgents have been banished to Siberia; and this, with the account of the Emperor of Austria's dangerous indisposition (which we merely notice *en passant*) completes our digest of the month.

NEW ENGLISH PEERS. — *Whitehall, June 13, 1826.*—His Majesty has been pleased to create the following new Peers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Frederick William Earl of Bristol, to be Earl Jermyn of Horningsherth, Suffolk, and Marquess of Bristol.

William Marquess of Thomond, to be Baron Tadcaster, of Tadcaster, York.

Ulick John Marquess of Clanricarde to be Baron Somerhill, of Somerhill, Kent.

James Earl of Balcarras, to be Baron Wigad, of Haigh-Hall, Lancaster.

Thomas Viscount Northland, to be Baron Ranfurly, of Ramphorlie, Renfrew.

Sir Charles Long, Knight, &c. to be Baron Farnborough, of Bromley Hill Place, Kent.

Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart. to be Baron de Tabley, of Tabley-House, Chester.

James Archibald Stuart Wortley Mackenzie, Esq. to be Baron Wharnccliffe, of Wortley, York.

Charles Duncombe, Esq. to be Baron Feversham, of Duncombe Park, York.

Charles Rose Ellis, Esq. to be Baron Seaford, of Seaford, Sussex.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

VON WEBER.

June 5.—Carl Maria Von Weber was born on the 18th of December 1786, at the town of Entin, in Holstein. From his earliest years he evinced the possession of superior talents, which were fostered by the unremitting and anxious solicitude of his father, under whose superintendence he received a liberal and classical education.

His time was devoted to the study of music and painting; but, manifesting a decided preference for the former, he was, when ten years of age, placed under the tuition of Heuschkel, to whose instructions he was indebted for much of the energy and effective style of his performance on the piano-forte. With this learned and eminent professor he remained a twelvemonth, after

which he successively prosecuted his studies under Michael Haydn, Kalcher, and Vogler. His first publication appeared in 1798, and consisted of six fugues in four parts, distinguished for purity and correctness, and which received a favourable notice in the "*Musikalische Zeitung*." It was while with Kalcher that he began to devote himself exclusively to the study of operatic music, and it was under the inspection of that master that his opera of *Die Macht der Leibe und des Weins*, (the Power of Love and Wine) was written. This, with a mass, and some other pieces composed at the same period, was subsequently destroyed. In 1800, he produced his opera of *Das Waldmädchen* (the Girl of the Wood) which was performed with great success at Vienna, Prague, and St. Petersburg. Considering it, however, as an immature performance, Weber used every effort to check its circulation, and having carefully revised and re-arranged it, it was re-published in the year 1806, under the title of "*Sylvana*." A notice of this opera in the "*Musikalische Zeitung*," suggested to the mind of Weber the idea of composing in an entirely new style, and of reviving the use of the ancient wind instruments. With this view, he composed, in 1801, the opera of "*Peter Schnell and his Neighbours*." Although it met with little success on its performance at Augsburg, the high praise conferred upon it by Michael Haydn, shews it to have been a work of great merit.

In the progress of a journey which he made in 1802 to Leipsic, Hamburgh, and Holstein, he collected and studied all the works which treated of the theory of music; but, entertaining doubts as to the correctness of the rules laid down in most of them, he recommenced the study of harmony from its very elements, with the view of forming a system of his own, in which he combined many original ideas with the best rules of the ancient, and the improvements of the modern masters. His analysis of Sebastian Bach's "*Vogler, 12 Chorale*," is a work of much research, and of great utility. In the year 1804, on the completion of his musical education under the Abbé Vogler, he accepted the offer of the directorship of music at Breslau, where he resided until the year 1806, when the commencement of the war in Prussia obliged him to leave that city. While at Breslau, he composed his opera of "*Rübezahl*," or Number Nip.

In 1806, he accepted an offer from the Duke of Wurtemberg, and removed to Carlsruhe in Silesia, where he composed two symphonies, several concertos, and other pieces. He also produced his "*Sylvana*," a Cantata, "*Der erste Ton*," some overtures, and several solo pieces for the piano-forte.

In 1810, he made a successful tour through Frankfort, Munich, and Berlin, and on his return composed, under the Abbé Vogler, his operetta of *Abon Hassan*.

In 1813, Weber visited Prague, where for three years he was engaged in remodeling the opera of that city. At Prague he composed his Cantata, *Kampf und Sieg*, and a melo-drama, entitled *Preciosa*, or, the Gypsy Girl. The German cities now vied with each other in making him the most advantageous offers, all of which he refused, until invited to Dresden, for the purpose of forming there a German opera. This appointment he held until his death.

His celebrated opera of *Der Freischütz* was produced at Berlin, on the 21st of June 1821; and in November 1823, his *Euryanthe* was performed at Vienna, but did not succeed. *Der Freischütz* first appeared in an English dress at the English Opera House, in the summer of the year 1824, where its success was such as to induce the managers of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres to bring it out at their respective houses in the ensuing winter. With some slight alterations in the story, and aided by the most magnificent scenery, the popularity of *Der Freischütz* was unequalled and led to an invitation to its author to visit England, to compose an opera expressly for the English stage. The offer was accepted, and he fulfilled his engagement by the production of *Oberon*, which was performed at Covent Garden on the 12th of May, in the present year.

His health was evidently much impaired previously to his arrival in England, and, since his residence in this country, it gradually became worse until the 3d of June, when his disorder (a pulmonary affection of long standing) received so sudden and violent an accession, as to preclude all hope of recovery. On the morning of Monday, June 5, he died at the house of Sir G. Grant, in Great Portland Street. He was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The following Wednesday, June 7, had been fixed upon for an attempt to revisit his native country.

The opera of *Der Freischütz*, with all the original music, was to have been performed at Covent Garden Theatre, for the benefit and under the superintendence of the composer, but his increasing indisposition preventing his attendance, it was postponed. On the 26th of May, Weber gave a concert at the Argyll Rooms, at which he presided. Amongst other new compositions with which he delighted the audience, was a song from *Lalla Rookh*, composed for Miss Stephens, and which he himself accompanied on the piano-forte. The melody only of this song has been committed to paper, the composer supplying the accompaniments from memory. Weber is understood to have left but one work in manuscript, of any importance, a production which was to be entitled "*Kunstler Leben*" (Life of Artists) upon which he had been employed several years. It consists of a narrative of

the principal events of his life, with observations on great musical works and on the most eminent of ancient and modern composers. He was the author of many articles in the Leipzig Musical Gazette, and also in the *Alendzeitung*, an evening paper of Dresden.

He has left a widow and two children. On the 21st of June, his remains were interred with great solemnity in the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Moor Fields, most of the distinguished characters in the theatrical and musical world attending as mourners. At the close of the funeral service, Mozart's Requiem was sung by the whole choir.—The following is the inscription on the coffin plate:—

Hic jacet CAROLUS MARIA FREYHERR VON WEBER. Nuper Præfectus Musicorum Sacelli Regii Apud Regum Saxonum Natus Urbæ Eutin, inter Saxones Die XVI. Decembris MDCCLXXXVI. Mortuis Londini Die V. Junii MDCCCXXVI. Anno Quadragesimo Ætatis Sux.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

May 16.—Her Majesty the Empress Elizabeth Alexrowna, relict of the late Emperor Alexander (before her marriage the Princess Louisa Maria Augusta), was the second daughter of the Hereditary Prince Charles Louis of Baden, who died in 1801. She was born on the 24th of January 1779, and married in 1793. Her Majesty's eldest sister is the Queen Dowager of Bavaria: her youngest sisters are Frederica, late Queen of Sweden, and the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt. Her imperial Majesty never recovered the shock which she sustained on the death of the Emperor, upon whom, during his last illness, she attended with unremitting and devoted affection. A proclamation issued on the occasion of her death, thus concludes:—"This afflicting event took place after a long sickness both of mind and body, which ended in a total extinction of the vital powers, so that her Majesty, on her way from Taganrok, was obliged to stop in the town of Beleff, in the government of Tver, where she died."

SIR ARCHIBALD MACDONALD.

May 18.—The Right Honourable Sir Archibald Macdonald, Bart. late Chief Baron of the Exchequer, was a member of the very ancient house of Macdonald, a family of Norwegian origin, and long independent of the Scottish kings. He was born in the year 1747, the third and posthumous son of Sir Alexander Macdonald, of Margaret Montgomery, daughter of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglintown. He was consequently uncle to Godfrey Bosville Macdonald, the present Baron Macdonald, of State, in the County of Antrim. He was bred to the English bar, but his practice lying chiefly in Scotch appeals was never very extensive. Good fortune, how-

ever, introduced him to the acquaintance of Lady Louisa Levison Gower, the eldest daughter of the late Marquess of Stafford, to whom he was united on the 26th of December 1777. He was soon afterwards elected M.P., for the Borough of Hindon; and, in the year 1780, he was, through the interest of the Stafford family, appointed King's counsel, and raised to the dignity of a Welsh judge. At the general election in the same year, he was returned M.P. for Newcastle-under-Line. As a parliamentary speaker, he is understood to have been easy and fluent, perspicuous and concise. Lord Stafford, on joining the Pitt administration, procured for him in 1784, the office of Solicitor General; and, in 1788, on the promotion of Sir Pepper Arden to be Master of the Rolls, he was knighted, and appointed Attorney-General in his room. After a few years longer practice at the bar, he was promoted to be Chief Baron of the Exchequer, having been previously called to the degree of Serjeant at Law. As a judge, he conducted himself with great candour and impartiality; in private life, he was distinguished by the most amiable and gentlemanly manners. By his marriage with Lady Louisa Gower, he had five children, two or three of whom, we believe, survive their parent. One of his daughters, a beautiful, elegant, and interesting young woman, died at Lisbon, in the year 1802, shortly after her arrival there in the hope of recovering her health. Sir Archibald Macdonald was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom, on the 27th of November 1813. He died at his house, Duke Street, Westminster, where he had resided many years.

LORD INGESTRIE.

May 23.—Charles Thomas, Viscount Ingestrie, the second son of Earl Talbot, was born on the 11th of July 1802. His lordship, who had been some time upon the continent, was taking his usual ride in the Park at Vienna, when his horse ran away with, and threw him, and he was taken up dead. It is remarkable that, on the day after his lordship's death, one of his younger brothers met with an accident while driving a horse unaccustomed to harness, through the Park at Ingestrie in a low carriage on four wheels. The horse set off at full speed and attempted to leap a gate. In consequence the shafts broke, and the young nobleman falling forward, had his thigh forced with such violence between the front of the carriage and the gate, that it received a severe fracture.

THE DUKE OF MONTMORENCY LAVAL,

March.—The Duke Matthieu de Montmorency Laval, cousin of the Duke of Montmorency, the Premier Christian Baron of France, was born at Paris, in the year 1767. Matthieu is an early Christian name in this family, having been borne in

the twelfth century by Montmorency, the Grand Constable of France, who married a daughter of Henry I. of England. From that time to the present, the Montmorencies have filled some of the highest stations under the French monarchy. The subject of this sketch, when a boy, served in America, in the regiment of Auvergne, which was commanded by his father, Viscount de Laval. On his return to France, he obtained the reversion of a captaincy in the guards of the Count d'Artois. When the states-general were convoked, he was elected as their deputy by the nobility of the Bailiwick of Montfort l'Amausy; and being a young man, animated with the grand ideas of liberty, then prevalent, he was the first to deposit on the table of the Constituent Assembly, his titles of nobility, as a sacrifice to the new and fascinating doctrine of equality. Soon finding, however, that liberty, as enjoyed by the French revolutionists, was the sanction of murder and every atrocious crime, he became a voluntary exile, and, in Switzerland, he found an asylum at Coppet, the residence of Madame de Staël. With that celebrated woman he formed a friendship which remained unbroken till her death. The execution of his brother, which took place in 1794, affected him deeply, and he endeavoured to find consolation in the duties of religion. In 1795, he returned to France, only to be thrown into prison, from which, however, he was after some time released, and allowed to remain unmolested for several years. At that period he refused to accept any office, led a sort of monastic life, and devoted himself to works of charity. In 1811, his friendship with Madame de Staël drew upon him the punishment of exile; and, although he obtained his recall, he was always kept under the *surveillance* of the police. On the overthrow of Buonaparte, in 1814, the Viscount de Montmorency was the first to hasten to Nanci, to join Monsieur, now Charles X., whom he accompanied to Paris as his aid-de-camp, and received a distinction still more flattering, the appointment of Chevalier d'honneur to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. In pursuance of this duty, he attended the princess to Bourdeaux, and, after seeing her safe to London, he joined Louis XVIII. at Ghent. By the battle of Waterloo, he was again restored to his country, and called to the house of peers, in which assembly he has been generally regarded as an ultra-royalist. When, in 1821, his party gained the ascendancy, he was admitted into the cabinet, as minister for the foreign department. In conjunction with M. de Chateaubriand, he was sometime after despatched to the congress of Verona. His conduct upon that occasion was universally admitted to be frank and honourable; but, in consequence of his differing in opinion with M. de Villele, respecting the expedition of the French into Spain, he found it

expedient to resign his ministerial office. Louis XVIII. was then pleased to testify his opinion of his services by raising him to a dukedom. Montmorency remained ever afterwards out of office; but he enjoyed the unbounded personal confidence of the royal family, by whom the extreme fervour of his religious sentiments was not regarded as any defect of character. On the contrary, it was probably the cause of his being selected to superintend the studies of the young Duke de Bourdeaux. The Duke was recently chosen a member of the French Academy; but, at the reading of his inaugural speech, he appeared to be suffering under a serious illness which rapidly grew worse, and, about the middle of March, he was considered to be in imminent danger: he seemed shortly after to recover a little, but the hope proved fallacious. He went to several churches to offer up his thanksgivings: at the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, he had scarcely knelt down, when, by a sudden and fatal shock, he fell dead on the pavement!

DR. MILNER.

The Rev. John Milner, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Castaballa, in Ireland, and Vicar Apostolic for the Middle District of England, died at Wolverhampton, in the early part of May. This divine, distinguished equally as an antiquary, a theologian, and a party writer, was educated at St. Omer's. When he took orders, he became priest to a Roman Catholic congregation at Winchester. The warmth with which he advocated the cause of the Church of Rome, both in writing and preaching, obtained for him the appointment of bishop. On the agitation of the Catholic question some years ago, the Irish priesthood nominated him the agent for the management of their cause in England; but his conduct in the affair of the veto, and some of his assumptions, so much offended the Romanists in this country, that several strong resolutions were passed respecting his conduct. He afterwards repaired to Rome with other Irish prelates, to get a declaration rescinded, by which our sovereign was allowed a veto in the appointment of Catholic Bishops. To those who are desirous of tracing the literary, theological, and political career of Dr. Milner, the subjoined list of his works may prove acceptable:—Discourse on his Majesty's Recovery, 8vo. 1789; Discourse delivered at the Consecration of Dr. William Gibson, Bishop of Acanthos, 8vo. 1791; Certain Considerations on Behalf of the Roman Catholics, 8vo. 1791. The Divine Right of Episcopacy 8vo. 1791; Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George, Patron of England, 8vo., 1792; Ecclesiastical Democracy detected, 8vo. 1792; Funeral Oration delivered on Occasion of the Murder of Louis XVI., 8vo. 1793; A Reply to the

Report published by the Cisalpine Club, on the Protestation, 8vo. 1795; Dissertation on the Modern Style of altering Ancient Cathedrals, 4to. 1793; The History and Survey of the Antiquities of Winchester, 4to. 1799; Letters to a Prebendary, being an Answer to Reflections on Popery, by the Rev. Dr. Sturges, 4to. 1800; An Elucidation of the Conduct of Pope Pius VII. with respect to the Bishops and Ecclesiastical Affairs of France, 8vo. 1802; The Case of Conscience solved, in answer to Mr. Reeves, on the Coronation Oath, 8vo. 1802; A View of the Chief Arguments against the Catholic Petition, 8vo. 1805; A Pastoral Address to the Catholics of the Middle District, 8vo. 1806; Authentic Documents relative to the miraculous Cure of Winifred White, of Wolverhampton, at St. Winifred's Well, in Flintshire, 8vo. 1806; Inquiry into certain Vulgar Opinions concerning the Catholic Inhabitants and Antiquities of Ireland, 8vo. 1808; An Examination of an Article in the Antijacobin Review, on Sir John Cox Hippesley's Additional Observations, 8vo. 1808. Substance of a Sermon preached at the Blessing of the Catholic Chapel of St. Chad, Birmingham, 8vo. 1809; An Elucidation of the Veto, 8vo. 1810; Letters on the Question respecting the Veto introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Ponsonby, 8vo. 1810; Instructions addressed to the Catholics of the Midland Counties of England, 8vo. 1811; Treatise on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of England, 8vo. 1811; A short Pamphlet in No. VI. of the Pamphleteer on the Catholic Question, &c.

DR. SYMMONS.

April 27.—The Rev. Charles Symmons, D.D. who died at his villa, at Chiswick, where he had resided many years, was a native of Wales. The early part of his collegiate education was at Clare-hall, Cambridge; but was afterwards incorporated of Jesus College, Oxford, where, in the year 1794, he took his bachelor's and doctor's degrees. He, at that period held the rectory of Narbeth, in Pembrokeshire, and was one of the prebendaries of Brecon.

Living in retirement at Chiswick, Dr. Symmons greatly distinguished himself in the literary world. The loss, however, of his son and daughter—young persons of considerable talent, and of still greater promise,—in comparatively early life, imparted a melancholy tinge to his character. In politics he was a stern and unbending whig; and he enjoyed the friendship of the late and present Marquesses of Lansdowne, Charles Fox, Dr. Parr, &c.

In the capacity of editor, reviewer, commentator, or biographer, Dr. Symmons was incessantly occupied. His best known original publications were as follow:—A Sermon for the Benefit of decayed Clergymen in the Diocese of St. David's 1789; Inez, a Dramatic Poem, 8vo. 1797; The Life of John Milton, 8vo. 1806; The Prose Works of John Milton, with the Life of the Author, 7 vols., 8vo. 1806; Poems by Caroline Symmons, and Charles Symmons, D.D., 8vo. 1813; A Version of The Æneid of Virgil, 4to. 1817, and second edition, 2 vols, 8vo. 1820; and, very recently, a Life of Shakespeare, prefixed to Mr. Singer's edition of the works of our great dramatist. Refuting the calumnies of Dr. Johnson, his Life of Milton is one of the best specimens of biography in the English language. His translations, however, of some of the Latin and Italian poems of Milton, are far inferior to those of Cowper. In his Life of Shakespeare, Dr. Symmons has evinced a keen perception and a lively feeling of the exalted genius of his subject. His translations of Virgil's Æneid, is also a masterly work. Summarily, it may be said of him, that he was a profound scholar, a writer of great elegance and animation, both in prose and verse; a man of a truly benevolent heart and liberal mind. He was an occasional contributor to the Monthly Review; and at one period, he was connected with the British Press newspaper. In him, that excellent institution, the Literary Fund, possessed one of its warmest and most efficient supporters. We think it creditable to his literary judgment, that he was a staunch believer in the authenticity of Rowley's Poems.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE febrile disorder mentioned in the last report as having set in about the middle of May has continued, and even increased in violence, so that it may fairly be said to constitute, at the present moment, the epidemic of the season. The usual course and character of the disease are as follow:—The patient, with little or no warning from previous feelings of languor, becomes suddenly affected with heats and flashes, a sense of pain, weight, or great uneasiness about the pit of the stomach, and loss of power in the lower extremities. To these leading or common symptoms are superadded many others, depending however principally upon the habit of body of the individual. In full others in whose constitutions irritability predominates. Shortness of breath accompanies the disease in one case; a dry teasing cough, in another. The nervous system appears to the reporter to be very little, and never at all seriously affected in this prevailing disorder. What its course may be when uninfluenced by medical treatment we can hardly

venture to form a judgment, for the suddenness of seizure, and the urgency of the symptoms induce all parties to apply instantly for assistance. But he is convinced that with common attention, it is a perfectly *mild* disorder. It runs its course with the aid of medicine, in about five or six days, and appears to leave no dregs behind it. The convalescence is as rapid as the attack was unexpected; and this indeed may be laid down as a rule of very general application in the practice of medicine. The disease itself appears to consist in a disturbed condition of the functions of the upper bowels, particularly the stomach and liver. In some cases, the disorder spreads upwards, so as to interfere with the offices of the diaphragm and lungs. In other cases the inferior portions of the alimentary canal participate in the derangement. The reporter is inclined to believe that distension of the gall bladder is, under common circumstances, the *immediate* cause of many of the most urgent gastric, or *bilious* symptoms as they are called. Hitherto, it does not appear that the *quality* of the bile, as secreted by the liver, is materially affected. By accumulation, it is probably rendered somewhat more viscid and irritating, but it is a reasonable supposition, that while the brain and nervous system continue unaffected, the *secretion* of bile will not be seriously interfered with. At a more advanced period of the season, especially if the same heated condition of the atmosphere continues which has been remarked since the present month began, there is every reason to expect that the fever will assume a more formidable character, and be the occasion perhaps of no inconsiderable mortality.

The reporter has continued to experience the beneficial effects of calomel in this disease. He looks upon it as the chief weapon in the physician's hands in this particular epidemic. The most useful auxiliaries have proved to be ipecacuanha, and castor oil. The former in small and frequently repeated doses, given in combination with the calomel; the latter exhibited occasionally, so as to ensure the effect of the former remedies. Other symptoms must be met, as they arise, by the employment of saline effervescing draughts, cretaceous mixture with laudanum, or the camphorated mixture with æther. Within the last few days, the reporter has observed *inflammatory* symptoms making their appearance. In one or two instances he has taken blood from the arm, and yesterday afternoon he found it expedient, in one case, to cover the epigastrium with leeches. These cases may perhaps prove the forerunners of some general and important change in the character of the epidemic. The great *dryness* of the atmosphere, so unusual in this climate, which has been lately perceptible, is perhaps sufficient to account for the phenomenon.

The last ten days of the month of May revived the *bronchial* affections which had been dormant for some time previous. They did not however prove either severe or tedious, and now they may be considered as almost entirely eradicated from the catalogue of *prevailing* diseases. Measles and scarlet fever have been very generally met with during the last month, but not shewing any particular degree of violence or malignity. The reporter has had under his care a considerable number of cases of fever attended with that kind of eruption, called by Dr. William erythema. They have all been females, and the principal though not the only seat of eruption has been the fore part of the legs. In one of these cases the febrile symptoms ran so high as to make it necessary to take blood from the arm.

Small-pox appears now to be somewhat upon the increase. Insulated cases of it are to be met with in all parts of the town, but happily of a mild character;—most happily indeed, for painful as it is at all times, to witness this disease, none but those who are daily conversant with it can form an idea of its horrors during the summer months: especially when to the confluence which copious perspiration contributes to produce is superadded that *malignant* condition of the blood and humours which long continued heat has such a tendency to generate.

Among the *chronic* disorders to which the last month has given birth may be ranked, those affections of the head which arise from præternatural *determination* of blood to the vessels of the brain. Of these one of the most frequent and most distressing has been giddiness. Few sensations are more dreaded than this, and it is seldom allowed therefore to continue long without an attempt at medical aid. In some cases it will yield to the free operation of an ipecacuanha vomit, but the reporter has more generally found it necessary to direct the application of cupping glasses to the back of the neck. The relief afforded by them is often instantaneous, and the dexterity with which they are applied in the metropolis by professed cuppers renders them a most potent auxiliary in the treatment of disease.

Leptous affections of the skin have been very common since the hot weather set in. These complaints appear to depend principally upon some peculiarity in the structure of the skin in certain individuals, and they consequently admit of little or no relief from medicinal treatment.

Before concluding, the reporter would wish to call the attention of the reader to the necessity of great attention to the state of the bowels, at this period of the year. The remark may be thought *trifling*, but it has a more extended bearing than might at first be supposed. It is not that the mere confinement of the bowels is productive of any great

inconvenience, but this symptom is the first evidence of that *heated* or *excited* state of the system, which, if neglected, will end in the developement of *bilious* fever; and it should therefore be instantly met by appropriate remedies. A black dose taken in time may save many a day of miserable oppression.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John-street, Golden-square, June 22, 1826.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

DID not our readers require a few relative particulars, we might with much truth and propriety, in respect to the earth's products, its condition and the stock thereon, adopting the soothing and comprehensive phrase of a certain class of our brother watchmen, exclaim—all's well! Would, that we could speak as favourably of the situation and prospects of those, through whose never ending and exhausting labours are derived, all those indispensable requisites and comforts of existence. But the ease of the labourers, with a view to the amendment of their condition, remains yet a puzzle to the most profound reflection, aided however by the largest share of economic science. The commonplace assertion of their former adequate good circumstances, is groundless and futile. They *never* have, in this plentiful and luxurious country, enjoyed the fair and just reward of their labours; and even in the best of times a remnant of them has been abandoned to something very like starvation. With respect to their masters, we regret to anticipate some temporary, perhaps considerable diminution of profits, as the first effect of the projected and absolutely necessary amendment of the corn laws; reminding them at the same time, of the peculiar advantages derived to their class, during the course of that long war patronized by certain classes who now so loudly complain of that enormous legacy of debt and taxation which it bequeathed to the country. Among the various public motives for dissolving the corn monopoly, there is a paramount one which needs not be specified.

The continued showers at the beginning of the month, penetrated to the root; and mild weather succeeding, all vegetation assumed that rapid and luxuriant start which had been expected. They revived the inert and dormant seeds, changed the pale and sickly hue of plants into their natural and beautiful green, and washed off the vermineous impurities from flower, bud and bine, a somewhat long and dry interval since, leaves the soil in need of the renewed assistance of rain. Wheat is not only a very extensive crop in all the corn districts, but of as high promise as most farmers can recollect. It appears great on all lands adapted to its production, and even on inferior soils, promises an average. In looking over however, considerable breadths of wheat in several corn counties of note, we admired, not for the first time, the beautiful and plenteous accompaniment of *weeds* of the highest and most radical order, congratulating in our mind, the prosperous circumstances of those, who could afford to indulge in such expensive ornaments. Of how much of the fat of the land, does a good luxuriant crop of docks and thistles, annually self-sown, deprive an acre of corn? What is the money price to the farmer, of a good acre of weeds? To eradicate weeds by broad-casting and fallowing, is simply the plan of aged children. To such we address the following late extract from another reporter on beds, a repetition indeed, but which would do honour to letters of gold—"It is only by rowed crops, well hoed between the rows, and then carefully hand-weeded between the intervening corn, that they can be subdued, nor is this effected without perseverance." He might have added that, constant hoeing and hand-weeding, with a view to clean land, is equi-necessary with ploughing. Finally, with respect to weeds or extra vegetation, a farmer has no more necessity to grow them upon arable land, than he has to learn to walk upon his head. All hail to those experienced and facetious personages, who continue to prescribe peculiar modes of destroying or making shorter by the head, this weed and that weed, or laying salt on their heads instead of their tails! We pronounce of the whole *kit, delenda est Carthago*; and we point out the means, more facile, more cheap than common broadcast drivelling, a good crop to a China orange. A most essential national benefit would attend the general adoption of the rose culture—additional employ for our now supernumerary labourers. Old Pliny taught—and he was *vere adeptus*, and had reflected—"farm less and cultivate more."

There were fine ears of wheat in the hundreds of Essex, on the first day of the month. We have known them earlier. The prospect for blooming is good; and, our good fortune not forsaking us, harvest may commence on or before the 20th July. We entertained an opinion at the beginning of the year, that the stock of wheat in the country, was larger than for many years past, and the intelligence we have lately received, seems to be a confirmation. We never entertained a doubt of this country being able to produce a surplus above consumption, but that is not altogether the cardinal point, in the view of the difficulties arising out of the drought. Oats and beans promise well, but the pease, Swedes, commenced perhaps full early, but the land was ready, and the farmer wished to take time by the forelock. Meadow grass unfed, though it suffered by the drought,

has improved greatly and will be productive; but the pastures which from the failure of turnips, were eaten early and bare, will not render much product until autumn. The stock of old hay is much exhausted. The clovers in this country, one of the best for that plant, have greatly improved. Of potatoes we have no account. It will be a great fruit year, with some exceptions. The hops, well washed and mundified by the rains, have taken a new lease, and are likely to prove better than bargain. The sheep-shearing was risked early, in our changeable climate, and the clip will make a large addition to a hitherto immoveable stock, though they write from the north, of a prospect of demand. Fat and lean stock gradually decline in price. Some small advance in the country, of the price of good horses, still twenty per cent. below last year's price. Importation of horses from the Netherlands, continues on reduced terms. Here we have the reciprocity (we recollect the birth of that term—Falkland's Isles) of free trade. We breed race horses and asses for the continent, and the continent supplies us with cart horses. Intestine war between the buyers and sellers of corn, respecting the use or disuse of the new measure; serving to prove the legislative error in not making the universal adoption of the imperial bushel, imperative. A word to the wise. We have been informed of several considerable farms let at an advanced rent, which impressed us with admiration at the temerity of one party and the confidence of the other. We should have added above, that the breeding of draught horses proceeds universally, and with such spirit as to promise an ample home supply. The too general and groundless dislike to draught oxen, is a national loss. The turnip fly is in considerable activity, both on the hops and the artificial grasses. Seeds a tight crop.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. to 5s.—Mutton, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 0d.—Milk fed, 5s. 8d.—Lamb, 5s. to 6s. 4d.—Raw Fat.—

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 45s. to 68s.—Barley, 24s. to 32s.—Oats, 21s. to 32s.—London loaf of fine Bread, 4lb., 9½d.—Hay, 63s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 75s. to 126s.—Straw, 34s. to 44s.

Coals in the pool, 25s. 6d. to 36s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, June 23d, 1826.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugars.—Since our last report several cargoes of new sugars have arrived from the West-Indies, and in consequence of which, the grocers are purchasing freely.—Good Jamaicas from 54s. to 70s. per cwt. The crop this year has turned out fine both for rum and sugars, and the market is rather brisk.

Coffee.—There has been a considerable demand for this article for exportation; fine ordinary St. Domingos sell from 50s. to 58s. per cwt.; Demararas 60s. per cwt.; low and middling Jamaicas 63s. and 64s., and fine 78s. to 80s. per cwt.

Cotton.—By public Sale at the East-India House, Bengals sold for 5½d. to 5¼d. per lb. The purchases by private contract during the week may be estimated at about 2,800 bags of Egyptian, at 7¼d. to 7½d. per lb. Surats 4½d. to 5¼d., and Bengals at 5d. to 5½d. per lb.

Spices.—The inquiries after spices have not produced as yet a contract to any extent; nutmegs of last sale, an advance of 1d. per lb. has been offered, but refused. Pepper has been offered for sale, but taken in for want of purchasers.

Tobacco.—Is in demand for exportation, and inquiries for ordinary Maryland and Virginia have been made for the Trade; several offers have been made, but as yet not accepted.

Indigo.—The demand for this article increases for exportation; accounts from India confirm that the last crop is about 125,000 maunds; but prices did not give way, partly from the competition of buyers for France, America and Persia, and partly from the scarcity of seed, which has risen full 50 per cent., the whole quantity being inadequate to produce an average crop this year, should the season even be favourable.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 37. 7.—Altona, 37. 8.—Paris, 25. 90.—Bordeaux, 25. 90.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort, 155.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 25.—Trieste, 10. 22.—Madrid, 35.—Cadiz, 35.—Bilboa, 35.—Barcelona, 35.—Seville, 35.—Gibraltar, 31.—Leghorn, 47¾.—Genoa, 43¼.—Venice, 46¼.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, per oz. 115.—Lisbon, 50½.—Oporto, 50¾.—Rio Janeiro, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½ per cent.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 11s. 9d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9¼d.—Silver in bars, 4s. 11¼d.

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Barnsley CANAL, 285l.—Birmingham, 280l.—Derby, 200.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105l.—Erewash, 0.—Forth and Clyde, 590.—

Grand Junction, 265*l*.—Leeds and Liverpool, 400*l*.—Mersey and Irwell, 840*l*.—Neath, 355*l*.—Oxford, 650*l*.—Stafford and Worcester, 800*l*.—Trent and Mersey, 1,850*l*.—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance, 2*½* dis.—Guardian, 15*½**l*.—Hope, 4*l*. 10*s*.—Sun Fire, 0.—Gas-Light Westminster Chartered Company, 51*½**l*.—City Gas-Light Company, 155*l*.—British, 16 dis.—Leeds, 0.—Liverpool, 0.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Charles Lord Strathaven to be one of the Lords of his Majesty's Bedchamber, 27 May.

The Right Hon. W. H. Freemantle to be Treasurer of his Majesty's Household, 27 May.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Henry Ward to be Governor of the Island of Barbadoes, 29 May.

The Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynne; Henry Earl Bathurst; the Right Hon. G. Canning; the Right Hon. R. Peel; Robert Banks, Earl of Liverpool; the Right Hon. F. J. Robinson; Arthur, Duke of Wellington; James B. W. Marquess of Salisbury; John Baron Teignmouth; the Right Hon. J. Sullivan; the Right Hon. Sir G. Warrender, Bart.; J.

Phillimore, Doctor of Laws; and W. Y. Peel, Esq., to be his Majesty's Commissioners for the Affairs of India, 2 June.

The Earl of Liverpool; the Right Hon. F. J. Robinson; Viscount Lewthorpe; Lord Granville C. H. Somerset; Earl of Mount Charles; and E. A. MacNaghten, Esq., to be Commissioners for executing the offices of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain, and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, 7 June.

Approved of by his Majesty.

Mr. J. W. Gibsons as Consul at Liverpool for his Majesty the King of Prussia.

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

The Right Hon. W. F. V. Fitzgerald to be Paymaster-General of Forces, 10 June.

Horac Gu.—Capt. H. Hanmer, Maj. and Lieut. Col. by purch., v. Drake, who rets., Lt. R. J. Harrison, Capt. by purch., v. Hanmer; and Corn. L. Kenyon, Lt. by purch., v. Harrison, all 18 May. Ens. Lord C. Wellesley, from 75 F., Corn. by purch., v. Wellesley prom., 20 May.

7 *Dr. Gu.*—J. E. Thewles, Corn. by purch., v. Buller prom., 18 May. R. Richardson, Corn. by purch., v. Bolton prom., 8 June.

2 *Dr.*—Capt. J. Weymss, Maj. by purch., v. Mills prom.; Lt. W. H. Oram, Capt. by purch., v. Weymss; Corn. J. Carnegie, Lt. by purch., v. Oram; and F. C. Forde, Corn. by purch., v. Carnegie, all 10 June.

6 *Dr.*—Corn. F. Wollaston, Lt. by purch., v. Heigham prom.; and Hon. C. W. Jerningham, Corn. by purch., v. Wollaston, both 10 June.

3 *L. Dr.*—Lt. A. Baker, Capt. by purch., v. Bragge prom., 10 June.

8 *L. Dr.*—Capt. John Earl of Wiltshire, Maj. by purch., v. Crauford prom. in 94 F.; Lt. J. T. Lord Brudenell, Capt. by purch., v. Lord Wiltshire; Corn. G. Shedden, Lt. by purch., v. Lord Brudenell; and F. Thomas, Corn. by purch., v. Shedden, all 9 June.

10 *L. Dr.*—Capt. Lord J. Fitzroy, from h. p., Capt., v. R. Burdett, who exch., rec. diff., 25 May. F. S. Wedderburn, Corn. by purch., v. Lord Frankfort prom., 10 June.

13 *L. Dr.*—W. J. Hooper, Corn. by purch., v. Everard prom., 8 June.

16 *L. Dr.*—Corn. W. Van, from Cape corps, Corn., v. Brown prom., 18 May. H. F. Bonham, Corn. by purch., v. Penleaze prom., 20 May.

17 *L. Dr.*—W. C. Douglas, Corn. by purch., v. Greville prom.; and Staff-Assist. Surg. H. G. Parken, As-Surg., v. Holmes prom. in 81 F., all 20 May.

1 *or Gr. F. Gu.*—Lt. Col. C. P. Ellis, from h. p., Capt. and Lt. Col., v. W. C. Eustace, who exch., 18 May.

Coldstr. F. Gu.—Lt. J. D. Rawdon, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Culyer prom., 10 June. G. Drummond, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Rawdon, 10 June. Lord F. Paulett, Ens. and Lt., 11 June.

3 *F. Gu.*—Corn. J. G. Taubman, from 3 *Dr. Gu.*, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Berners prom., 10 June.

1 *F.*—Capt. C. S. Hobkins, Maj. by purch., v. Glover prom., 10 June. Lt. W. Carter, Capt. by purch., v. Hobkins, 10 June. Ens. H. W. Neville, Lt. by purch., v. Cross prom., 11 May. W. B. Johnston, Ens., v. Wood, dec., 1 June. As-Surg. W. Dillon, from 3 R. Vet. Bat., As-Surg., 25 May.

2 *F.*—Hosp. As. T. Atkinson, As-Surg., v. Campbell prom., 11 May.

4 *F.*—Capt. J. England, from h. p., Capt., v. W. H. Scott, who exch., rec. diff., 1 June. Lt. J. Gordon, from 63 F., Lt., v. Barrow, who exch., 18 May.

5 *F.*—Capt. C. Musgrave, from h. p., Capt., v. H. E. O'Dell, who exch., rec. diff., 25 May. Ens. H. D'Anvers, from h. p. 43 F., Ens., v. Simpson app. to 95 F., 18 May.

6 *F.*—Lt. W. H. Hill, from h. p. 14 F., Lt., v. M'Queen app. to 44 F., 1 June.

8 *F.*—Ens. W. Senhouse, Lt. by purch., v. Stewart

prom.; and J. Singleton, Ens. by purch., v. Senhouse, both 17 June.

10 *F.*—Lt. W. Hemmings, from h. p. 93 F., Lt., v. R. Uniacke, who exch.; and Serj. Maj. E. Shanley, from 8 F., adj., with rank of Ens., v. Shinkwin, who res. adjtcy. only, both 1 June.

12 *F.*—Ens. H. G. Forssteen, Lt. by purch., v. Adams prom.; and J. W. P. Parker, Ens. by purch., v. Wilson prom., both 10 June.

13 *F.*—As-Surg. J. Patterson, from 45 F., Surg., v. H. Hamilton, who rets. on h. p., 25 May. St. G. Cromie, Ens. by purch., v. Browne prom. in 44 F., 8 June.

14 *F.*—J. May, Ens., v. Layard prom., 11 May.

17 *F.*—Ens. H. Wotton, prom. from 63 F., Lt., v. Despard dec., 8 June.

19 *F.*—Capt. T. Raper, Maj. by purch., v. Dobbin prom., 10 June.

23 *F.*—Capt. T. E. Bigge, from h. p., Capt., v. Sir W. Crosbie, who exch., rec. diff., 1 June.

25 *F.*—C. J. R. Collinson, Ens. by purch., v. Il-derton prom., 25 May.

26 *F.*—Capt. G. Hagarth, from h. p., Capt., v. H. Babington, who exch., rec. diff., 18 May.

27 *F.*—T. Wood, Ens., v. Grove app. to 63 F., 8 June.

29 *F.*—Lt. Col. J. Simpson, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. Sir J. Buchan, who exch.; and U. Boyd, Ens. by purch., v. Hopwood prom., 10 June.

32 *F.*—Maj. F. Gascoyne from h. p., Maj., v. Hicks prom., 11 May.

33 *F.*—Capt. J. Budden, from h. p., Capt., v. G. Barrs, who exch., rec. diff., 25 May.

34 *F.*—Lt. W. W. Rooke, from 2 Life Gu., Capt. by purch., v. Goldsmid prom., 10 June. Capt. R. Airey, from h. p., Capt., v. W. W. Rooke, who exch., 11 June.

35 *F.*—Ens. R. A. Maxwell, Lt. by purch., v. Semple prom., 8 June.

37 *F.*—Maj. H. H. Manners, from 60 F., Maj., v. Dunbar prom., 25 May.

39 *F.*—Lt. J. D. Forbes, Capt. by purch., v. Reynolds, who rets.; and Ens. J. F. Butler, Lt. by purch., v. Forbes, both 10 June. R. Foot, Ens. by purch., v. Butler prom., 8 June.

42 *F.*—C. Steuart, Ens. by purch., v. Chawner prom., 10 June.

43 *F.*—Capt. Hon. A. C. J. Browne, from h. p., Capt., v. J. Cooke, who exch., rec. diff., 11 May.

44 *F.*—Lt. S. M'Queen, from 6 F., Lt., v. E. H. Clarke, who rets. on h. p. 14 F., 1 June.

45 *F.*—Lt. W. Trevelyan, from Engineers, Lt., v. Kearney. app. to 86 F., 8 June.

47 *F.*—Lt. P. J. Douglas, from h. p. 9 F., Lt., v. Walker, whose app. has not taken place; and J. B. Wyatt, Ens., v. Wyatt, who res., both 8 June.

49 *F.*—Capt. J. W. Dunn, from h. p., Capt., v. H. Maxwell, who exch., rec. diff., 18 May. Lt. C. C. Coote, from h. p., Lt., v. D. M. Sanders, who exch., 25 May.

52 *F.*—Capt. R. D. King, from 53 F., Capt., v. Stepney St. George, who rets. on h. p., rec. diff., 25 May.

53 *F.*—Capt. C. R. Murray, from h. p., Capt., paying diff., v. King, app. to 52 F., 25 May.

54 *F.*—Capt. J. Arnaud, from h. p. 34 F., Capt., v. J. Gray, who exch., 8 June.

56 *F.*—Ens. A. D. Cuddy, Lt., v. Keating dec., and W. Wybrow, Ens., v. Cuddy, both 18 May.

58 F.—I. Blackburne, Ens. by purch., v. Bell prom., 25 May. H. Howard, Ens. by purch., v. Howard prom., 1 June.

60 F.—Maj. A. F. Ellis, from h. p., Maj. (paying diff. to h. p. fund), v. Manners app. to 37 F., 25 May.

61 F.—W. H. Dick, Ens. by purch., v. Cosby app. to 3 L. Dr., 25 May.

62 F.—Lt. R. Power, Capt. by purch., v. Read prom.; Ens. F. Kerr, Lt. by purch., v. Power; and E. E. Stopford, Ens. by purch., v. Kerr, all 10 June.

63 F.—Lt. W. W. Barrow, from 4 F., Lt., v. Gordon, who exch., 18 May. Ens. T. Grove, from 27 F., Ens. v. Wotton prom. in 17 F., 8 June.

64 F.—Br. Lt. Col. Lord C. Fitzroy, from h. p. 27 F., Maj., v. M'Donald prom., 18 May. Capt. R. Johnson, Maj. by purch., v. Fitzroy prom.; Lt. W. Ravenscroft, Capt. by purch., v. Johnson; Ens. R. B. Du Pre, Lt. by purch., v. Ravenscroft; and M. J. Western, Ens. by purch., v. Du Pre, all 10 June.

66 F.—J. Mellis, Ens. by purch., v. Nelley prom., 10 June. As. Surg. W. Henry, Surg., v. Egan, dec., 8 June.

67 F.—Br. Col. N. Burslem, from h. p. 14 F., Lt. Col. v. R. Gubbins, who exch., 25 May.

68 F.—Ens. A. M'Nabb, from 74 F., Lt., v. G. Carson dec., 11 May.

69 F.—Lt. E. Hopwood, from h. p., Lt., v. Hon. R. Kizg, who exch., rec. diff., 12 June.

71 F.—H. E. Austen, Ens. by purch., v. Saumarez prom., 10 June.

73 F.—Lt. A. Tennant, from 35 F., Capt. by purch., v. Drew, prom. in 91 F., 10 June. Lt. T. Nowlan, from Ceyl. Regt., Lt., v. W. Bouchier, who rets. on h. p. 99 F., 11 May.

74 F.—Ens. E. C. Ansell, from 75 F., Ens., v. M'Nabb prom. in 68 F., 11 May.

75 F.—Ens. Lord C. Wellesley, from h. p. 82 F., Ens., v. Ansell, app. to 74 F., 11 May.

76 F.—Capt. E. R. Stevenson, Maj. by purch., v. Vilett prom.; Lt. W. N. Hutchinson, Capt. by purch., v. Stevenson; Ens. Hon. C. Gordon, Lt. by purch., v. Hutchinson; and J. Thompson, Ens. by purch., v. Gordon, all 17 June.

77 F.—Capt. E. Jones, Maj. by purch., v. Bradshaw prom.; Lt. W. Castle, Capt. by purch., v. Jones; Ens. W. J. Clarke, Lt. by purch., v. Castle; and B. C. Bordes, Ens. by purch., v. Clerke, all 10 June.

82 F.—Ens. J. Nagel, Lt. by purch., v. Ashe prom. in Cape corps, 11 May. H. Hyde, Ens. by purch., v. Nagel, 20 May.

84 F.—Br. Col. W. B. Neynoe, from h. p. 4 F., Lt. Col., v. J. Maitland, who exch.; Lt. H. W. S. Stewart, Capt. by purch., v. Lord Dungarvon, who rets.; and Ens. A. Broom, Lt. by purch., v. Stewart, all 25 May. Lt. J. J. Peck, from 89 F., Lt., v. E. G. Glasgow, who rets. on h. p. 18 L. Dr., 8 June.

85 F.—Ens. W. Cooke, Lt. by purch., v. Martin prom., 10 June. Ens. M. C. Seaton, from 25 F., Ens., v. Wynyard prom., 21 May. R. O. Ward, Ens. by purch., v. Cooke, 10 June.

86 F.—Lt. F. Kearney, from 45 F., Lt., v. Perry prom. in R. Afr. Col. Corps, 8 June.

88 F.—Maj. H. Hailes, from h. p., Maj. v. M'Gregor prom., 25 May.

89 F.—Lt. T. G. Twigg, from h. p. 18 L. Dr., Lt., repaying diff. v. Peck, app. to 84 F., 8 June.

91 F.—Capt. R. Drewe, from 73 F., Maj. by purch., v. Hay prom., 10 June.

92 F.—Lt. J. Gordon, from h. p., Lt., v. J. McNabb, who exch., rec. diff., 18 May.

93 F.—As. Surg. E. Bush, from 14 L. Dr., Surg., v. P. McLachlan, who rets. on h. p., 18 May.

94 F.—Maj. A. C. Craufurd, from 8 L. Dr., Lt. Col. by purch., v. White, who rets., 10 June. Lt. Col. G. W. Paty, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. A. C. Craufurd, who exch., 11 June.

95 F.—Ens. T. Simpson, from 5 F., Adj. and Ens., v. C. Main, who rets. on h. p. 43 F., 18 May.

96 F.—Capt. A. Cairncross, Maj. by purch., v. Mansel prom.; Lt. C. B. Cumberland, Capt. by purch., v. Cairncross; Ens. P. F. de Meuron, Lt. by purch., v. Cumberland; and J. W. A. Wray, Ens. by purch., v. De Meuron prom., all 10 June.

97 F.—Ens. T. R. Travers, Lt. by purch., v. Mairis prom.; and C. Nagel, Ens. by purch., v. Travers, both 10 June.

98 F.—Assist. Surg. R. Lawder, from 2 R. Vet. Bat., As. Surg., v. A. Smith, app. to Staff, 25 May.

99 F.—Capt. G. T. Colomb, from h. p., Cap., v. H. Rickards, who exch., rec. diff., 18 May.

Rifle Brigade.—Capt. G. S. Byng, from h. p., Capt., v. T. MacNamara, who exch., rec. diff. 11 May.

1 W. I. Regt.—Hosp. As. D. Browne, As. Surg., v. Brady app. to 93 F., 25 May.

2 W. I. Regt.—Capt. W. L. Brereton, from h. p., 1 F., Capt., v. R. Hamilton, who exch., 25 May.

Ceylon Regt.—Lt. A. Montresor, from 78 F., Capt. by purch., v. Auber 11 May. Lt. R. G. Davidson, from h. p. 99 F., Lt., v. Nawlan app. to 13 F., 11 May. J. Woodford, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Van Kempen prom., 24 May. Hosp. As. W. Lucas, As. Surg., v. Wilkins app. to 2 F., 25 May.

Cape Corps (Inf.)—Lt. W. Ashe, from 82 F., Capt. by purch., v. Bushe prom., 11 May.—(Cav.) P. Grehan, Corn. by purch., v. Segrave prom., 8 June.

Royal Afr. Col. Corps.—Maj. Gen. Sir N. Campbell, Col., v. Maj. Gen. Turner dec., 18 May. Ens. H. W. Wise, Lt., v. Graham dec., 9 May. Ens. F. P. Nott, Lt., v. Foss dec., 10 May. Ens. G. Landles, L., v. Turner dec., 11 May. M. G. Dennis, Ens., v. Wise, 9 May. A. M'Donnell, Ens., v. Nott, 10 May. P. Stapleton, Ens., v. Landles, 11 May. W. F. Vernon, Ens., v. Robinson dec. 1 June. Lt. F. Perry, from 86 F., Capt., v. Ross dec., 8 June.

Brevet.—Br. Maj. J. Jackson, 6 Dr. Gu., Lt. Col. in army, 25 May. L. C. A. Meyer, late Lt. and Rid. Mast. of Pr. Regent's Hussars, rank of Capt., 1 May.

Staff.—Maj. T. Huxley, from h. p., Inspecting Field Officer of Militia in Nova Scotia, with rank of Lt. Col. in army, v. Woodhouse, who res., 25 May.

Hospital Staff.—To be Surg. to forces: As. Surg. E. Burton, from 9 L. Dr., v. Dakers dec., 1 June. —To be As. Surgs. to forces: Hosp. Assists. J. A. Topham, v. Watson prom., 11 May; G. Bushe, v. Campbell, app. to 6 F., 1 June; W. M. Forde, v. Hume prom., 1 June.—To be Hosp. Assist. to forces: J. Molyneux, v. Sidney app. to 25 F., 2 May; R. Poole, v. Callander app. to 83 F., 18 May; G. R. Watson, v. Benza prom., 25 May; E. Overton, v. Portelli prom., 25 May; M. Hanly, v. Topham prom., 25 May; J. Fitzgerald, v. Russel app. to 77 F., 1 June; J. Strath, v. Brodie app. to 13 F., 1 June; J. Ferguson, v. Forrester app. to 20 F., 1 June; J. Smith, v. Duncan app. to 78 F., 8 June; S. J. Stratford, v. M'Gregor, app. to 42 F., 8 June.

Unattached.—To be Lt.-Cols. of Inf. by purch. Br. Lt. Col. Lord C. Fitzroy, from 64 F.; Maj. G. P. Bradshaw, from 77 F., v. Col. J. D. Morgan, who rets.; Maj. J. Mills, from 2 Dr.; Maj. J. O. Glover, from 1 F., v. Lt. Col. J. D'Arcey, of Artill., who rets.; Maj. W. Hay, from 91 F.; Maj. R. C. Mansel, from 96 F.; Maj. T. Dobbin, from 19 F.; Capt. A. Cuyler, from Colstr. F. Gu., all 10 June. Maj. T. Vilett, from 76 F., 17 June.—To be Maj. of Inf. by purch. Capt. A. Goldsmid, from 34 F.; W. Bragge, from 3 L. Dr.; E. M'Arthur, from 19 F.; T. Reed, from 62 F.; G. W. Prosser, from 7 Dr. Gu., all 10 June. Hon. C. Napier, from 88 F., 17 June.—To be Capt. of Inf. by purch. Lieuts. J. Berners, from 3 F. Gu.; E. F. Elliott, from 33 F., both 10 June; H. Moore, from 96 F., v. Gossip, whose app. has not taken place, 23 Apr., V. H. Mairis, from 97 F.; W. Forbes, from 7 F.; C. L. Wingfield, from 13 F.; R. Westenra, from 7 F.; J. P. Kennedy, from 50 F.; G. T. Heigham, from 6 Dr.; R. F. Martin, from 85 F.; E. Armstrong, from Cape Corps Cav.; H. Dallas, from 2 Life Gu.; H. W. Adams, from 12 F., all 10 June; W. Stewart, from 8 F., 17 June.—To be Lts. of Inf. by purch. Ens. B. F. D. Wilson, from 12 F.; T. Le M. Saumarez, from 71 F.; J. P. Nelley, from 66 F.; E. Hopwood, from 29 F.; E. H. Chawner, from 42 F., all 10 June.—To be Ens. by purch. H. M. Madden, v. J. Hooper, whose app. has not taken place, 10 June. C. Holden, v. Grehan, ditto, 8 June. C. A. Benson, 17 June.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Lt. Col. Sir R. Church, 2 Greek L. I.; Maj. R. Ryan, 93 F.; Capt. J. T. Galbraith, full pay 64 F.; Capt. R. M'Donald, 21 F.; Capt. M. Armstrong, 9 F.; Lt. J. Bannatyne, 8 F.; Lt. G. Hagar, 46 F.; Lt. J. M. Nairne, 92 F.; Lt. J. R. Nason, 92 F.; Lt. Col. H. Renny, Insp. Field Off. of Militia; Lt. Col. A. Geils, 73 F.; Lt. Col. M. W. Lee (Col.) 96 F.; Lt. Col. C. Maxwell, 30 F.; Maj. D. Joly, 6 W. I. Regt.; Maj. W. Stewart, 30 F.; Capt. D. Grahame, 6 F.; Lt. H. W. Brooke, 6 W. I. Regt.; Lt. Col. D. M'Niell, Portug. Off.; Maj. D. Gregorson (Lt. Col.), 31 F.; Maj. W. L. Hereford (Lt. Col.), 23 F.; Capt. F. Chambre, 36 F.; Capt. A. Prole, 83 F.; Capt. E. Dymack, 36 F.; Capt. W. Roland, Portug. Off.; Capt. J. H. Holland (Maj.), 69 F.; Capt. W. Lord Avonley, 100 F.; Capt. E. P. Hopkins, 4 F.; Capt. W. E. Buchanan, 82 F., all 10 June. Lt. Col. W. Percival, 67 F.; Maj. Melchior, Baron Decken, 6 Line Bat. Germ. Leg.; Capt. R. Holden, 130 F.; Ens. J. Borthwick, 9 F., all 17 June.

Unattached.—The undermentioned officers having brevet rank superior to their regimental commissions, have accepted promotion upon h. p., according to G. O. of 25 Apr. 1826.—*To be Lieut. Cols. of Inf.* Br. Lt. Cols. J. Haverfield, from unattached full pay, 4 May; J. Hicks, from 32 F.; 11 May; A. S. King, from 10 F., 11 May; J. Austin, from 97 F., 11 May; R. Park, from 39 F., 18 May; J. M'Donald, from 64 F., 18 May; J. Dunn, from 98 F., 18 May; W. Dunbar, from 37 F., 25 May; J. B. Glegg, from 49 F., 25 May; G. Miller, from Rifle Brig., 25 May; M. Clifford, from 89 F., 1 June; A. Kelly, from 54 F., 1 June; J. Maxwell, from 15 F., 1 June; Sir E. K. Williams, from 4 F., 1 June; W. Balvaird, from 99 F., 1 June; Sir S. R. Colleton, from Royal Staff Corps, 1 June; D. M'Donald, from 19 F., 1 June; F. Jones, from 26 F., 8 June; C. A. Macalester, from 35 F., 8 June.—*To be Majs. of Inf.* Br. Majs. R. Erskine, from 4 F.; F. Cambell, from 8 F.; S. Fox, from 30 F.; Hon. R. Murray, from 58 F.; W. Riddall, from 62 F.; G. Nicholls, from 66 F.; W. Burke, from 66 F.; C. Harrison, from 53 F.; W. H. Newton, from 75 F.; G. J. Rogers, from 18 F.; T. Dent, from 10 F.; P. Edwards, from 75 F., all 11 May; J. Crosse, from 36 F.; D. K. Fawcett, from 60 F.;

W. Pilkington, from 92 F.; D. Denham, from 17 F.; R. Howard, from 30 F.; G. Woseley, from 25 F.; W. Lockyer, from 34 F.; H. Ellard, from 65 F.; M. M'Pherson, from 42 F., all 18 May; T. Hogarth, from 34 F.; E. Whitty, from 26 F.; W. Gray, from 94 F.; S. Cuppage, from 39 F.; T. Falls, from 20 F., all 25 May; A. Bowen, from 3 F.; H. Ellis, from 93 F.; T. Weare, from 35 F.; J. B. Lynch, from 35 F.; W. K. Rains, from 38 F.; J. Rowan, from 1 F.; J. Mitchell, from 97 F.; J. Jenkin, from 84 F.; A. Lyster, from 8 F.; W. P. Cotter, from 8 F.; S. D'A. Kelly, from 10 F.; D. Goodsman, from 61 F.; A. Bernard, from 84 F.; D. Digby, from 65 F.; W. Bennet, from 69 F.; W. P. Yale, from 48 F.; D. Baby, from 24 F., all 1 June; Br. Lt. Col. N. Thorn, from 25 F.; Br. Maj. A. Campbell, from 22 F.; Br. Lt. Col. J. Maule, from 26 F., all 8 June.

Royal Engineers.—2d-Lt. E. Durnford, 1st-Lt., v. Kennedy rem. to line, 20 Apr.

Regt. of Artillery.—Maj. W. Lloyd, Lt. Col., v. D'Arcy ret.; Capt. and Br. Maj. W. Cleeve, Maj., v. Lloyd; 2d-Capt. C. Clarke, Capt., v. Cleeve; 2d-Capt. Sir W. Smith, from h. p., 2d-Capt., v. Clarke, all 10 June.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 21st of May and the 24th of June 1826; extracted from the London Gazettes.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Birchinall, J. Macclesfield
Carr, R. Preston, Lancashire
Clark, J. Montreal and Quebec
Colledge, T. Killesby, Northamptonshire
Fairclough, Hindley, Lancashire
Hodson, B. Worcester
Jones, O. Liverpool
Marmion, A. Preston, Lancashire
Pearson, G. and G. F. Baker, Macclesfield
Ratcliffe, S. Mellor, Derbyshire
Strickland, J. Steeple Morden, Cambridgeshire
Swindells, J. Hyde, Cheshire
Wood, J. Manchester

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 314.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Alderton, J. Norwich, carpenter [Barnard, Norwich; and Rackam, Tombland, Norwich, and Nelson, Milman-street, Bedford Row
Alder, D. Lawrence Pountney-place, merchant [Bolton, Austin Friars
Andrews, T. Soho-square, linen-draper [Bolton, Austin Friars
Anderton, T. Leeds, grocer [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Hargreaves, Leeds
Ansell, G. and C. A. Bank Printing Ground, Wembleton, Surrey, calico-printers [Clare and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry
Ashton, J. Heady Hill, Lancashire, cotton-spinner [M. Mackinson, Temple
Babb, J. G. Oxford, malster [Downes, Furnival's-inn
Baldwin, J. F. Tiverton, Devonshire, linen-draper [Rendell, jun., Tiverton.
Barnes, N. H. Bath, victualler [Hellings, Bath
Barlow, H. Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk-manufacturer [Loney, Macclesfield
Bartlet, J. Hove, Sussex, builder, [Turner and Co., Brighthelmstone
Bayley, J. Collyhurst, Lancashire, flour-dealer [Norris, Manchester
Beauvais, A. John-street, Berkley-square, wine-merchant [Butt, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury
Bell, J. Liverpool, merchant [Ramsbottom and Co., Liverpool; and Blackstock and Co., King's Bench-walk, Temple
Bentley, N. Hinckley, Leicestershire, grocer [Hindmarsh and Co., Jewin-street, Cripplegate
Bevil, J. W. Oxford, grocer [Nettleship and Co., Grocer's Hall
Bickerdike, G. Huddersfield, inn-keeper [Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield
Bishop, E. Sheerness, banker [Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street
Black, W. Liverpool, bookseller [Haughton, Liverpool
Blacket, R. and S. Osset, York, cotton-spinners [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Archer and Co., Osset

Blore, I. C. Liverpool, confectionner [Morecroft and Co., Liverpool
Borrowdale, I. S. Lothbury, wine-merchant [Tanner, New Basinghall-street
Bower, W. Barnstable, Devonshire, silk-mercier [Hardwick, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside
Brandon, R. Lucas-street, Rotherhithe, market-gardener [Drew and Co., Bermondsey-street, Southwark
Brett, W. and J. Holah, Burslem, Staffordshire; grocers [Lawes, Tunfield-court, Temple
Brook, G. Honley Wood Bottom, Yorkshire, clothier [Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield
Brydon, W. and D. Mackenzie, Cornhill, druggists [Simpson, Austin Friars
Buckley, B. Claines, Worcester, builder [Hilliard and Hastings, Gray's-inn-square
Buckwell, H. Hove, Sussex, baker [Faithful, Brighton
Bulmer, S. Oxford-street, woollen-draper [Saunders and Bayley, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square
Bunn, R. Newcastle-on-Tyne, miller [Young, Poland-street; and Keenlyside, Newcastle
Calbreath, J. G. Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, grocer [Williamson, Gray's-inn
Capes, G. Barton-upon-Umber, Lincolnshire, draper [Goy, Burton-upon-Umber
Carr, D. Birmingham, grocer [Henderson, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Goolden, Bristol
Carr, W. H. and G. Over, Durwen, Lancashire, cotton-spinners [Winstanley and Co., Preston
Carr, J. Wyersdale, Lancashire, road-contractor [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; and Woodburn, Preston
Chalenor, T. Huddersfield, baker [Brown, Huddersfield
Chard, J. S. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, tanner [Miller, Frome Selwood
Chadwick, B. High-street, Mary-le-bone, chemist [Farris, Surrey-street, Strand
Cheesewright, W. Devonshire-street, Mile-end, London, bill broker [Young and Co., Mark-lane
Child, W. Cow-lane, Smithfield, carpenter [Fox, Austin Friars
Clarke, J. Worcester, coach-proprietor [Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square; and Hill, Worcester
Clerke, G. Cherry-tree-court, Aldersgate-street, watch-manufacturer [Brembridge and Co., Chancery-lane
Cliffe, J. and W. Armitage, Paddock, Yorkshire [Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield
Clough, J. B. Liverpool, merchants [Lace and Co., Liverpool
Coley, W. P. and H. H. Browne, Old Broad-street, wine-merchant [Bourdillon and Hewitt, Broad-street
Colbron, H. Brighthelmstone, timber-merchant [Hutchinson, Furnival's-inn
Comtesse, L. Upper King-street, watchcase-manufacturer, [Platt, Church-court, Lombard-street

- Cook, E. jun., Eye, Suffolk, grocer [Walter, Symonds-inn, Chancery-lane; and Edmund and Wayman, Bury-street.
- Cook, W. jun., Brightelmstone, Sussex, grocer [Faithful, Brightelmstone
- Coxhead, B. L. Cannon-street, London, grocer [Bastock, George-street, Mansion House.
- Crucifix, J. C. and J. Smith, Strand, London, blacking-makers [Goddard, Thavie's-inn, Holborn
- Crumb, W. jun., Shoreham, Sussex, ironmonger [Burrish, Birmingham
- Daves, R. Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, mercer [Stanley, Stanley-in-Hales
- Davy, W. Norwich, iron and brass founder [Taylor and Co., King's Bench Walk, Temple; and Parkinson, Norwich
- Davis, M. Great Bolton, Lancashire, timber-merchant [Pendlebury, Bolton
- Dauncey, T. Cateaton-street, general commission agent [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charterhouse-square
- Dignam, J. Newman-street, Oxford-street, money-scrivener [Taylor, Fenchurch-court, Fenchurch-st.
- Dore, W. H. Bath, scrivener [Mackinson, Middle Temple
- Douglas, T. Buck-lane, St. Luke's, builder [Young and Co., St. Mildred's-court, Poultry
- Downes, G. Gainsford-street, Horselydown, cider-merchant [James and Co., Ely-place, Holborn
- Dunhill, J. jun., Wakefield, Yorkshire, tailor [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Sholefield and Co., Horbury, near Wakefield
- Duty, G. Louth, Lincolnshire, builder [Wing, Holborn court, Gray's-inn
- Dysart, J. Liverpool, merchant [Adlington and Co., Bedford row
- Edwards, H. Crutched Friars, wine-merchant [Holt, Threadneedle-street
- Edwards, R. Neath, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper [Baynton and Co., Bristol
- Elleson, E. Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, goldsmith [Handley, Gray's-inn-square
- Essex, G. Bristol, bookseller and stationer [Williams, Bristol
- Etheridge J. Three King-court Lombard-street, drysalter [Warne and Co., Leadenhall-street
- Everhall, S. Manchester, fustian manufacturer [Hampson, Manchester
- Everth, J. Austin Friars, merchant [Gadsden and Co., Austin Friars
- Eyles, J. Hammersmith, carpenter [Naylor and Co., Great Newport-street
- Farrar, J. Liverpool, merchant [Mawdsley, Liverpool
- Fearnley, C. South Sea Chambers, Threadneedle-street, London, merchant [Holt, Threadneedle-street
- Foden, E. Warwick, printer [Worthorn and Co., Castle-street, Holborn; and Loveday, Warwick
- Francis, E. Maidenhead, coach-maker [Smith, Golden-square, and Maidenhead
- Fuch, J. C. Finsbury-square, merchant [Gatty, Haddon, and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
- Gibson, H. and A. Greaves, Plantation Mills, Lancashire, calico-printers [Clark, Rickards, and Co., Chancery-lane
- Godwin, W. Stanmore, linen-draper [Carter, Lord Mayor's Office, Royal Exchange
- Goold, A. Bradford, Wilts, coal-merchant [Stone, Bradford; and Day and Co., Gray's-inn
- Gosden, T. Bedford-street, Covent Garden, book-binder [Tanner, New Basinghall-street
- Gough, R. Brislington, Somerset, dealer [Pool and Co., Gray's-inn-square; and Ball, Bristol
- Gough, T. Stockport, Cheshire, builder [Heywood, Stockport
- Gould, S. Isleworth, Middlesex, calico-printer [Rogers and Co., Manchester-buildings, Westminster
- Grant, R. Birmingham, draper [Barker, Gray's-inn-square and Manchester; and Whately, Birmingham
- Greenfield, E. Cuckfield, Sussex, tanner [Faithful, Brightelmstone
- Halg, J. New Kent-road, London, cabinet-maker [Kiss, Gloucester-buildings, Walworth
- Hall, T. Chesterfield, Derbyshire, grocer [Hindmarsh and Co., Jewin-street, Cripplegate
- Hampton J. and R. Windle, Liverpool, coal-merchants [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row, and Liverpool
- Harris, A. Dursley, Gloucestershire, commission agent [Tanner, Basinghall-street
- Harding, J. Hem, Shropshire, grocer [Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; and Pritchard and Sons, Broseley, Shropshire
- Harding, T. High-street, Poplar, builder [Mitchell and Co., New London-street, Fenchurch-street
- Henry, S. Chester, draper [Ellis, Sons, and Co., Chancery-lane
- Henshall, W. Edgely, Cheshire, shopkeeper [Heywood, Stockport
- Hickman, W. Brightelmstone, Sussex, grocer [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle
- Hodgson, W. Leeds, flax-spinner [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Raynar, Leeds
- Hogg, W. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper [Bigg, Bristol
- Holbeck, L. King-street, Golden-square, embroiderer [Mayhew, Chancery-lane
- Hopkins, W. Gower-street North, Pancras, plumber, [Hodgson, King's road, Bedford-row
- Horncastle, J. Crooked-lane, money-scrivener [Cooke, Seymour-place, Euston-square
- Houlding, C. Liverpool, boot-vender [Mackinson, Middle Temple
- Hudson, W. Paddock Foot, Yorkshire, innkeeper [Walker, Lincoln's-inn Fields
- Hughes, J., E. North, and E. Hughes, Manchester, cotton-spinners [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
- Hull, C. North-street, City-road, warehouseman, [Richardson, Cheapside
- Humphreys, E. and B. Bailey, jun., Size-lane, dry-salters [Parton, Bow Church-yard
- Jackson, R. Coalpool, Staffordshire, cornfactor [White, Lincoln's-inn; and Stubbs, Walsall
- Jafferson, J. Marshall-street, Carnaby-market, brewer [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn-square
- Jervis, C. Hinckley, Leicestershire, banker [Sculthorpe, Hinckley
- Jones, R. Romford, grocer [Reeves and Co., Ely-place, Holborn
- Jones, R. Gloucester, warfingier [Cooke and Co., Gloucester
- Jones, J. Cheltenham, bootmaker [Goodwin, Cheltenham
- Jones, J. Dudley, draper [Seddon, Manchester
- Ivens, W. Torrington-square, London, merchant [Sweet and Co., Basinghall-street
- Keay, W. Phoenix-row, Great Surrey-street, Southwark, coach-maker [Benton, Union-street, Southwark
- Kent, J. Huddersfield, York, hop-merchant [Lever, Gray's-inn; and Laycock, Huddersfield
- Kirby, J. Holbeck, Yorkshire, maltster [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Hargreaves, Leeds
- Knight, W. Holloway, broker [Tottie and Co., Poultry
- Lakeman, Dartmouth, maltster [Teesdale and Co., Fenchurch-street
- Lane, J. Strand, London, cheesemonger [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
- Launitz, C. F. Bucklersbury, merchant [Baxendale and Co., King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street
- Lawson, J. Prince's-square, Ratcliffe, chairmaker [Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn
- Lawes, J. Weston Mills, Somersetshire, mealman [Hellings, Bath
- Lawes, S. Charlton, Hants, farmer [Bousfield and Co., Chatham-place, Blackfriars; and Mann, Andover
- Leefe, E. Queen-street, Worship-street, coal-merchant [Gregson and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
- Lewis, J. S. Bristol, factor [Strickland and Co., Bristol
- Liddell, J. Huddersfield, bootmaker [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield
- Linsel, W. P. Sun-street, linen-draper [Sole, Aldermanbury
- Littel, G. Gun-street, Spitalfields, builder [Aird, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street
- Littler, J., T. Hudson, and F. W. Bowyer, Church-court, Clement's-lane, dry-salters [Shepard and Co., Cloak-lane
- Lloyd, W. Hereford, wine-merchant [Smith and Co., Red Lion-square; and Hall and Co., Hereford
- Lumbers, R. Chester, draper [Brackenbury, Manchester
- Lycett, P. T. St. Peter the Great, Worcester, glover, [Wimburne and Co., Chancery-lane; and Long, Worcester
- Mackenzie, G. Bridgewater-street, Somers-town, merchant [Brown, Lombard-street
- Mackie, E. Maidenhead, sadler [Smith, Maidenhead
- Malley, S. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, merchant [Prickett, and Co., Hull
- Manning, J. Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, cloth-manufacturer [Jay, Gray's-inn-place
- Marsh, J. King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street [Bruton, Old Broad-street

- Mawson, C. J. J. Manchester, manufacturer [Lingard and Co., Stockport; and Kershaw, Manchester]
- Mellor, J. Macclesfield, builder [Tyler, Pump-court, Temple; and Harrop, Stockport]
- Mills, W. J. Union-street, Borough, victualler [Benton, Union-street, Southwark]
- Moggridge, G. Birmingham, japanner [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Lyndall and Co., Birmingham]
- Moore, W. Cirencester, Gloucester, draper [Til-leard, Old Jewry]
- Morris, T. Hyde, Stafford, ironmaster [Bourdillon and Co., Bread-street, Cheapside; and Simcox, Birmingham]
- Mullett, R. C. Minerva-terrace, auctioneer [Hia-rich and Co., Buckingham-street, Strand]
- Nabb, J. Manchester, grocer [Rymer and Co., Manchester]
- Neale, J. Leicester, victualler [Bond, Leicester; and Holme and Co., New-inn]
- Neale, A. Frome, Somersetshire, victualler [Coles, and Co., Andover]
- Neville, J. G. Sheffield, victualler [Siddell, Sheffield]
- Noble, R. Chipping Ongar, Essex, builder [Badde-ley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields]
- Old, J. Bridgewater, Somersetshire, inn-keeper [Boys, Bridgewater; and Blake, Cook's-court, Chancery-lane]
- Panton, J. Borden, Kent, farmer [Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn]
- Parker, A. Cheltenham, builder [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Pruew, and Co. Cheltenham]
- Patten, P. Martock, Somersetshire, miller [Adams, Martock]
- Peacock, W. T. Greenwich, market-gardener [Til-leard, Old Jewry]
- Pearce, J. W. Chester, corset-maker [Ward, Ches-ter; and Ellis, and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Pears, J. and G. Watling-street, agents [Pullen and Co., Fore-street]
- Pearse, J. Bristol, porter-merchant [Cooke, Bristol]
- Perkins, W. Bermondsey-square, Southwark, tan-ner [Tattersall, New-inn]
- Phillips, G. E. Tooley-street, Borough, upholsterer [Wright, Alle-street, Goodman's-fields]
- Plempton, J. Old Change, London, warehouseman [Shirreff, Salisbury-street, Strand]
- Pooley, J. and J. Hulme, Lancaster, cotton-spinners, [Kay, Manchester]
- Porker, W. Vigo-street, Regent-street, jeweller [Bishop, Gough-square, Fleet-street]
- Powell, J. Worcestershire, grocer [Brampton, Wor-cestershire]
- Randall, F. A. and A. Broughton-place, Hackney-road, bill-brokers [Reilly, Clement's-inn]
- Read, J. Newcastle-on-Tyne, ship-broker [Wil-lamson, Gray's-inn; and Ingleden, Newcastle-on-Tyne]
- Read, J. Regent-street, linen-draper [Jones, Size-lane]
- Reynolds, W. Bilston, Staffordshire, victualler [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charterhouse-sq.]
- Rice, J. Great Torrington, Devonshire, grocer [Hobson and Furlong, Northernhay, Exeter]
- Richardson, W. and A. Farrow, Kensington Gravel-pits, brewers [Fairshorne and Co., King-street, Cheapside]
- Ridley, H. St. Donat, Glamorganshire, draper [Daniel, Bristol]
- Ridge, R. Park-terrace, Regent's Park, London, ironmonger [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields]
- Riley, P. Kingston-on-Hull, hatter [Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn; and Brown, Hull]
- Roberts, R. Ruthin, Denbigh, draper [Williams, Ruthin; and Tooke and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn]
- Robinson, W. F. Jermyn-street, St. James, hotel-keeper [Robinson and Co., Charterhouse-square]
- Rowbotham, J. Long-lane, Bermondsey, skinner [Tilson, Coleman-street]
- Ryder, J. Liverpool, broker [Mawdsley, Liverpool; and Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Saer, D. Gellyhalog, B. Thomas, Narberth, Pem-brookshire, and W. Matthias, Haverfordwest, ban-kers [Evans and Co., Haverfordwest]
- Sansbury, J. Palatine-place, Stoke Newington, builder [Holt, Threadneedle-street]
- Saunders, S. Newport, Isle of Wight, cabinet-maker [Anderton and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Saville, J. Milnsbridge, Yorkshire, clothier [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Sykes, Milns-bridge]
- Scott, W. and J. jun., Wakefield, merchants [Lamb, Wakefield]
- Sedgwick, F. Fenchurch-street, merchant [Fenton Austin Friars]
- Shaw, T., Lambert, J., and Shaw, W., Huddersfield, merchants [Allison, Huddersfield]
- Sherrin, J. Wells, Somersetshire, shopkeeper [Welsh, Wells]
- Shipway, T. Bedford-square, Commercial - road, flour-factor [Dimes, Prince's-street, Bank]
- Shute, G. Watford, Herts., surgeon and apothecary [Tilson, Coleman-street]
- Skillman, B. Tokenhouse-yard, London, stationer [Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard]
- Smith, T. Whitson Eaves, and J. Locker, Hanbey, Staffordshire, bankers [Tomlinson, Staffordshire Potteries]
- Smith, S. jun., Sopwell Mill, Hertfordshire, miller [Alezander and Co., Carey-street, Chancery-lane]
- Smith W. B. Seigley, Staffordshire, iron-master [Parker and Co., Birmingham]
- Smith, J. Broad-street, merchant [Clarke, Austin Friars]
- Smith, T. Kennington-lane, Lambeth, ironmonger [Rogers and Co., Manchester-buildings, West-minster]
- Solliers, N. A. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant [Jones and Co., Mincing-lane]
- Southern, W. Manchester, inn-keeper [Whitehead and Co., Manchester]
- Spencer, C. J. Carlisle, upholsterer [Mounsey and Co., Staple-inn; and Ewart, Carlisle]
- Stevenson, T. Fetter-lane, baker [Allen, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street]
- Stevens, T. Weston-street Maze, Southwark, baker [Rippon, Great Surrey-street, Strand]
- Stillitoe, J. Stafford, grocer [Stanley, Newport, Shropshire]
- Stock, A. Wigan, Lancashire, cotton-spinner [Haughton, Liverpool]
- Storrar, R. Minorities, baker [Farris, Surrey-street, Strand]
- Stratton, J. Trowbridge, Wilts, clothier [Bevan and Co., Bristol]
- Stringer, T. and Hickson, J. Macclesfield, machine-makers [Loney, Macclesfield]
- Tarrant, S. and J. Carter, Basing-lane, London, auctioneers [Jones, Size-lane]
- Tate, Edward, New Shoreham, Sussex, merchant [Osborne and Co., Brighton]
- Thomas, E. Cherry Garden street, Bermondsey, master-mariner [Vigo, St. Catherine Cloisters, near the Tower]
- Travis, W. Audenshaw, Lancashire, hat-manufac-turer [Whitehead and Co., Manchester]
- Tucker, B. jun., Bristol, carpenter [Baynton and Co., Bristol; and Day and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn]
- Sunncliffe, T. M. Hanley, Staffordshire, druggist [Dent, Hanley]
- Turner, J. Finsbury-circus, London, builder [Fisher and Co., Thavies-inn]
- Turnor, A. H. Mile-end, builder [Sherwood and Co., Canterbury-square, Southwark]
- Ulph, W. and B. Jackson, Norwich, dyers [Childs, Upper Thames-street]
- Unger, J. A. Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, merchant [Bourdillon and Co., Bread street, Cheapside]
- Wallbridge, J. Newport, Isle of Wight, currier [Fryer, Wimbourne Minster]
- Walters, M. Gravesend, boat-builder [Williams and Co., Gray's-inn-place]
- Wallbank, N. Keighley, Yorkshire, worsted-spin-ner [De la Lare, Keighley]
- Walker, W. Nottingham, hosier [Carter, Lord Mayor's Court office, Royal Exchange]
- Ward, H. N. Bread-street-hill, merchant [Foss and Co., Essex-street, Strand]
- Warren, J. Abchurch-lane, dentist [Hyde, Great Winchester-street, Broad-street]
- Warne, W. Clarges-street, Piccadilly, lodging-house keeper [Carlton, High-street, Mary-le-bone]
- Waterhouse, J. Oldham, Lancashire, druggist [Ker-shaw, Manchester]
- Whitworth, W. Leeds machine-maker [Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden; and Coupland and Co., Leeds]
- White, R. Upper Mary-le-bone-street, upholsterer [Saunders and Co., Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square]
- Whittenbury, J. Great Cambridge-street, Hackney-road, London, builder [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields]
- Williams, J. Macclesfield, Cheshire, upholsterer [Seddon, Manchester]

Wilson, H. Gloucester Coffee-house, Piccadilly, wine-merchant [Hill, Welbeck-street, St. Mary-le bone
 Wilkinson, J. and J. Mulcaster, wood-street, Cheap-side, warehousemen [Bower, Chancery-lane; and Owen and Co., Manchester
 Wilde, E. Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner [Hampson, Manchester
 Williams, T. West Smithfield, cutler [Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn
 Winscom, J. Andover, Hants, linen-draper [Fleet and Co., Andover

Witts, T. and M. J. Ingleby, Cheltenham, drapers [Sweet and Co., Basinghall-street
 Wright S Salford, Lancashire, dyer [Lawler, Manchester
 Wright, W. Prince's-street, Hanover-square, dealer in medicines [Manning, Furnival's-inn
 Wright, W. and D. Morel, Wood-street, Spital-fields, machine-manufacturer [Bowden and Co., Aldermanbury
 Weight, J. and J. Uley, Glostershire, clothiers [Beck, Wootton-under-Edge; and Birket and Co., Cloak-lane, Cheapside

DIVIDENDS.

Adkins, W. Coventry, July 5
 Archer, W. Maidstone, July 8
 Asprey, W. Bruton-street, Hanover-square, June 20
 Aughtie, T. Poultry, June 24
 Bamford, J. Egham, Surrey, July 1
 Barrow, L. Strutton-ground, Westminster, June 27
 Barney, R. Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, July 8
 Beeley, E. and J. Yeomans, Birmingham, June 20
 Bennett, R. jun., Dukinfield, Cheshire, July 5
 Bibby, R. Liverpool, June 21
 Bishop, R. and T. Bedson, Aston, Warwickshire, June 20
 Blizard, W. Petersham, June 20
 Bradley, J. Liverpool, July 6
 Brammall, D. Whitehouse, Sheffield, June 15
 Brenchley, J. and J. Milton, Kent, July 1
 Brittain, R. Birmingham, June 27
 Britten, W. jun., Northampton, June 23
 Briddon, S. Manchester, July 12
 Burridge, W. sen., and W. jun., and J. Burridge, Portsmouth, July 4
 Camplin, R. Goldsmith-street, London, July 1
 Carman, D. Lothbury, July 8
 Chater, E. Cornhill, June 17
 Challenor, J. Stonesend, Newington, July 1
 Chapman, G. Old Broad-street, July 4
 Clare, R. S. Harrington, Liverpool, June 14
 Coates, W. Kidderminster, July 8
 Cooke, B. Manchester, July 10
 Couchinans, S. Throgmorton st., June 27
 Crane, S. and H. S. Stratford, July 8
 Crockat, C. and T. Wilkie. Lawrence Pountney-place, July 15
 Damant, W. Sudbury, July 8
 Daniel, J. Newgate street, July 11
 Davidson, J. New Brentford, June 27
 Day, T. S. F. H. and W., Norwich, June 28
 Dickinson, W. Lad-lane, June 27
 Dolby, T. Catherine-street, Strand, June 24 and July 1
 Dunsmure, J. and J. Gardner, Broad-street, July 13
 Durham, J. Catherine-street, Strand, May 7
 Earle, J. Liverpool, June 22
 Eastwood, J. and G. Kay, Melsham, Yorkshire, July 1
 Eaton, R. Swansea, Glamorgan-shire, July 12
 Ekins, J. Oxford-street, June 24
 Evans, J., J. Jones, and W. Davies, Aberystwith, June 20 and 22
 Ferguson, J. Liverpool, June 13
 Fisher, R. Low Heskett, Cumberland, July 10
 Fletcher, J. Abington, July 7
 Forster, G. Berwick-upon-Tweed, June 28
 Garland, J. Austin Friars, June 20
 Gibbins, J. W. W. Smith, and W. Goode, Birmingham, June 23
 Gird, H. Leicester, June 19

Glennie, A., J. S. Glennie, and W. Fry, New Broad-street, June 24
 Gould W. and F. Greasley, Maiden-lane, June 24
 Graham, J. jun., Low Houses, Cumberland, June 28
 Green, W. and J. H. Sampson, and R. A. Smith, Sheffield, June 27
 Gregson, R. Liverpool, June 28
 Grovenor, W. L. sen., E. Chater, and W. L. Grovenor, jun.; and C. Rutt, Cornhill June 17
 Haviside, A. Bucklersbury, June 27
 Hammond, G. Maunby, Yorkshire, July 10
 Harris, T. and J. Price, Bristol, July 20
 Harding, S. Oxford-street, July 4
 Harmer, J. Great Surrey-street, June 17
 Harvey, M. B. Witham, Essex, and J. W. Harvey, Hadleigh Hall, Essex, June 27
 Harrison, S. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire, July 28
 Harrison, W. and C. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire, July 28
 Hart, G. and W. Pittcock, Church-street, Deptford, June 10
 Herving, C. Strand, July 11
 Hetherington, D. King-street, Cheapside, July 1
 Hibbert, W. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, June 27
 Hibbert, J. Hylords-court, Crutched Friars, June 27
 Hill, S. Regent's-street, tailor, July 8
 Holah, C. Hastings, June 27
 Holmes, J. Bridge-road, Lambeth, July 1
 Honeybourn, J. Portsea, Southampton, July 17
 Houghton, J. Manchester, June 6
 Hunt, J. R. Wrench, and W. Hunt, jun., Stewart's-buildings, Battersea, July 4
 Jackson, J. jun., Ilketstone, June 17
 Jones, J. Hillingdon, June 20
 Jones J. and J. Leominster, Herefordshire, June 10
 Jupp, J. Horsham, Sussex, June 17
 Keast, W. St. Earny, Cornwall, June 16
 Kings, R. Ledbury, June 26
 King, F. Warwick, June 20
 Lacy, T. Basinghall-street, June 4
 Langford, T. T. Lambs-conduit street, June 17
 Mackenzie, P. and W. Sheffield, June 24
 Mackinnon, L. Liverpool, June 27
 Mead, W. and C. Emacomb, Battersea, July 4
 Menzies, J. Charles-street, Manchester-square, June 24
 Miles, J. Old Broad street, May 27
 Morton, A. A. Rodick, and C. Morton, Wellingborough, Northampton, July 8
 Morris, S. Long Itchington, Warwickshire, June 20
 Murgatroyd, J. Midgley, Yorkshire, June 26
 Noakes, W. Old City Chambers, July 4

Norris, S. Cobham Row, Cold Bath Fields, June 17
 Osbaldeston, E. Hertford, June 24
 Passman, J. King's Arms Yard, Coleman-street, June 24
 Pettifler, H. High Holborn, June 24
 Pickman, J. Shoreditch, June 24
 Pickering, H. B. Coventry, July 5
 Piercy, J. and R. Saunders, Birmingham, June 24
 Piper, T. and G. Dewdney, Dorking, Surrey, June 27
 Pomares, J. Freemans Court, Cornhill, June 17 and 20
 Reynolds, J. Bread-street hill, July 1
 Rich, W. Wigan, Lancashire, July 4
 Robertson, J. Red Lion square, Clerkenwell, June 20
 Robotham, J. Macklesfield, June 27
 Robine, F. Regent-street, London, June 24
 Rogers, W. Upton, July 1
 Roscow, R. Liverpool, July 6
 Sadler, G. and J. Frith, Great Guildford-street, July 1
 Safford, S. Mettingham, Suffolk, June 6
 Salmore, J. W. and J. Heslop, Manchester, July 10
 Sandison, W. Cork-street, Burlington Gardens, June 27
 Sanderson, W. W. and J. Nicholas lane, Lombard-street, June 10
 Sandwell, J. Pitfield-street, Hoxton, June 20
 Sargent, G. F. Marlborough place, Westminster, June 17
 Sawyer, J. Lincoln's-Inn-fields, June 13
 Scott, J. and H. Bragg, Walbrook, July 5
 Searle, S. and S. B. Saffron Walden, Essex, June 20
 Self, S. Norwich, July 7
 Shaw, J. W. and A. W. Elmslie, Fenchurch-buildings, June 27
 Shaw, J. Gower-street, Bedford-square, June 1
 Sharp, J. B. Exchange-buildings, July 1
 Smith, J. and J. Cateaton-street, July 1
 Smith, A. Lime-street-square, June 27
 Soames, J. Oxford-street, June 20
 Sowerby, P. sen. and jun. Liverpool, July 5
 Square, J. W. Prideaux, jun. and W. W. Prideaux, Kings Bridge, Devon, July 11
 Stanley, G. Upper Ground-street, parish of Christ Church, July 8
 Stickney, W. Welton, Yorkshire, July 12
 Storker, D. and A. D. Welsh, Leadenhall-street, July 4
 Stroud, T. Union-street, Bath, June 17
 Sykes, T. Bath Easton, Somersetshire, June 10
 Tanner, D. Monmouth, June 24
 Thorp, T. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, June 20
 Thomas, W. Blewitt's-buildings, Fetter-lane, June 27

Thompson, S. Carlisle, June 19
 Todd, E. Liverpool, June 30
 Turner, P. Liverpool, July 5
 Unsworth, J. Clayton-square, Liverpool
 Want, G. S. Skinner-street, July 8
 Watt, G. T. Old-street, June 17
 Wells, J. and W. Onion, Bishops-gate-street-without, June 17

Whitely, W. and J. Leeds, July 5
 Wilkinson, W. and W. C. Gill, Holborn-bridge, June 24
 Williams, M. Old Bailey, London, June 27
 Williamson, S. T. Southampton, June 27
 Wilson, S. Liverpool, July 8
 Winsol, W. Ivy Bridge, Devon, July 8

Wingfield, T. Bolton Le Moors, Lancashire, July 5
 Wise, S. and C. Brenchly, Maidstone, June 27
 Wise, T. W. Jermyn-street, July 1
 Workman, T. W. Rodborough, Gloucester, June 17
 Young, S. Sheffield, June 15
 Young, P. jun. and R. Atkinson, Wapping, July 4.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Hon. and Rev. L. Powis, to the Rectory of Pilton, Northampton—The Rev. A. Dashwood, to the Rectory of Thornage, with Brinton annexed, Norfolk—The Rev. H. M. Spence, to the Rectory of West Haddon—The Rev. S. H. White, to the Rectory of Maidford—The Rev. T. Adnutt, to the Rectory of Croft, Leicestershire—The Rev. Archdeacon Bull, to a prebendal stall in York Cathedral—The Rev. J. W. Hughes, to be Chaplain of All Souls College, Oxford—The Rev. E. H. Hoare, to the Rectory of Isham superior, Cambridgeshire—The Rev. S. White, to the Vicarage of Maidford, Notts—The Rev. G. Peacock, M.A. F.R.S., to the Vicarage of Wymeswold—The Rev. R. M. Master, M.A., to the Curacy of Burnley, Lancashire—The Rev. R. G. Ro-

gers, M.A., to the Rectory of Yarlington, Somerset—The Rev. W. F. Bayley, M.A., to be Prebendary of Canterbury—The Rev. E. Goodenough, D.D., to a prebendal stall in Westminster Cathedral—The Rev. W. Williams, M.A., to the perpetual Curacies of Leafield and Ascot-sub-Wychwood—The Rev. J. Lupton, to be one of the Chaplains to the Radcliffe Infirmary—The Rev. — Johnson, M.A., to the Vicarage of Moltram in Longdendale—The Rev. E. Rodd, D.D., to a prebendal stall in Exeter Cathedral—The Rev. W. B. Whitehead to the Vicarage of Chard—The Rev. H. F. Lyte, A.B. to the new district Church of Lower Brixham, Devon—The Rev. W. Jones, to the Vicarage of Welwick, and to the Rectory of Holmpton, Yorkshire.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

May 19.—The tenth anniversary of the Medical Benevolent Society, founded for the relief of the distressed members of the profession, was celebrated at the Albion, Aldersgate Street, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair.

22.—The annual public examination of the children of the Incorporated Society for clothing, maintaining, and educating poor orphans of Clergymen of the Established Church, took place at the school, St. John's Wood, in the presence of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. &c.

A numerous meeting took place at the Three Tuns Tavern, High Street, Borough, at which it was resolved to establish a Mechanic's Institution in the Borough of Southwark.

23.—The fifty-ninth anniversary dinner of the Gloucestershire Society, was celebrated at the Thatched House Tavern. From the report of the Committee it appeared that at the recent ballot, ten boys and two girls were elected for apprenticeship, with premiums of £15 each, making a total number of 1,110 children benefitted by the society since its formation. Several new subscribers were announced.

24.—A dreadful accident occurred at Mr. Maudsley's steam-engine manufactory, owing to the falling in of an iron roof erecting on the premises, on and about which from eighty to one hundred workmen were employed, a number of whom were killed, or dreadfully mangled.

25.—The annual meeting of the Society for promoting the enlargement and building of Churches and Chapels was held, the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair. The report stated that, at the close of last year, the available balance in the Treasurer's hands being considerably under £3,000, it was deemed necessary to make an instantaneous appeal to the public, which had been attended with considerable success. The committee acknowledged his Majesty's gracious donation of £1,000, and many other liberal donations. In fifty-six cases the amount of grants made by the Society was £8,765, by means of which 13,067 additional sittings were created, and of these 10,649 were free sittings. Since its com-

mencement the Society had created 126,612 new sittings, of which 94,254 were free.

The anniversary of the Institution of the Sons of the Clergy, was celebrated in the usual manner at St. Paul's Cathedral, and attended, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, by a very numerous assemblage. About £900 was received.

26.—Lord John Russel proposed a Resolution to the House of Commons on the subject of bribery at elections, which was carried, the Speaker giving the casting vote.

An overland dispatch was received at the East-India House, from Bombay, dated on the 4th of February announcing the fall of the Fortress of Bhurtapore, which was carried by storm by the army under the command of Lord Combermere, on the 8th of January.

29.—The London Society of Arts awarded its annual premiums in the Opera House, the Duke of Sussex presiding. Mr. Robert Cowen, of Carlisle, received the gold medal, value thirty guineas, and the usual compliments, for his invention of an apparatus for carrying off the metallic dust arising from dry grinding in the manufacture of cutlery, needles, &c.: Mr. Roberts (late of Whitehaven) received the silver Vulcan Medal, and ten guineas, for his improved safe lamps to miners, which corrects an inconvenience in Sir Humphrey Davy's safe lamp, out of which the oil flows when the lamp is held very obliquely; to obviate this, and prevent the oil from smearing the wire gauze which incloses the flame, Mr. R. has applied a hemispherical cover to the oil pot, which receives whatever oil may flow out of it when the lamp is on its side. Mr. Spencer, Dock Yard, at Chatham, received the gold Vulcan Medal, for his improved method of letting go an anchor—an improvement sanctioned by its general adoption in the navy. Mr. Skinner was voted by the Society the sum of thirty guineas, for a model of a stage coach, which combines safety, ease of draught, and accommodation to the passengers.

Mr. Douglas Fox, surgeon, of Derby, received the large Silver Medal, as a reward for his new method of making elastic moulds of glue, into which plaster

of Par's or wax composition is poured, and forms most beautiful and delicate casts.

Mr. H. Attenburrow, of No. 11, New Burlington Street, London, son of Mr. Attenburrow, surgeon, of Nottingham, obtained a large silver medal, for an original coloured drawing of a dissected arm.

To Mr. E. Carey, Bristol, for his improved dead-eyes for shipping, and to Mrs. Henry Goode, Ryde, Isle of Wight, for a blind for circular-headed windows, each the silver Vulcan Medal.—To Mrs. Eliza West, North-parade, Bath, for a landscape from nature, the silver Isis Medal.—To Mrs. Lourey, Exeter, for a hat of double split wheat straw, five guineas.

The Worcester Society in London held their eleventh anniversary meeting, Earl Beauchamp in the chair, and attended by about seventy highly respectable members. The donations and subscriptions amounted to about £70.

June 1.—The anniversary meeting of the Law Association took place at the Freemason's Tavern. Nearly 200 sat down to dinner. The capital fund amounts to £12,600.

The proclamation for dissolving the Parliament, and calling a new one, received the royal signature; the writs are made returnable on the 25th of July.

The Recorder made his report to the King, of twenty-three prisoners under sentence of death; His Majesty was pleased to respite all but three, who were ordered for execution.

11.—The anniversary meeting of the Charity Children of London and its vicinity was held at St. Paul's. Upwards of 5,000 were seated in a spacious gallery erected for the occasion, immediately under the great dome. The Bishop of Landaff preached on the occasion.

20.—The subscriptions in aid of the distressed manufacturing classes throughout England, amount to about £130,000.

MARRIAGES.

The Rev. T. A. Partridge, to Louisa, daughter of the late T. T. Drake, esq.—Charles, son of the late J. Balfour, esq., to Maria, daughter of Sir J. E. Harrington, bart.—J. Murray Nasmyth, esq., to Mary, daughter of Sir J. Marjoribanks, bart., M.P.—T. W. Langton, esq., Lieut. R.N., to Frances, daughter of W. Mansell, esq.—R. C. Parker, esq., to Harriet, daughter of W. S. Peckham, esq.—R. Gray, jun., esq., to Mary, daughter of the late W. Holt, esq.—J. Bulteel, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of the Right-Hon. Earl Grey.—W. Vowler, esq., of St. Paul's Church-yard, to Mrs. James, of Blackheath Hill.—J. D. Dickinson, esq., to Margaret, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Alexander.—Capt. J. Lewis, to Mary, daughter of J. Vaughan, esq.—J. H. Clough, esq., to Miss Stone, of Rolleston Park, Staffordshire.—The Rev. H. Oakeley, to Atholl, daughter of the late Lord C. Ainsley.—The Rev. J. H. Cotton, to Mary, daughter of Dr. S. Fisher, of Bath.—Charles, son of the late Sir S. Shuckburgh, bart., to Emma, daughter of the late S. Butler, esq., of Binfield, Berks.—The Right-Hon. the Earl of Hopetown, to the Hon. Louisa, daughter of the Right-Hon. Lord Macdonald.—J. P. Brodie, esq., to Susan, daughter of the late J. Morgan, esq.—At Willesden, E. Osborne, esq., to Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Fly.—The Rev. F. Borradaile, to Demetria, daughter of the late Capt. R. Hudson.—S. G. Cooke, esq., to Emily, daughter of W. Smith, esq.—R. S. Cox, esq., to Amelia, daughter of J. Bult. esq.—R. H. Stewart, esq., to Caroline, daughter of the late J. Buschman, esq., of Surinam.—B. B. Owen, esq., to Sarah, daughter of E. Cohen, esq., of Herne Hill.—The Rev. T. Chaffey, to Charlotte, daughter of G. Theakston, esq.—J. H. Story, esq., to Sarah, daughter of H. Waymouth, esq.—Captain G. Probyn, to Alicia, daughter of Sir F. W. Macnaghten.—W. M.

Tottner, esq., to G. F. daughter of J. Massinghi, esq., of Cadogan Place.

DEATHS.

86, The Rev. B. N. Turner, M.A.—The Rev. F. Lee—Rev. J. Wolfe, A.M.—55, Harriet, wife of A. K. Newman, esq.—E. Bayley, esq.—72, Mrs. Louisa M. Harris—23, Sarah the wife of E. S. Stephenson, esq.—T. D. Boswell, esq.—Jane, wife of R. L. Appleyard, esq.—74, Mrs. Wood, sister of Col. Wood, M. P.—Right Hon. Lady C. Lemon—Hon. Pierce B. Cooper—Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd of Lynn.—74, Rev. J. Bean—85, J. Ramsden, esq.—15, Louisa, twin daughter of Lady C. Crofton—Capt. J. Maxwell, of H. M. Ship Aurora—62, At Pentonville, the Rev. J. Latchford—67, Rev. R. Burnside—39, Carl M. V. Weber—Lady P. Tomline, the lady of the Lord Bishop of Winchester—Mary, wife of Major Horseley—Mrs. Brunton, relict of the late J. Brunton, esq.—74, At Battersea, Lady E. Pratt, daughter of the late Lord Camden.—19, The Right-Hon. Lady L. Boyle, daughter of the Earl of Cork and Orrery—21, The Right-Hon. Lord Dorchester—J. Stephenson, esq.—53, T. Laing, esq.—21, Mary, daughter of P. Clutterbuck, esq.—15, Louisa, daughter of P. Gavron, esq.—Mary, wife of Capt. Anderson—46, Louisa, wife of J. Payne, esq.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Madras, Capt. W. Stewart, to Mrs. Bownes, daughter of W. Hill, esq., M.D.—At Calcutta, the Rev. J. Hawtine, Archdeacon of Bombay, to Margaret, daughter of the Hon. J. Franks—At Purneah, R. B. Perry, esq., to Ellen, daughter of the late P. Goulet, esq.—At Bermuda, J. H. Darrell, esq., to Mary, daughter of J. Hurst, esq.—In France, Miss Trinder, to Capt. D. Buffa—W. Clyatt, esq., to Mademoiselle F. M. Guilbert—At Gibraltar, W. Wiltshire, esq., to Emma, daughter of the late A. W. Const—At Berne, J. J. Walsham, to Sarah, daughter of the late W. Bell, esq., of Woolsington, Northumberland.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Death of General Holt.—We have to record the death of this celebrated man, which took place at his residence in Kingstown. Previous to the disastrous rebellion of 1798, he filled the situation of barony constable, in the county of Wicklow, and was of the established religion. In some of the sanguinary and wanton excesses which distinguished the conduct of the military parties stationed in the disturbed districts, at that melancholy period, the residence of Holt was burned to the ground, and all his property destroyed. Stimulated by a desire of vengeance, he took up arms, and placed himself at the head of a numerous band of the disaffected; and, acquainted with all the fastnesses in his native mountains, erected his standard on their summits. His first attacks on the authorities were of such a nature, that long after the extinction of rebellion, and when the country was slowly returning to a state of calm, he continued to be the terror, as well as the object of pursuit of the local authorities. Disappointed in many attempts to make him prisoner, and feeling the force of his summary vengeance, the Government gladly acceded to his offers of surrender, on condition of his expatriating himself for ever. His conduct while in New South Wales, whither he was exiled, was so exemplary, that he obtained a full pardon, and returned to his native country, where he continued to reside to the period of his death.

At Paris, the lady of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith—The wife of W. Webster, esq.—In France, 21, Cath-

rine, daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Desborough—At Caen, Henrietta, wife of J. Ambrose, esq.—At St. Petersburg, 38, Ellen, Viscountess Strangford—At Sierra Leone, 26, Capt. H. Curwen—Capt. Pearce—Dr. Morison—At Anantpoor, 26, G. R. son of J. Gosling, esq., of Gloucester Place—At the Cape of Good Hope, J. Lloyd, esq.—42, J. Digby, esq.—At Calcutta, 24, Rachel, widow of the late H. Money, esq.—W. Jackson, esq.—At Bombay, D. Malcolm, esq.—At Arracan, 20, Lieut. A. Wight,—Dr. A. Walker—Lieut.-Col. W. Baker—G. M. S., son of the late Sir W. Robe, K.C.B.—At Chittagong, Lieut. J. G. Ma-

gregor—On her passage from India, Mary, wife of the Rev. J. F. Beddy—Lieut. A. Pitcairn—At Boulogne-sur-mer, the Right-Hon. Ralph, Lord Viscount Neville—47, Dr. J. Cole, M.D.—24, At Algiers, James, son of G. Woodfall, esq.—J. H. Bradford, esq., of Boston, United States of America—At Truro, Capt. Andrews—At Patna, Rose, wife, of J. Sandford, esq., of the Bengal Civil Service—At Vienna, Lord Ingestre, son of Earl Talbot—At Pegue, Capt. J. Cursham—At Masulipatam, Capt. W. James—Anna, daughter of T. H. Symons, esq.—At Zurich, 62, Hans C. Gesner, the celebrated painter.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A meeting of the Botanical and Horticultural Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was held lately, when the usual prizes were distributed.

Four very handsome silver cups, with appropriate inscriptions, were presented lately to Mr. J. Thornburn, and Mr. Wm. Coppin, of Blyth, by the Secretary of the Friendly United and Eligible Insurance Association, at North Shields, as a testimony of the meritorious service rendered by those gentlemen to the ship *Effort* while stranded at the entrance of Blyth harbour.

May 30, an explosion of hydrogen gas took place at Whitfield Colliery (which supplies the London market with Townley coals), thirty-seven men and boys came to a premature death.

Married.] R. Weldon, esq., to the daughter of R. Barker, esq.

Died.] At Morpeth, Capt. A. Dickson, R.N.—At Newcastle, 35, T. Davidson, esq.; Alice, wife of W. Selby, esq., of Biddleston; Elizabeth, wife of T. Todd, esq.; C. Ogle, esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Carlisle, R. Matthews, esq., of Low-hall, Castlesowerby, to the daughter of C. Hudson, esq., of Haltcliffe-bridge, Greystock; the Rev. C. H. Wybergh, to Miss A. M. Minshall.

Died.] At Wetheral, 56, J. Hall, esq.; 63, the Rev. J. Ponsonby.

YORKSHIRE.

The first stone of the Leeds Commercial Buildings was laid lately by Lepton Dobson, esq., who, at the conclusion of the ceremony, presented the chairman of the fund for the relief of the unemployed in Leeds, with a purse containing 100 sovereigns, being the amount of the dinner tickets intended to have been held on this occasion.

The new Port of Goole, and the grand canal connected therewith, are to be opened on the 5th of July.

Married.] At Whitby, W. Richardson, esq., to Anne, daughter of M. Nelson, esq.; the Rev. C. P. Worsley, to Caroline, daughter of P. Acklom, esq., of Beverley—At West Rownton, Sir T. S. Pasley, bart., to Jane, daughter of the Rev. M. J. Wynyard.

Died.] At York, Catherine, relict of the late T. Selby, esq., sen.—At Barnsley, Francis, wife of the Rev. W. Wordsworth—At Northallerton, E. Smith, esq., M.D.—At Attercliffe, 23, the Rev. J. Browne; 32, the Rev. J. Hodgson—At Fishlake, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. W. Holbrey; J. Greenwood, esq.

LANCASHIRE.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway is to be commenced in about two months, and will require, at least, three months to complete it.

The Manchester Natural History Society is now in possession of the skeleton of the elephant that died in Salford about eighteen months since, which then formed part of Wombwell's collection. The

skeleton has been reconstructed, and the different bones fixed in their proper places, by Mr. W. Bentley. The skin has likewise been preserved and stuffed, and is placed at the foot of the stairs leading to the museum of the society.

A female ringed snake was killed lately in the garden at Woodfold Park, near Blackburn, five feet in length; and more than forty eggs were extracted from it.

Married.] At Liverpool, R. Lewtas, esq., to Alice, daughter of the late R. Gardner, esq.—At Todmorden, R. Richardson, esq., to the daughter of J. Buckley, esq.

Died.] At Much Urswick, 107, Mrs. Jane Braithwaite—At Southport, the wife of W. Anderson, M.D.; 93, G. Bulcock, esq.; Elizabeth, wife of R. Marsh, esq.; E. Milne, esq., of Manchester, and on the same day, his brother, W. Milne, esq.

CHESHIRE.

The new London road through Stockport was opened on the 19th of June. A splendid public procession was formed on the occasion, to commemorate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo.

Married.] The Rev. W. H. G. Mann, of Bowden, to Barbara, daughter of R. Spooner, esq.

Died.] At Cheadle, J. Baxter, esq.; 23, Charles, son of T. Worthington, esq.; 76, J. Moore, esq.

DERBYSHIRE.

The tenth anniversary of the Derbyshire Church Missionary Society was held lately; Mr. B. Cox read the report, and stated that the sum of £1,273.3s. 6d. had been collected during the past year; being an increase of £107. 12s. 4d. over the sum collected the previous year, and making the sum total raised from the commencement of the institution £29,157. 6s. 2d.

A handsome piece of plate was lately presented to Lieut.-Col. Sir Robert Wilmot, bart., by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Derbyshire yeomanry cavalry.

Married.] A. L. Maynard, to the daughter of the late R. Waller, esq.

Died.] At Ashbourn, Major Sowter; the Rev. J. Wolfe, A.D.—At Ripley, 84, Admiral Faucourt.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The annual meeting of the Nottingham Mechanics' and Artizans' Library was held lately; the report noticed the continued prosperity of the library, which now consists of 1,338 volumes. There are forty-two share-holders (nineteen of whom have made presents of their shares to the institution), and 375 subscribers.

Married.] At Burton Joyce, J. J. Bigsby, M.D., to Miss Sarah Jamson; the Rev. T. C. Cane, of Southwell, to Mary, daughter of J. Brettell, esq., of Thurgarton; G. O. Heming, esq., to Jane, daughter of J. Freeth, esq.

Died.] At Southwell, 84, T. Spofforth, esq.; 93, C. Morley, esq.; 30, W. Ffarmarie, esq.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

On the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II., some workmen, employed in taking down an old building at Allington, near Grantham, found a linen bag among the rubbish, containing a large quantity of ancient silver coins, chiefly crowns and half-crowns of the above monarch, of various dates from 1666 to 1671, in high and beautiful preservation, with a great many others of the reign of Charles I., partly coined at Oxford in the time of the rebellion, also in excellent preservation.

Died.] At Canwick, 74, Susannah, relict of Col. H. W. Sibthorp; the Rev. H. Dodwell, M.A.—At Lincoln, 100, Mrs. Chislett.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

A tablet, bearing the following inscription, has lately been placed in a village church near Belvoir Castle, the poor inhabitants of which had largely partaken of her Grace's bounty.

"This tablet was erected by the curate of this church, in grateful remembrance of the friend and benefactress of the village poor, Elizabeth, Duchess of Rutland, who, in the flower of her age, and in the midst of her usefulness, was suddenly taken from this world to a better, November 29th 1825, aged 45 years."

Married.] At Loughborough, H. Toone, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of C. Lacey, esq.; G. Carter, esq., of Leicester, to Mrs. Crotty—At Kegworth, —Bournby, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of R. Sutton, esq.

Died.] Ann, widow of the late J. Eyre, esq.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

A wild duck has lately taken possession of a rook's nest at the top of a lofty oak tree, at a place called Wharton's Wood, belonging to Lord Crewe, in the parish of Madeley, and is now hatching a nest full of eggs. The drake has been observed perching on a bough by the side of the nest, and occasionally sharing with his mate the duties of incubation.

Married.] At Penn, Thomas, son of W. Phillips, esq., of Chetwynd-house, Salop, to Ellen, daughter of W. Thacker, esq., of Muchall-hall; W. Block, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of J. Hooman, esq.—At Burton-upon-Trent, T. Robinson, esq., to Sarah, daughter of — Cooper, esq.

Died.] At Litchfield, 71, W. Mott, esq.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The Birmingham and Staffordshire Gas Company have lately commenced lighting certain streets in Birmingham, as an experiment to try the necessary pressure. The result proves, beyond all doubt, that gas may be carried to almost any distance. The distance from the gasometer, at West Bromwich to the extremity of the leading main pipe, is nearly eight miles.

Married.] At Wootton Wawen, the Rev. T. Lea, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. P. S. Ward; J. Rickards, esq., to Phoebe, daughter of the late W. Parkes, esq.; the Rev. E. Willis, to Laura, daughter of Colonel Steward; N. L. Torre, esq., to Eliza, daughter of R. W. Elliston, esq.

Died.] At Moseley, 70, the Rev. F. Palmer—At Hampton, the Rev. R. Lillington—At Guys Cliff, 74, the relict of B. B. Greathead, esq.—At Weddington, Amicia, relict of the late G. Hemming, esq.; 82, D. Oliver,

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Great Dawley, the Rev. J. M. Wood, M.A., to Miss Hannah Parton—At Shrewsbury, W. L. Lacon, esq., to Mary, daughter of R. Leigh, esq.; the Rev. H. Jones, A.B., to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. J. Langford, A.M.

Died.] 70, The Rev. J. Mayor—At Wellington, Sarah, wife of H. Langley, esq.—At Oxon, the Rev. R. Spearman, M.A.; 53, R. Thomas, esq.

WORCESTER.

A most alarming fire broke out lately at Cropthorne, which destroyed six houses, a barn, stable, and other outhouses, and two smiths' shops.

The Worcester Floricultural Society held their second spring meeting lately, at which a magnificent exhibition of tulips afforded the highest gratification to the admirers of those beautiful productions of nature. The usual prizes were awarded.

Died.] At Bayton, Jane, daughter of the late Rev. D. Davies—At Moseley, 70, the Rev. E. Palmer—At Badsley, 22, Joseph, son of J. Jones, esq.—At Evesham, 20, Jane, daughter of the late Capt. McPherson.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Leominster Canal Bill has passed both Houses. A Bill has also passed for the effecting a sale of part of the Glite lands belonging to the Rectory of Kingswinford, and the mines in and under the same, to the Right Hon. John William Viscount Dudley and Ward, and for other purposes.

Married.] At Tarrington, T. Turner, esq., to Miss Sarah Smith; P. Warburton, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of the late H. H. Williams, esq.; the Rev. T. Underwood, to Mary, daughter of the late T. Harvey, esq.; the Rev. E. B. Bagshawe, to Jane, daughter of the late W. Partridge, esq.

Died.] 74, C. Tunstall, esq.; John, son of the Rev. J. Jones, of Dorston; Anna, daughter of T. H. Symonds, esq.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The Society of Arts and Sciences have voted Mr. E. Carey, Lloyd's Surveyor at Bristol, a silver Vulcan medal for his new improved dead eyes for shipping.

Tewkesbury Severn Bridge, and the roads connected therewith, were lately opened to the public. The upper Lode Ferry is consequently entirely disused.

The Bank of England have determined to establish a branch bank at Gloucester. Mr. Down (lately of the bank and firm of Pole, Thornton, Free, Down, and Scott) is appointed to superintend it.

Married.] Rev. M. F. Townsend, M.A., to Alice, niece of the late H. Stevens, esq.—At Stoke Gifford, H. Every, esq., son of Sir H. Every, of Eggington House, Derbyshire, bart., to Maria, daughter of the late Dean of Salisbury—At Newent, J. Freeman, esq., to Constantia, daughter of Archdeacon Onslow—At Berkeley J. Hickes, esq., to Mary, daughter of W. Pearce, esq.—The Rev. E. L. Bennett, to Ellinor, daughter of the late W. Codrington, esq.—At Frome, the Rev. W. Dalby, M.A., to Miss Sheppard, daughter of G. Sheppard, esq.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Capt. Layman, R.N.—R. W. Ashworth, esq.—Elizabeth, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Eyre—At Randwicke, J. Hogg, esq.—At Dudbridge, J. Hawker, esq.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] The Rev. C. Girdlestone, M.A., to Ann, daughter of B. Marrell, esq.

Died.] Jane, the wife of the Rev. J. Hughes—At Chalford, Capt. E. Jennings—At Nuffield, 91, the Rev. J. Pearse, A.M.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

The Aylesbury Florist Society lately held their first exhibition for the present season; the show of tulips exceeded that of any former year for the size and beauty of the flowers. The usual prizes were distributed.

Married.] The Rev. H. Wilson, to Emma, daughter of Col. Pigot—R. B. Evans, esq., to Miss M. Peters.

Died.] At Maidenhead, 84, the Rev. Dowell—10, J. Smith esq.

HERTFORD AND BEDFORD.

The following is the account current of the Hertfordshire Saving Bank, up to the 20th of May 1826.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Received	203,378	13	4			
Returned	83,581	8	1			
Invested	119,389	4	1			
In hand	407	12	2			
				203,379	13	4

xclusive of the interest up to this day.

A handsome marble tablet has been erected in Barnet church, by the parishioners, to the memory of the late Rev. Wm. Marr, who was twenty-five years curate of that parish.

Married.] At Ware, J. Tomson, esq., of Nether Crawley, to Miss Taylor, daughter of W. Taylor, esq.—At Broxbourn, J. Newman, esq., to Eliza, daughter of Dr. Jordan.

Died.] At Leighton Buzzard, Rev. J. Wilson; 32, G. N. Caswall, esq.—At Royston, J. Phillips, esq.; Mary, wife of the Rev. J. Hull—At Buntingford, Mary, relict of the Rev. J. Avoine.

NORTHAMPTON.

A public meeting was held lately at Oundle, for the purpose of forming a Ladies' Bible Association for that town and its vicinity.

Married.] At Warkworth, Thomas, son of J. Tate, esq., to Mary, daughter of J. Daud, esq., of Woodside; C. Gillbee, esq., A.B., to Maria, daughter of the Rev. C. Williams, A.M.

Died.] The Rev. F. Cumming.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

The sixth general meeting of the Auxiliary Religious Tract Society of Cambridgeshire and its vicinity was held on the 24th May, and was numerous and respectfully attended.

The Chancellor's gold medal, for the best English Poem, by a resident undergraduate, was adjudged to Mr. J. Sumner Brockhurst, of St. John's College, Cambridge.—Subject, "Venice."

Married.] At Great Stukeley, J. Heywood, esq., to Eliza, daughter of the Rev. J. Bailey.

Died.] At Impington, 70, Mrs. Catherine Hoven-den.

NORFOLK.

The labourers employed in digging gravel in the grounds formerly belonging to St. Leonard's Priory, on the brow of Mousehold Heath, found the skeleton of a very tall man enclosed in a stone grave. They have, on several previous occasions, found similar remains of mortality, together with coins, pavements, &c.

A Committee for the Relief of the unemployed Poor in this city have resolved that the £6,000, granted to Norwich by the London Committee, should be expended in labour only, by which means the poor settled inhabitants will be set to work, and enabled to make such earnings as will support their families. Seven acres of land on Mousehold heath have been hired, which will be cultivated with the spade, and planted with potatoes. The Court of Guardians are also in treaty for twenty-five acres of land, to be cultivated and planted in the same way; and many land occupiers in the neighbourhood have also promised to put out their land to be dug in future (in cases of emergency) at plough prices.

Married.] At Stockton, K. Murchison, esq., to Anne, daughter of J. D. Nesham, esq.—At Walcot, Major C. Gardiner, to Harriett, daughter of C. Plunket, esq.; Capt. G. Probyn, to Alicia, daughter of Sir F. Macknaghten; the Rev. J. H. Cotton, to Mary, daughter of Dr. Samuel Fisher.

Died.] At Great Yarmouth, 87, Capt. R. Hays; 64, T. Sparkes, esq.; 74, H. Thomas, esq.; 37, Elizabeth, the wife of the Rev. W. Hardwicke; 70, the Rev. J. Barnet.

SUFFOLK.

A pike was caught lately in the canal belonging to the great house at Tattingstone, near Ipswich, weighing 25½ lbs.

Married.] S. G. Cooke, esq., of St John's Green, to Emily, daughter of W. Smith, esq.

Died.] J. Coleman, esq.; Sarah, wife of S. Jackman, esq.; 74, H. Baxter, esq.—At Bamfield, 87, W. Aldis, esq.; Ann, wife of J. Gurdon, esq.

ESSEX.

At the sale of the valuable collection of tulips of Mr. S. B. Searle, of Saffron Waldon, several members of the Chelmsford Florest Society were present. The produce of the sale, consisting of 154 lots, was upwards of £600. The sale of the ranunculuses was postponed, in order to afford the public the better means of judging the merits of the sorts by witnessing their blossoms.

An oyster was lately taken from a bed at Brittlesea, which weighed, when taken out of the shell, 5½ ounces; it contained two ounces of liquor, and the shell weighed two pounds and a quarter.

Married.] J. D. Dickinson, esq., to Margaret, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Alexander; J. England, esq., of Sevington, to Caroline, daughter of the late R. Bridge, esq., of Langdon.

Died.] At Chelmsford, 55, Priscilla, wife of Sir Joseph Esdaile, knt.—At Saffron Walden, 58, the wife of G. Walton esq.—At Leytonstone, 83, C. Briscoe, esq.—At Walthamstow, 44, Miss Leech; 73, J. Beales, esq., of Ardleigh.

KENT.

Married.] At Cranbrook, the Rev. H. Cleaver, M.A., to Caroline, daughter of the Right Hon. Lady Louisa de Spaen; the Rev. R. H. Cooper, to Miss M. Larke—At Dover, P. Hesketh, esq., to Eliza, Debonnaire, daughter of the late Sir T. J. Metcalfe, bart.

Died.] At Deptford, 69, Jane, widow of the late W. Oswald, esq.—At Sevenoaks, 85, Mrs. J. Pery, daughter of the Rev. J. Pery, D.D.

SUSSEX.

Married.] At Midhurst, the Rev. H. M. Spence, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. W. Harding.

Died.] At Brighton, Georgiana, wife of J. Cramier, esq.; 54, W. Murray, esq., of Dundee, Jamaica—At Steyning, Ann, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Green—At Brighton, Mrs. Leigh, widow of the late Rev. W. Leigh.

HANTS.

The third anniversary of the Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport Church Missionary Society was held lately at Portsea, G. Grey, esq., President, in the chair. The Report stated that the sum raised during the last year had exceeded £203, and that, after deducting incidental expenses, £191. 14s. had been remitted to the parent society, making the grand total of contributions since the formation of the association £1,829. 7s. 9d., and that the income of the parent society amounted to £46,000. The Report stated that, in the Society's nine missions, there were forty-five stations, connected with 296 schools, containing upwards of 14,000 scholars, including 676 youths and adults, and that these stations and schools were occupied by 440 labourers.

Married.] At Portchester, M. Frs. Paul Emile de Bonnechese, to Charlotte, daughter of Capt. Gourly, R.N.—At Steventon, E. Knight, esq., to Mary, daughter of Sir E. Knatchbull, bart., M.P.

Died.] At Lyndhurst, R. Houghton, esq.—At Kingsworthy, 63, W. Short, D.D.

WILTS.

Married.] At Warminster, Sir W. Handcock, bart., to Elizabeth, daughter of T. Harding, esq.—At Calne, — Phillips, esq., to Catherine, daughter of F. Child, esq.—At Downton, W. H. Lawrence, esq., to Lydia, daughter of J. Cheyney, esq.

Died.] At Great Durnford, 72, Mrs. L. M. Harris; Mary, the wife of A. H. Young, esq.—At Seend, P. Awdry, esq.

SOMERSET.

While digging the foundation for the abutment of the new bridge at Boroughbridge, the workmen found in the clay, about twenty-one feet below the surface, and immediately under the peal stratum, a perfect stag's horn, with part of the skull. These remains corroborate the statement of William of Malmesbury, who says, in describing the adjacent Isle of Athelney:—

"Athelney is not an island in the sea, but is so inaccessible on account of bogs, and the inundation of the lakes, that it cannot be got at but in a boat. It has a very large wood of alders, which harbours stags, wild goats, and other beasts."

The first stone of the new bridge at Shepton Mallet was laid on the 19th of June. Col. Tynte attended with the Provincial Grand Lodge of Masons.

Married.] At Bath, J. Pistor, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of the late C. Worthington, esq.—At Cossington, the Rev. C. Harbin, to Abigail, daughter of G. Warry, esq.; G. T. Brice, esq., son of the Rev. G. T. Brice, to Eleanor, daughter of R. A. Salisbury, esq.

Died.] At Bath, 70, the Dowager Countess de Lawarr, widow of the late John Richard Earl Delaware; the Rev. S. T. Wylde; Mary, relict of the late W. Messingberd, esq.; J. Hicks, esq.; the Rev. J. Boucher—At Westbury, 67, J. Hardwicke, esq.

DORSET.

The Wareham Friendly Society, established in June 1825, held their first annual meeting on the 17th of May, which was most respectably attended.

The annual meeting of the Sherborne Friendly Society was held on Monday the 22d May.

The Sherborne Branch Bible Society, lately held their thirteenth anniversary meeting. The Report gave a most satisfactory account of the continued prosperity of the Society.

The fifth anniversary meeting of the Winfrith Friendly Society, was celebrated on Tuesday the 23d May. The secretary read the report of the preceding year, stating the enrolment of many new members, and the increased state of the fund.

Married.] At Beaminster, J. England, esq., of Sevington, to Caroline, daughter of the late R. Bridge, esq.—Rev. J. M. Colson, jun., to Julia, daughter of the late A. Story, esq.

Died.] 67, Rear Admiral Rynes—73, Rev. P. Bingham—Mary, wife of the Rev. P. Hugh—17, Henry, son of T. Willmott, esq.—At Dorchester, 23, K. Fraser, esq.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Colyton Friendly Society held their anniversary meeting on Monday the 22d of May. Sir W. T. Pole, bart., announced that the contributions had been liberal, and that the funds of the Society were in a flourishing state.

A new school house, for the instruction of poor children, on Dr. Bell's system, has lately been erected at Sandford, near Crediton, at the sole expense of Sir Humphrey Davy, bart.

The foundation stone of an extensive building, intended for a broadcloth manufactory, has been laid at Heanton Punchardon, Devon, to be completed in October next.

Married.] At Buckland Filleigh, the Rev. E. Lempriere, to Lucy, daughter of the late P. Foulkes, esq.—J. Butter, esq., M.D. F.R.S., to Elizabeth, daughter of the late J. T. Veale, esq.—At Yealmton, S. Palmer, esq., to Lucy, daughter of the Rev. R. Lane.—At Swimbridge, the Rev. J. Russell, jun., to Miss Bury, daughter of the late Admiral Bury.—At South Brent, Capt. E. Herring, to Ann, daughter of W. Lee, esq.

Died.] At Plymouth, Lieut. Col. P. Westropp.—At Sidmouth, Capt. G. A. Allen.—At Davenport, Capt. P. Dunn.—At Dawlish, P. B. Bull, B.A., 32.—At Plymouth, Capt. J. Maxwell.—At Dawlish, Mrs. Hall, relict of the late W. Hall, esq.—At Swimbridge, 53, Miss Hogg, daughter of the late T. Hogg, esq.—78, Miss Opie, only sister of the late celebrated J. Opie, esq., R.A.—At Morchard Bishop, Mary, relict of the late J. Lane, esq.—At Exeter, 16, Eliza, daughter of S. Mortimer, esq.—83, L. Hoffman, esq.

CORNWALL.

A most excellent lode of antimony ore has lately been discovered on the lands of Lord de Dunstanville, at Endellion.

A lobster was taken at Port Winkle, on Thursday, June 1st, weighing eleven pounds, and measuring

three feet from the fins of the tail to the end of the large claws.

On Thursday, June 8, the foundation stone of a new church was laid at Stratton-place, Falmouth.

Married.] E. Herring, esq., to Ann, daughter of W. Lee, esq.—At Tregony, M. Roberts, esq., to Sarah, daughter of J. Hearle, esq.

Died.] At St. Austell, Mary, daughter of Capt. Anthony.

WALES.

The Grand Cambrian Concert took place on Wednesday, 24th May.

Married.] At Llangadock, D. L. Herries, esq., to Caroline, daughter of the late M. P. Lloyd, esq.—At Tenby, J. H. Leeche, esq., of Carden Park, Cheshire, to Elizabeth, daughter of A. J. Stokes, esq., of St. Botolphs, Pembrokeshire.—F. A. Morris, esq., to Sophia, daughter of J. J. Holford, esq.—The Rev. J. Roberts, M. A., to Catherine, daughter of J. Mouldsdales, esq.

Died.] At Llandillo Hall, 62, D. Lloyd, Esq.; 71, H. Jones, esq.—At Llanfyllin, 70, Mrs. Griffiths, wife of the late R. Griffiths, esq.—At Carmarthen, 85, Mrs. Jones, relict of the Rev. R. Jones.—At Bodryddan, the Rev. W. D. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph.

SCOTLAND.

In the general assembly, lately held, of the Church of Scotland, a discussion took place relative to Gretna Green marriages. The strongest disapprobation was expressed of the county magistrates or borough justices who allowed them to be attested in their presence, and a committee was appointed to inquire into the best means of preventing them.

The foundation stone of the new pier at Crail was lately laid, with masonic ceremony.

Thursday, June 1st, a general meeting of merchants, shipowners, and inhabitants of Leith, was held, to receive the report of the committee on the affairs of the harbour and docks, which stated that the bill had passed both houses of parliament, and received the royal assent on the 29th of May.

The repairs have been completed on the Caledonian Canal, which was opened from sea to sea, with fifteen feet water, on the 18th June.

Married.] At Edinburgh, T. Borland, esq., to Ann, daughter of the late F. Strachan, esq.; D. Macdonald, esq., of Lochinver, to Jessie, daughter of the late A. Mackenzie, esq., of Letterew; A. Johnston, esq., M. D., to Sarah, daughter of T. Whellier, esq.; Capt. R. S. Wilson, to Catherine, daughter of J. Ewart, esq.; S. Richards, esq., to Mary, daughter of J. Jones, esq.—At Glasgow, W. White, esq., to Margaret, daughter of the late A. Marshal, esq.; W. Dods, esq., to Harriet, daughter of J. Sheriff, esq.—At Leith, R. K. Elie, to Elizabeth, daughter of J. Blackwood, esq.; Capt. M. Moncrieff, to Isabella, daughter of the late A. Campbell, esq.; J. Wallace, esq., to Jane, daughter of the late J. Macklaurin, esq.

Died.] At Edinburgh, Mrs. Christian Read, relict of the late J. Bertram, esq.; Helen, daughter of the late Lord Polkemmet; Miss Dirom, daughter of the late A. Dirom, esq.; 76, Miss Jean, daughter of Dr. Mayelston; the Rev. D. C. Stewart.—At Dumfries, 85, the Rev. W. Inglis; 65, the Rev. T. Bagnale.—At Fifeshire, 82, J. Bruce, esq.—At Borge, Mrs. Blair, daughter of the late R. Laing, esq.; the Rev. J. Hayden.—At Cupar, Fife, Col. D. Boswell.—At Rossbank, 81, Dr. Carmichael; Mrs. General Forbes; W. Dymock, esq.; Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Dickson.

IRELAND.

Married.] At Dublin, W. Frazer, esq., to Grace, daughter of the late Major Baddely; A. Franks, esq., to Sarah, daughter of E. H. Percy, esq.; G. Woodward, esq., to Mary, daughter of R. Manson, esq.; the Hon. and Rev. H. S. Stopford, archdeacon of Leighlin, to Annette, daughter of W. Brown, esq.—At Limerick, J. Yates, esq., to Miss Jennings, daughter of Capt. Jennings.

Died.] At Dublin, Gen. Holt; 80, L. Crosthwaite, esq.; Mrs. Jesse Magee, wife of R. Magee, esq.—At Waterford, J. Coghlan, esq.; B. Sweet, esq., of Ballinascarthy.—At Ranelagh, Sir R. Waller, bart.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th May to 19th June inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

May.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	P. M. 10
20		○	56	63	47	29	63	73	63	SE	NE	Clo.	Fine	Fair
21		○	55	67	50	29	90	74	69	N	N	Fine	—	Fine
22		○	60	72	49	29	93	66	66	NNE	ENE	—	—	—
23		○	64	70	53	29	85	60	76	NE	NNW	—	—	—
24	53	○	57	66	52	29	70	76	87	WNW	NNE(va.)	Ovrcst.	Rain	Rain
25		○	54	59	53	29	57	87	90	N	NNE	S. Rain	—	Fair
26		○	58	62	54	29	55	82	80	E	E	Fair	Fair	Rain
27	15	☉	60	66	52	29	68	77	84	ENE	ENE	Clo.	Show.	Fair
28		☉	61	64	51	29	74	71	84	NNE	N	—	—	Rain
29		☉	52	55	50	29	68	82	94	N	NNE	Rain	Rain	—
30	135	☉	53	55	51	29	75	94	95	NW	NE	—	—	—
31		☉	54	59	51	29	80	88	89	ENE	E	Ovrcst.	Fair	Clo.
June 1		☉	53	61	52	29	74	84	86	NE	NNE	Rain	—	Rain
2	56	☉	53	56	49	29	75	90	84	NE	N	—	—	Fair
3		☉	63	65	52	29	92	67	63	NW	NW	Fine	Fine	—
4		☉	64	68	54	30	66	64	76	W	WNW	—	—	—
5		☉	63	67	55	30	14	66	65	NNE	ESE	—	—	Fine
6		☉	59	71	59	30	16	68	69	SE (var.)	NNW	—	—	Clo.
7		☉	62	67	57	30	09	67	79	NW	NNE	—	—	Fair
8		☉	63	69	55	30	10	66	64	NE	NNE	—	—	—
9		☉	68	75	57	29	89	63	69	NE	NNE	—	—	—
10		☉	62	74	56	29	83	29	90	ENE	N	—	—	—
11		☉	63	74	60	29	94	73	75	NNE	SE	—	—	Fine
12		☉	68	77	63	30	10	68	68	NE	SE	—	—	—
13		☉	74	79	63	30	12	59	66	NW	W	—	—	—
14		☉	69	80	63	30	11	67	66	W	W	—	—	—
15		☉	72	78	55	30	02	60	62	W	NNW	—	—	—
16		☉	64	68	55	30	15	55	60	N	SSW	—	Clo.	Clo.
17		☉	66	73	62	30	24	60	64	NW	WNW	—	Fine	Fine
18		☉	75	78	67	30	15	62	63	NW	N	—	—	—
19		☉	73	75	59	30	24	64	67	E	SSE	Clo.	Fair	—

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of May was 2 Inch 35-100th of an inch.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 21st of May to the 21st of June 1826.

May	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	N4 Pr. Ct. Ann.	Long Annuities.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols for Acct.
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	200	77½	77½	8½	94½	18½	83½	—	7 8p	8 9p	77½
23	201	77½	78½	8½	94½	18½	83½	—	7 8p	8 9p	78½
24	201	77½	78½	8½	94½	18½	84½	234½	7p	8 10p	78½
25	201	77½	79½	8½	95½	18½	84½	235	—	8 9p	79½
26	—	78½	79½	8½	95½	18 13-16	84½	235 4½	7 8p	7 9p	79½
27	202	78½	79½	8½	95½	18½	84½	—	7 8p	8 10p	79½
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	201	78½	79½	8½	94½	18½	84½	—	—	—	—
31	201½	78½	79½	8½	94½	18½	84½	237 8	6 7p	8 10p	79½
June 1	201	78½	79½	8½	94½	18 13-16	84½	—	6 7p	8 10p	79½
2	201½	78½	79½	8½	94½	18 13-16	84½	—	6 7p	8 10p	80½
3	201½	78½	79½	8½	94½	18 15-16	85½	—	5 7p	8 9p	80½
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	85½	—	7 8p	8 10p	80½
5	202½	79½	79½	8½	—	18 15-16 19 1-16	85½	—	—	—	—
6	—	79½	79½	8½	—	19	85½	—	8 9p	8 10p	80½
7	201½	79½	79½	8½	—	19 1-16	85½	237½	8 9p	8 10p	80½
8	—	79½	79½	8½	—	19 1-16	85½	—	9 10p	8 10p	80½
9	200	79½	79½	8½	—	19 1-16	85½	—	9p	8 10p	80½
10	200	79½	79½	8½	—	19 1-16	85½	—	9 11p	6 10p	80½
11	—	—	—	—	—	19½	85½	—	9p	6 8p	80½
12	—	79½	79½	8½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13	199 200	78½	79½	8½	—	19 1-16	85½	—	6 8p	4 7p	80½
14	199 200	79½	79½	8½	—	19	85½	—	6 7p	4 8p	80½
15	199 200	79½	79½	8½	—	18 15-16	85½	—	8p	5 8p	80½
16	201	79½	79½	8½	—	—	85½	—	—	6 9p	80½
17	199 200	79½	79½	8½	—	19 1-16	85½	—	8 9p	8 9p	80½
18	—	—	—	—	—	19 1-16	85½	—	9p	8 10p	80½
19	—	79½	79½	8½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	—	79½	79½	8½	—	19 1-16	85½	—	—	8 11p	80½
21	199 200	79½	79½	8½	—	19 1-16	85½	—	8 9p	8 11p	80½
						18½	85½	—	9 10p	8 11p	79½

E. EYRON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill, and Lombard Street.